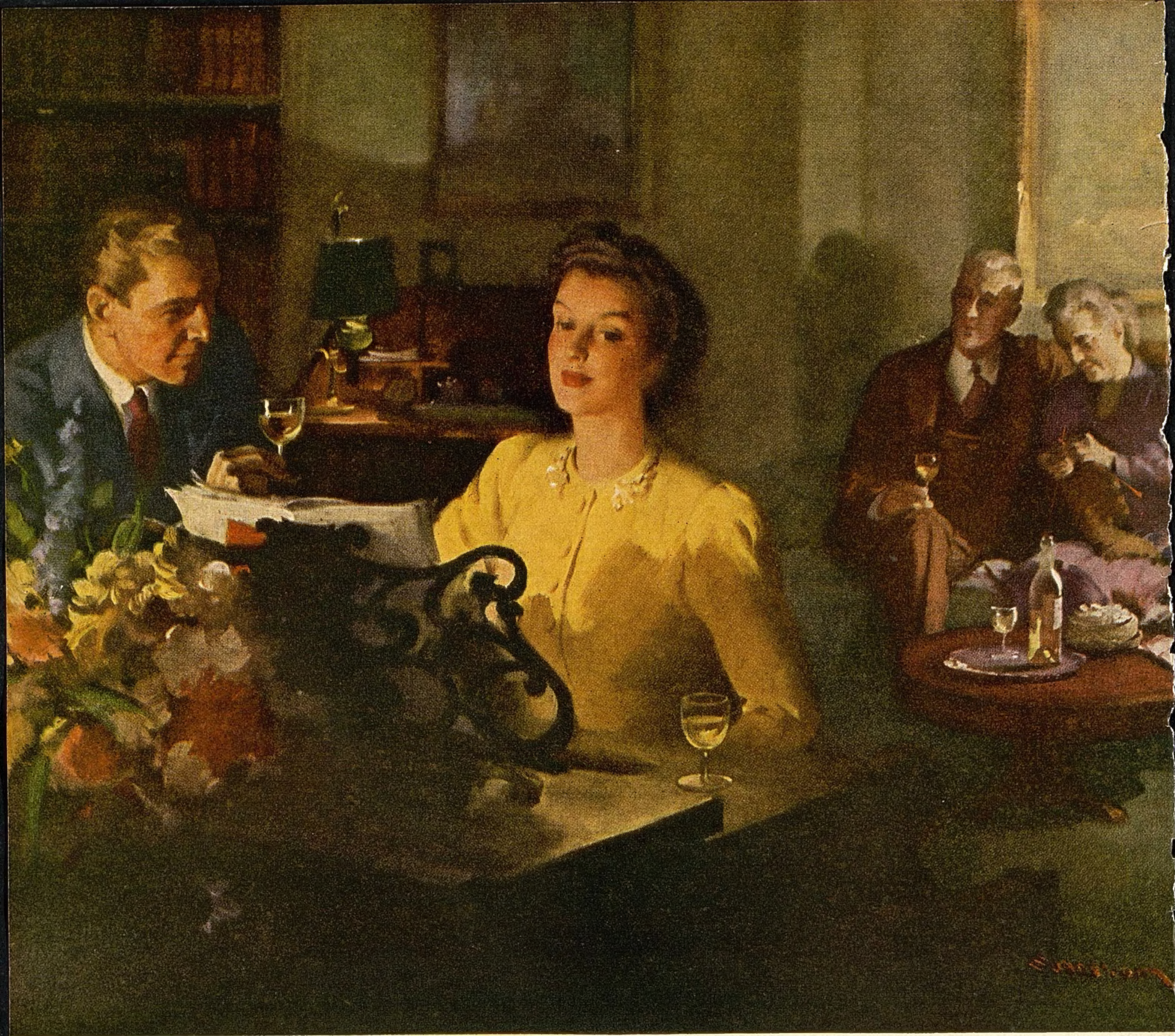
Liberty

AUG. 8, 1942 10¢

Beginning **GIRL O' WAR** by Adela Rogers St. Johns

MORE AMERICANS WE CAN DO WITHOUT by Walter Winchell



Wine—friendly as an old tune

. . . In our own homes wine gives us a moderate way to relax, to be good company

How long since you've had good friends over, just to join in an old tune . . . just to sit and enjoy themselves over a glass of wine?

People are doing it more and more. For when you share an evening and good wine with friends you find yourself better able to put aside the burdens of the day. Better able to relax.

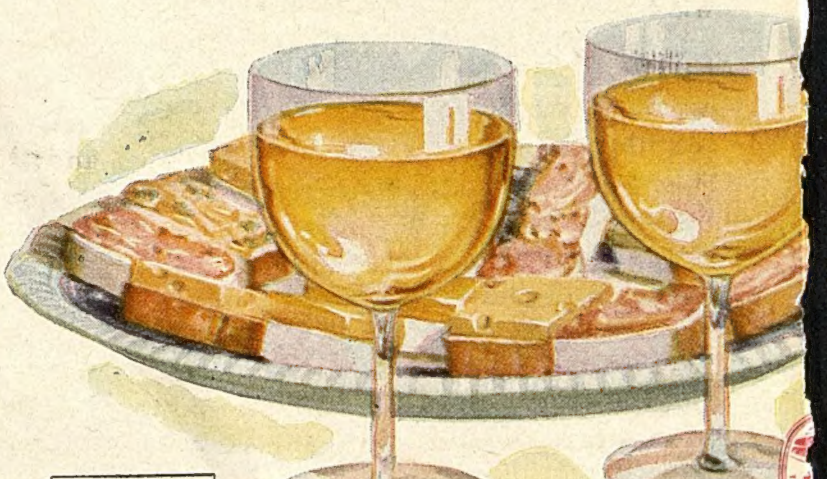
In fact, wine is made on purpose to help people find relaxation a moderate way. Made for friendship. That is the age-old charm of wine, glowing and fragrant in your glass.

About serving—connoisseurs will tell you that wine is at its best when set out simply, as you'd serve tea or coffee.

We would like to send you a new booklet on wines and wine serving—and on wine in cookery. For your free copy just write to the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The Board represents the wine growers of California.

It is worth knowing that California wines are sound, well developed and true to type. Competent authorities pronounce these wines good by any standard in the world. Your dealer will help you select among them.

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS



These glasses hold Sauterne . . . popular to ser
with light refreshments or at mealtime with s
food or chicken. With red meats, choose a hear
red table wine like Burgundy or Claret. Befo
dinner? The world's favorite appetizer is Sherry
nutlike and amber-colored!

This is an American child.
This is an American home.

Lucky young American.
No child in the World has so bright a future.

We see her the Woman—loyal, helpful and smiling—with a Smile that owes much to her Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

SHE could belong to no other country. In her are summed up all the efforts and strivings of the past—all our hopes for the future. If you have a daughter like this, how proud you must be of your share in her destiny—proud that she can face the world strong in body and mind, confident and smiling!

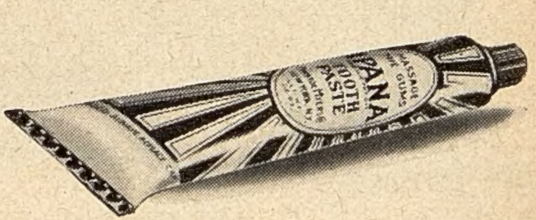
Yes, *smiling!* For this little girl knows well a lesson in dental health that many grown-ups have yet to learn. Today, in thousands of American classrooms,* youngsters are being taught the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender…often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush …*see your dentist.* It may not mean anything serious—but get his advice. Perhaps he may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums--helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

In 1941 at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.

Can twins be divorced ?

The Davis Twins, United Air Lines Stewardesses, tell how Pepsodent Tooth Powder came between them.

UNITED AIR LINES
CITY OF PORTLAND

"We're typical twins, Athalie and I. Look alike, dress alike, share the same problems of mistaken identity. We've always been together on everything... except once. That was the time I 'divorced' my twin... for test purposes only. I switched to Pepsodent Tooth Powder. Athalie went right on using another well-known brand."

"Even when we dressed alike, people began to know us apart. My teeth became *twice as bright* as my twin's... thanks to Pepsodent! It was easy to tell who was who... but not for long. Athalie had enough of our trial separation. So she switched to Pepsodent, too. And is she glad! Nothing but Pepsodent for us from now on."

Davis twins confirm laboratory proof that

Pepsodent Powder makes teeth

TWICE AS BRIGHT

INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL TEST, PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE ON TEETH TWICE AS BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER
CONTAINS Irium
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

For the safety of your smile...
use Pepsodent twice a day...
see your dentist twice a year

THIS WEEK

AUGUST 8, 1942

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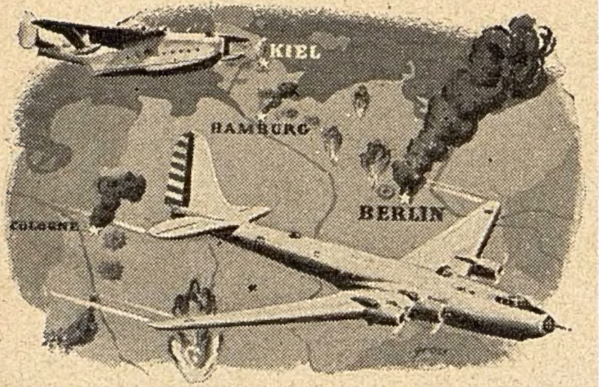
NEXT WEEK

AUGUST 15, 1942

CAN BOMBINGS MAKE GERMANY QUIT?

MAJOR ALEXANDER DE SEVERSKY, veteran flyer and fighter, builder of army planes, and author of the best seller Victory Through Air Power, confronts the question of how gravely the new giant air raids from England can shake the Nazis' military might. The world wants the answer. No living man is better qualified to give it.



FAITH BALDWIN TELLS A HAUNTING STORY

With her own special artistry and power to evoke feeling, Miss Baldwin gives you a tale of separated lovers, tragic in its beginning, happy in its ending. Watch for this well beloved author's latest romance of today: The Last Time I Saw You. It's one of her best!

THE WAR BABIES AGAIN

tells of a growing human problem—rising now as it did when we were last at war. The nation's birth rate is shooting upward. What does it mean to our future? A revealing and understanding article by ELIZABETH HUNTER makes clear some heartening, thought-provoking facts.

BEAUTY AND THE BALLPLAYERS

is in lighter vein. Did you know that a former queen of the strip-teasers not only is a rabid baseball fan but actually owns a team? BILL STERN, NBC's sports director, tells about that.

AND: More fiction, articles, features by Hugh MacNair Kahler, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Raymond Clapper, Walter Winchell, Walter Pentecost, Judson P. Philips—More Americans We Can Do Without, more of the Flying Tigers' adventures, a close-up of that incredible general they call "Hell-of-a-Beating" Stilwell. And more. . . . It's an all-star issue!

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There Are

MORE SEATS

On Mid-Week Days

Avoiding week-end crowds is one way to make the most of Greyhound's wartime service

THE BEST travel-time in wartime is on mid-week days. Too many people want each bus seat on week-ends, the only time many war workers and men in uniform can travel at all! You'll help relieve the crowding of buses by going on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday whenever possible. It's also wise to avoid taking trips in rush periods and on holidays. Get information and tickets as far in advance as you can—and don't take any more baggage with you than is absolutely necessary. If you are inconvenienced or delayed at any time, please be lenient—the war effort comes first. Your cooperation will aid in keeping vital wartime traffic on the move.

For special trip information, see your Greyhound agent, or write to nearest of these Greyhound Information Offices:

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Lexington, Kentucky • Charleston, West Virginia
Cincinnati, Ohio • Memphis, Tenn. • New Orleans, La.

Greyhound Lines

GREYHOUND

BUSINESS, LABOR, and the MICROSCOPE

PROBABLY in ten thousand university laboratories the original remark has been made that when the professor looks at the bug through the microscope the bug is magnified a thousand times. The professor sees a fearsome and amazing animal. But if it ever occurred to the bug to look back at the professor through his end of the microscope, the professor almost literally would look like a pinhead.

Now, strangely enough, we have a somewhat comparative analogy in the business and labor world. *It is perfectly amazing, the number of studies that have been made of labor groups by business management. Literally tens of thousands of wage earners have been put under the microscope.*

Let it be said that this has been done with just as much sincerity of purpose and scientific direction as any professor ever used.

This has been going on so long, it has now become quite apparent that labor is beginning to peek back at management through the wrong end of the microscope, with the very considerable danger that labor may think it sees the same type of image that the bug would get of the professor.

Therefore, it would seem to be high time for management to reverse the microscope and let labor take a peek through the right end.

★ ★ ★

A CASE in point may be the better way of developing the point.

The Western Electric Company, over a period of some seventeen years, made probably the most amazing and certainly the most persistent series of studies of its workers that has ever been known. They changed working conditions, they added more light, they took away light. *They isolated five girls in a room for five years*—raised their wages, lowered their wages, shortened their hours, lengthened their hours, gave them rest periods and took the rest periods away, gave them morning lunches and took the lunches away; then restored the rest periods and the lunches and the shorter hours and the wages, repeating each experiment in order t be absolutely certain as to what made the wheel go around. On the basis of their findings with th five girls, they interviewed twenty thousand their workers under conditions that would perm the worker to say what he pleased and what h thought. They analyzed and classified those twent thousand reports, a most stupendous job, and a in the interest of the question of *what make people work* aside from economic pressure. An what they found out could probably be summe up in one sentence:

Aside from the necessity of getting somethin to eat, the "attitude" of the worker is what make the worker work.

Of course, this would be equally true of marriag or murder or homemaking or rape. The attitude the individual determines what he does or doe not do.

Upon that one word "attitude" swings the pendulum of all the relationships in human affair

Not incidentally, Professor Roethlisberger an William J. Dickson have done a most remarkabl job in the scientific integrity of that report o those seventeen years which everybody shoul know about and which probably not many thousands of people in America have ever heard o

★ ★ ★

BUT *now we come to the other end of the microscope. It has probably never occurred to business to turn that microscope around and let it workers begin a study of their management.*

It would be an interesting thing, for example, t take the president of American Telephone Telegraph and the president of Western Electri together with three other of their most importan associates, and isolate them in a room for fiv years so that an intelligent group of worker could study them under the same conditions an report carefully upon everything they did.

Facetious, of course. But not quite so funny a it sounds. Because here is what they would fin The workers could raise the wages of these executives or lower them. They could give them res

"Liberty does not consist in mere declarations of the rights of man. It consists in the translation of these declarations into definite actions." Woodrow Wilson riods and free lunches, or take them away. ney could shorten their hours or lengthen their urs. And what they would arrive at would be rely and solely a matter of "attitudes." *For the itude of management determines the relation- ip of labor just as surely as the attitude of labor termines the relationship of management.*

And if this close study of a small group of man- ement on the part of these intelligent workers ve them the incentive to go on to a larger study, ey could proceed to a study of some twenty ousand people in the Western Electric's Haw- orne plant, for example. And here, again, is what ey would find.

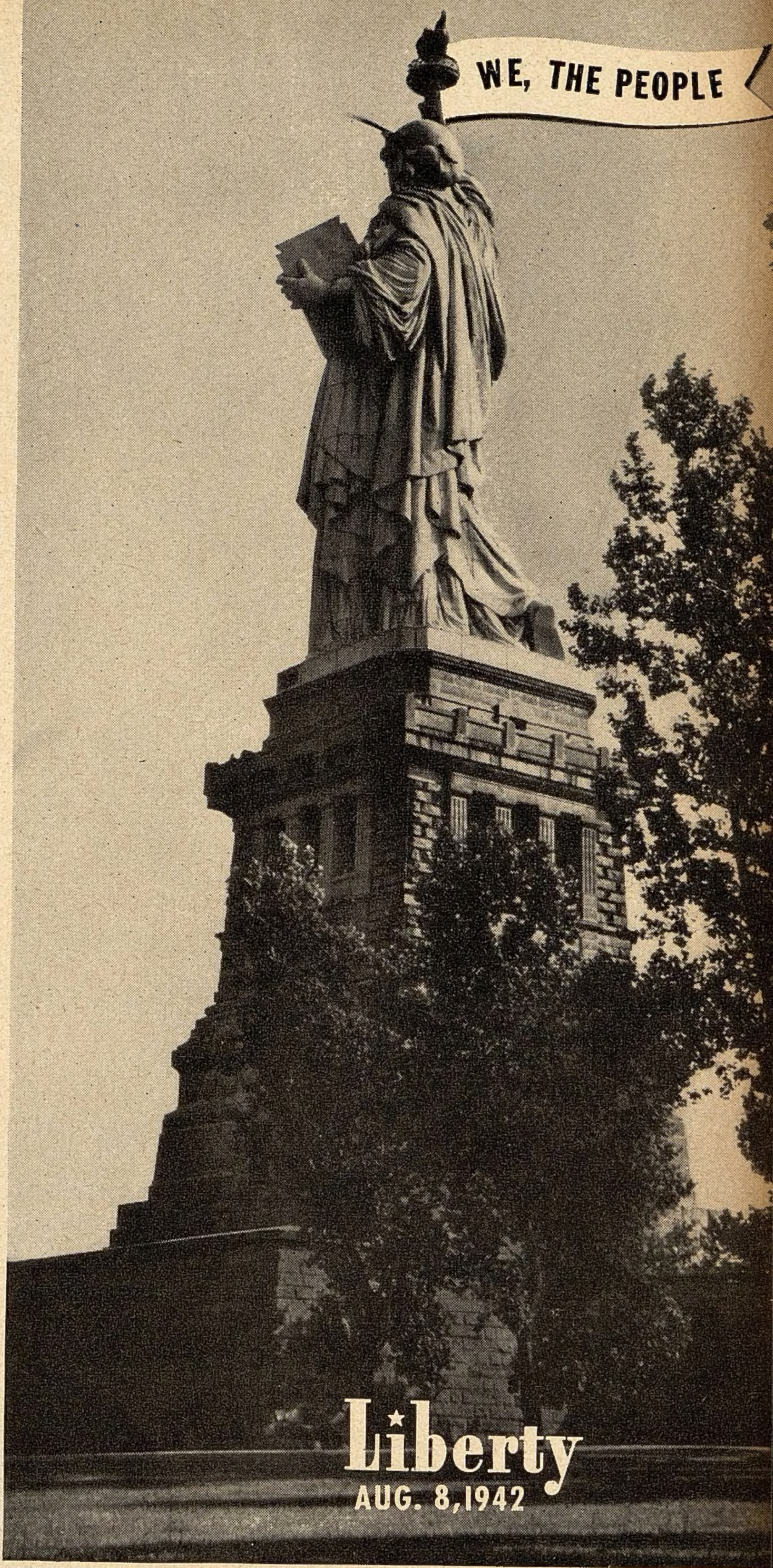
Out of those twenty thousand people, thirty-five uld be top-flight executives in full direction of t company. Approximately two hundred more uld be second-flight executives directing activi- s and working with and advising the thirty-five the top. Under these two hundred and thirty- e would be eight hundred third-flight execu- es, ranging all the way from works managers d superintendents to supervisors, and ranging pay from good salaries to darned good salaries.

Now, if this labor group pursued its studies with e same persistence that the studies about them ve been pursued in the past, they would come on another startling fact.

They would discover that of the two hundred and irty-five top-flight executives in Western Elec- c, 95 per cent of them have come up from the nks and up through the ranks. And if they took e remaining eight hundred third-flight execu- es, they would find that practically 100 per cent them came up from the ranks and through ranks.

★ ★ ★

N other words, in this country, where everybody is yelling that opportunity is gone from the mmon man, *one out of every twenty of the com- n men still rises to position and power.* And ybody will agree that one out of twenty is a hale of a percentage for the mine-run of manity.



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An important message to every motorist who has wondered:

HOW GOOD WILL TIRES BE WHEN THEY'RE MADE WITH SYNTHETIC* RUBBER?

*NOTE: This advertisement is not intended to give the impression that tires made with synthetic rubber are on public sale. This is not true. And it is not known when it will be true. This is because military needs must come first.

▶ **Eighteen months before Pearl Harbor,** hundreds of patriotic corporations and car owners were making road tests with a new kind of tire. It bore the famous Silvertown name. But more than half its rubber was synthetic . . . B. F. Goodrich Ameripol.

Since that time synthetic rubber has leaped to new importance. A large part of our war effort depends upon America's ability to produce good tires from synthetic rubber. The tires dealers will sell after the war may well be synthetic.

Hence the question, "How good will these new tires be?" is a vital one. There are several ways to answer it. Perhaps the best way is to let you read what actually happened when tires made with Ameripol were put to the test of day-after-day driving. Perhaps the best people to tell you are those who owned the cars and did the driving.

The letters quoted here are only a few of many received. We hope that others who patriotically cooperated will understand that space limited the number of statements we could print.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Aetna Life Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

"We put these tires on our Dodge car and ran them for approximately 14,000 miles, at which time they were replaced. As far as we could determine, the tires gave service just about equal to genuine rubber tires."
—*Rawdon W. Myers, V. P.*

American Airlines, Inc., New York City . . .

"They were placed on one of our mail trucks and have received severe use. We believe that they have given service equal to that of a good rubber tire."
—*C. R. Smith, Pres.*

Beech-Nut Packing Company . . .

"Altogether we would say that they showed up well, and we would be just as satisfied to buy them as tires of natural rubber."
—*C. N. Robinson, Director of Purchases*

Brink's, Incorporated, Chicago, Ill. . . .

"In using these Ameripol tires we have found that in 18,000 miles of travel the Ameripol tires are equal to the crude rubber tires."—*Charles W. Allen, Treas.*

General Baking Company, New York . . .

"The following mileage was obtained on the four tires: 24,333 miles, 24,330 miles, 28,310 miles, 27,035 miles.

"These tires are worn smooth, but no fabric is showing and carcasses appear to be in good condition. The earned mileage as above is normal and compares favorably with regular line tires."
—*Farrar Tilney, Director Purch. Dept.*

General Outdoor Advertising Co., Chicago, Ill. . . .

"To date, these tires have been driven 16,000 miles; and from my inspection of tread wear, they show very little wear, indicating we may expect an additional 16,000 miles' service."
—*B. W. Robbins, Pres.*

The Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company . . .

"These tires have been driven 20,569 miles and they look as good as or better than other tires of similar mileage. As far as we can determine, the service has been very satisfactory."—*Dale F. Reese, V. P.*

R. W. Jones, Inc., Dairy Products, Buffalo, N. Y. . . .

"I am satisfied that Ameripol tires will do a good job, and believe that comparatively they are 100% as efficient as rubber. We removed these tires this fall after running them 23,000 miles."—*E. N. Jones*

Juneau County (Wisc.) Sheriff's Office . . .

"Since I have been connected with the Sheriff's office I have never driven a set of tires 20,000 miles with the exception of this pair of Ameripol tires."
—*Preston McEvoy, Under Sheriff*

United States Fidelity and Guaranty Co. . . .

"Our experience indicates that the wearing qualities of Ameripol tire are equal to those of first line rubber tires, and in some cases are superior to rubber tires."
—*Charles L. Phillips, Exec. V. P.*

FREE 48-PAGE BOOKLET—"Will America have to jack up its 29,000,000 automobiles?" Write for free copy—Dept. LY-8, B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

B. F. Goodrich *Ameripol* Silvertown

THE FIRST TIRE MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER EVER OFFERED TO AMERICAN CAR OWNERS

Introduced June 5, 1940

In war or peace

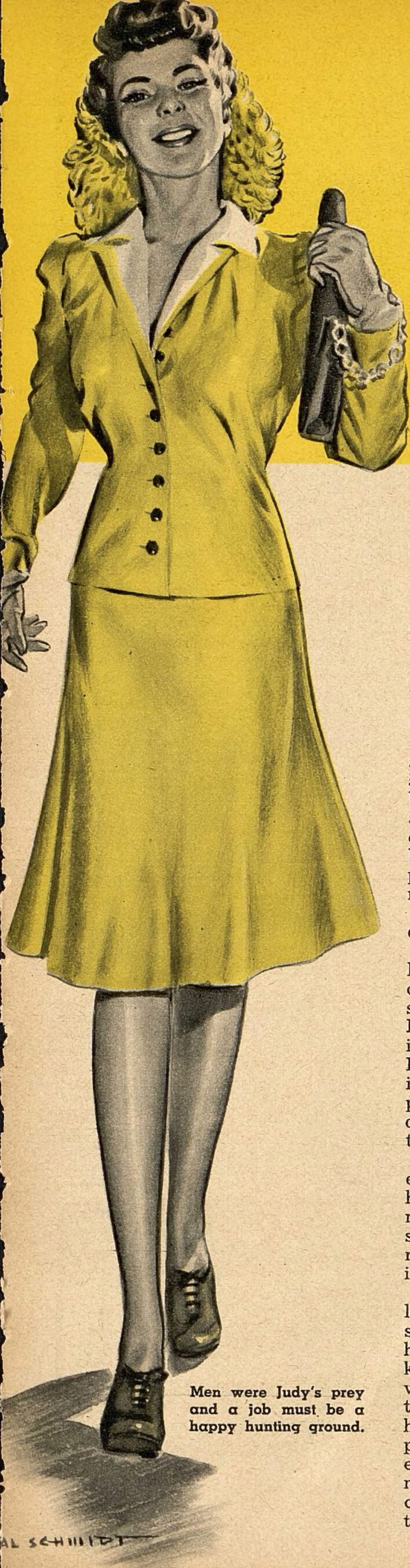
B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

GIRL O' WAR

Presenting the year's most exciting heroine— and a brilliant new novel of America today

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



Men were Judy's prey and a job must be a happy hunting ground.

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEN the boss called her in, that spring morning, Judy had never been fired, and it was the last thing she expected.

He looked at her for a moment with an appreciative smile and said, "I'm going to miss you, Judy. But, to speak frankly, you are a luxury I can no longer afford."

For once, Judy was really startled and her round mouth, which was a very dark red against her golden skin, opened a little. The boss was a man in his forties, but there had been times when Judy wondered about him. If the opportunity had ever presented itself, she would have been tempted to find out. She had the pure grain inquisitiveness of a chipmunk.

"What's cooking?" Judy said. "I don't get it."

"Now, where did you get a voice like that?" the boss said, his head on one side. "It's pure enchantment. It should speak the words of Rossetti or Keats, not the— Ah, well, I dare say it's too late to do anything about that. It has become my painful duty to inform you that we are going to dispense with your services from this day forward. You can pick up your time on the way out."

"For what?" said Judy. Anger flickered scarlet along her cheeks and her dark eyes were hot with it. "I do more work than any two girls in the shop. I've been here over a year and my work's been satisfactory, hasn't it?"

"And it has been three years at least since you've seen a red light," said the boss. "My business is shot to hell anyway and priorities have knocked me for a loop. There is a war on, though I doubt if you've noticed that yet, and the government has a weird idea that manufacturing permanent-wave machines is not as essential as it once was. They want the material to build airplanes. I've got to cut down, and you are too much trouble. Up to now I have been willing to ignore it because you can do top work, when you are not otherwise occupied and, besides, I like to look at you. Now I have plenty trouble without you. As I said, we'll miss you, Judy."

Their eyes met. A little grin, without rancor or recrimination, touched Judy's lips. So the boss had been wise to that scrap all the time—Eddie showing up with a black eye and Van not showing up at all, the dope. Looked like the boss had been wise to a good many things.

"To tell you the truth," she said, suddenly feeling confidential and at ease, "I was thinking of moving along myself."

"Things around here getting too hot for you to handle?" the boss said with interest.

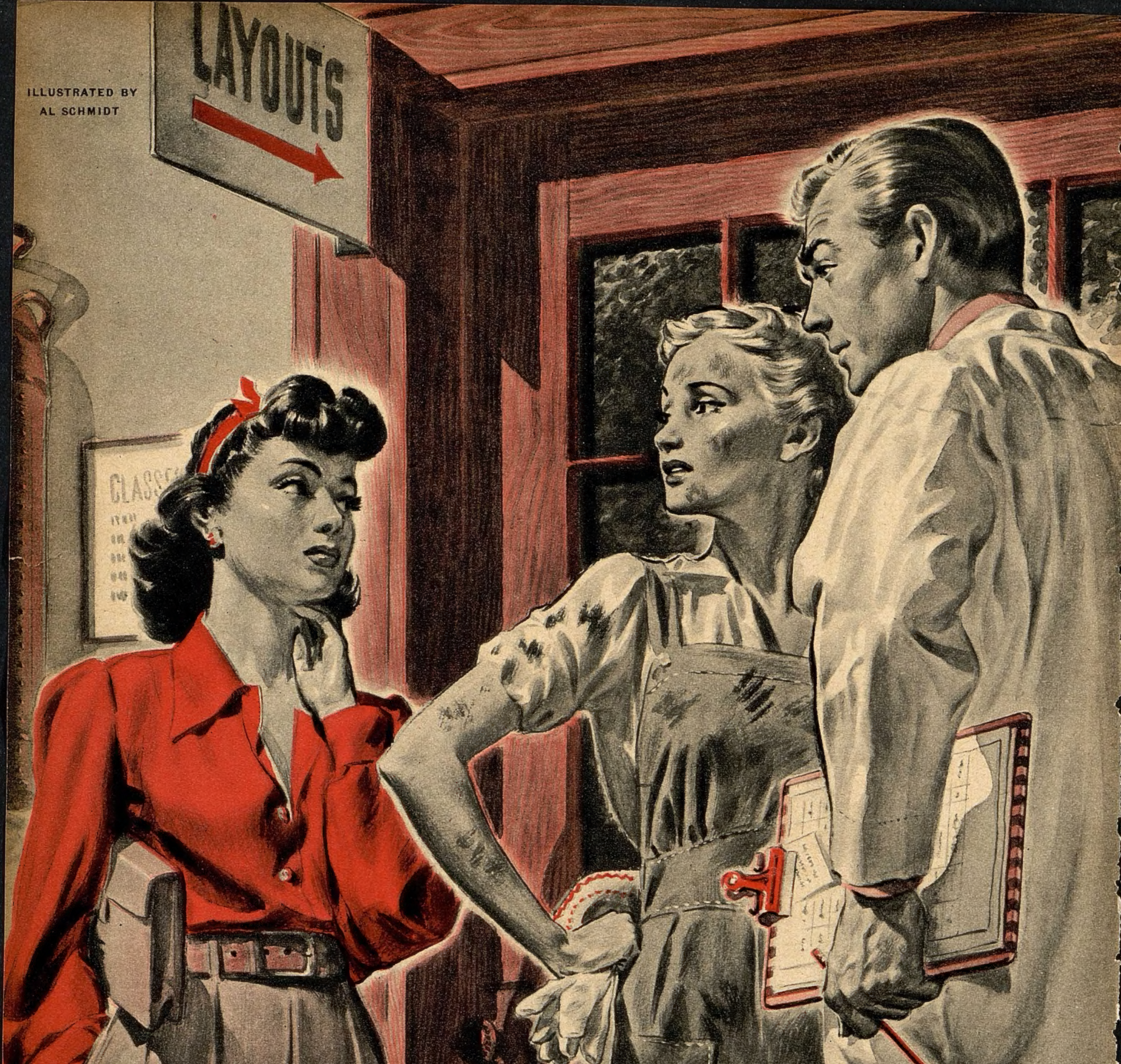
"Could be," said Judy, "and I've been thinking a good deal about this airplane business myself—now they're taking girls. I hear they pay big dough —*big* dough, especially if you've had experience. I always kind of figure to follow the gold rush. Besides—"

"Besides," said the boss, "there must be three hundred men to every girl, which will make the odds about even for you."

At that, Judy laughed out loud. It was quite true that to Judy a job meant two things: A pay check to buy what she couldn't get any other way—and men. Other things in life interested Judy but not seriously and never for long. All roads led to romance, because what else was there? Men were her natural prey and a job must be a happy hunting ground since the Farrell background, position, and personnel provided her with little social assistance. Judy was strictly on her own.

The reason she had been thinking of moving along was because men were getting scarce around New York and no fooling. That was one reason she hadn't given Eddie the bounce the minute he began to make a nuisance of himself. Not that she wasn't sorry for him, taking it so hard, but she'd never made Eddie any promises

ILLUSTRATED BY
AL SCHMIDT


LAYOUTS
CLASS
SCHMIDT

For a brief space of time her face drained to blankness. Then Miss Kittredge was herself again. She said simply, "Hello, Judy."

and in her book it wasn't fair to spoil all the fun the way Eddie had. "It's not my fault I don't feel the same way any more, is it, Eddie?" she said. But now all the men who were left were either old or they had something the matter with them or they were married, and a girl was strictly up against it for a good time.

"You'd give me a reference?" she said sweetly. "I mean about my work and my—character?"

He got up and came around the desk and kissed her, expertly and thoroughly. "I've wanted to do that for months," he said, "and I was right. I never take an employee out to dinner—an old rule of mine—but since you're no longer working for me, how about seven o'clock at the Brevoort?"

The kiss had done something to Judy and she put her fingertips on the desk, steadying herself. So different from Eddie's kisses. It swung her back dizzily to a time she had made herself forget—to Kit, Kit Kittredge, and the same scent of fine tobacco and shaving lotion, the same hot, light ease. Men like that—

Because she felt her chin shaking a little. she thrust it out like a belligerent kitten and said:

"I've got a few rules of my own, buddy."

His eyes followed hers to the framed picture.

"You've got something there," the boss said.

"How about my references?"

"Oh, sure," the boss said, "all the references you want. It's a little rough on the airplane factory—rather like tossing in a time fuse—but those fellows are getting all the breaks these days and I suppose a lot of them are single—let them worry. Good luck and I hope you have fun."

Judy smiled at him. He'd been a pretty good guy, at that. "I'll try anything once," Judy said.

Which was, in a way, a declaration of her philosophy.

WHEN she got home to Bay Shore in the late afternoon, it occurred to her that the house looked a little more dilapidated than when she had seen it at Christmas. But the dogwood was out under the old maples and the forsythia was ragged and yellow in the long grass, and over the swell of the dunes she could catch a glimpse of the sea, purple and gold in the twilight. The brisk evening wind brought the smell of it, and Judy took a long breath.

It smelled good—it always smelled good—it held all her childhood, that rich salt tang of the sea.

Cap was sitting on the steps, his pipe between his teeth, one eye upon the weather. Normally, this would have meant the end of Cap Farrell's hibernation. He would have been getting the old boat ready for fishing off Fire Island, where the Farrells had a summer cottage with a kerosene stove, built-in bunks, and a faint odor of clams. Fire Island's long summers had given Judy Farrell the fluid swimmer's body, the pungent vocabulary, and the careless disdain of caste and convention with which she faced life. Upon Fire Island, just over there across the Sound, there had been freedom from many things, and Judy had learned early that the boys who lived in the rich houses and the boys who dug clams were brothers, once you got down to their skins, which you did very early in the summer at Fire Island.

JUDY sat down beside her father on the top step and flung an arm around his shoulders and for a moment laid her young cheek against his. Before she was ten, Judy Farrell had exchanged the rose-colored glasses and clouds of glory with which she had been born for the necessary binoculars and armor plate. But Cap was already safe inside, and even through binoculars she saw him as a great guy. He was like the smell of the sea; he was part of her. He was the one thing she could trust in a dangerous and uncertain world. There had only been the two of them ever since she could remember. A sailor ashore couldn't be expected to behave just like other people after all, and whatever he did was fiercely all right with her.

"When you going to get the boat out?" Judy said by way of greeting.

"I ain't," said Cap Farrell. "The government's taken over my boat and the Coast Guard's taken over the island."

"They can't do that," said Judy hotly, furiously. Why, without his boat the Cap would be like a fish thrown up on the sands, flapping and floundering.

"I know it," said Cap, "but they have."

"Honestly, it's getting awful, the way they interfere with your private life," Judy said. "What in the world will you do all summer?"

"I got an idee," said Cap Farrell. He blew a great cloud of smoke and watched it drift away with speculative eyes. He was a rugged, wiry man with red hair gone rusty and a pugnacious jaw and a mouth that turned up at the corners. Judy hadn't gotten her lush loveliness from the captain.

"What kind of an idea?" said Judy.

But he didn't answer, which was unusual, for he was a talkative man. And what his idea was would never have occurred to his daughter in a million years, because Judy wore blinkers, intent upon running her own race. So that, when it came, the thing took her completely by surprise. It might have made all the difference if he had told her that night, but the idea was new born, he was nursing it along; he didn't want to say anything and then look like a fool. After all, he was fifty-two.

It had quite simply never occurred to him that his daughter as yet regarded her country as a soft touch which owed her a living. He assumed it was in her blood that freedom of the seas belonged to the United States and that once a ship flying the Stars and Stripes had been fired upon by the enemy, a man must fight as automatically as he breathed.

He stretched and said, "Getting chilly—you better come inside."

The living room was neat as a pin, a bare and simple room such as a sailor ashore would have. The Cap poured himself a drink and saluted her. "Sun's over the yardarm," he said, and downed it neatly.

"What you doing home?" he said. "Quit your job again?"

"A year's long enough on any job," said Judy and let it go at that.

"What you going to do now?" Cap said with interest.

"They've got a new airplane factory over here," said Judy. "I've been figuring I might as well get on that gravy train. Besides, if you're going to be home all summer, it'll be a good thing if I stick around."

"Don't count on me being here all summer," Cap said. "You never worked in an airplane factory, did you?"

"What difference does that make?" Judy said. "I guess it's no different than making life preservers or permanent-wave machines, is it? I hear they have overtime and bonuses and they treat you right, too. I'll try anything once."

CAP poured himself another drink and, under Judy's slight frown, said, "My arthritis been bothering me some this spring. Well, may you never miss a storm warning." He shut his eyes, drank, and shook his head with satisfaction. "You got to go to school first."

"You must be nuts," said Judy. "What would I be doing in school—at my age?"

"They ain't been taking girls very long, it seems, and a fellow up to the Tavern was telling me they're all-fired fussy."

"Oh, that's for kids who haven't had any experience," said Judy. "I'll be doing them a favor."

"I've always thought experience was the best teacher," said Cap, "but maybe this is something special."

"What's special about it?" Judy said loftily, "except the pay check, and I hear all the workers have cars and everything. Must be kind of exciting, at that."

"You never overlook anything, I'll say that for you," said Cap, twinkling. "Well, anchors aweigh, my girl."

Judy took the bottle casually, and set it on the mantel between the ship's lantern and the Cap's framed papers as second mate in the merchant marine.

"Tomorrow I'll take a look," she said. "You only live once."

"As far as I know," Cap said; "though we had an Irish first mate once swore he saw the Flying Dutchman."

"You're a card, Cap," Judy said, and rumpled his hair tenderly as she went by on her way to the kitchen. The old boy'd probably be glad to get a good meal he didn't have to cook himself. I may not be the domestic

(Continued on page 34)

MORE AMERICANS WE CAN DO WITHOUT

BY WALTER WINCHELL

The U. S. A.'s most militant reporter continues a timely expose of some reasons why we must still be on guard against danger from within

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Just who are America's enemies on the home front? Convinced that the American people have a right to know, Walter Winchell, who for several years has been pounding at such enemies in his column and on the air, last week began naming names in Liberty. Among those whom he then arraigned were the "Rev." Gerald L. K. Smith, Lawrence Dennis, Joseph E. McWilliams, A. A. Vonsiatsky, Major General George Van Horn Moseley, Philip Johnson, Hubert J. Haase, and George Deatherage.

THE nation is engaged in a great war. Democracy hangs in the balance and the world is dipped in blood and tears because of the maniacal desires of a vicious group of pirates who seek to destroy our way of life and rule the world.

They have pitted brother against brother and committed every violation of decency imaginable. They have built a military machine the equal of which, in power, the world has never seen. Their thoughts and their agents are infiltrated into our very midst. The Axis Powers are within our borders, within our own ranks. They didn't just come here in U-boats which crept stealthily into our harbors depositing their saboteurs in rubber boats. They have wormed their way into the hearts of confused Americans after marching in the front door years ago, when we weren't looking and didn't care. They came in transatlantic steamers whose holds were crammed with thousands of pounds of poisonous propaganda—propaganda printed in Berlin, Erfurt, and Hamburg—propaganda designed to destroy our senses and bring us silently into the Axis orbit.

They sent their own nationals here. Had them become citizens. Taught them to prey on the patriotism of good Americans as a means of spreading the doctrine of Nazism. We watched them and laughed—I mean, most of you watched them and laughed. In this article I'm going to show you how a few of these "patriots" operated while you slept.

Paunchy Fritz Kuhn, leader of the Bund who is now doing a stretch in Dannemora as a common thief, called me the greatest enemy that he and his Nazis had in the United States. I was flattered by that suggestion, even if a lot of my colleagues called me "hysterical" for spending so much time on anti-Nazi exposés. However, what all my critics called hysterical is now historical.

The public looked upon Kuhn as a "cockeyed importation" from Germany who could never possibly make any headway in the United States. Little did they know that Kuhn, with thousands of dollars at his disposal, was building the largest secret army in this country. Kuhn cagily secured the full co-operation of a retired major general in the United States Army. He established equally intimate ties with a group of wealthy "patriotic" dowagers, and managed to co-ordinate secretly the operations of many of the 800 pro-Fascist and pro-Nazi organizations within the country.

Kuhn took his theme from Hitler's Mein Kampf and proclaimed that he was conducting an anti-Bolshevik crusade in the United States. His men wormed their way into all but a handful of the hundreds of German-American social clubs and societies in this country. His storm troopers tramped up and down the streets of Yorkville extorting funds from helpless German-Americans, warning them that if they did not contribute to the Bund, their families back in Germany would wind up in concentration camps. And make no mistake about it, Kuhn was so closely tied to the Nazi regime that he was able to carry out his threat.

Early in 1938, Kuhn and a hand-picked group of his lieutenants went to Germany, where they were greeted by Adolf Hitler personally. He brought $3,000 to the Reich as a contribution from American Nazis to the notorious Winter Relief Fund. In Germany, Kuhn conferred at length with ranking Nazi officials, including Dr. Ernst Wilhelm von Bohle, leader of the Deutsches en Auslands section of the Nazi Party which took care of Germans living abroad. Bohle was on the staff of Rudolf Hess. Kuhn ordered the Bund to adopt the official swastika flag on his return to the United States.

Kuhn had one very serious weakness. That was women. Oh, how Fritz loved those women! He maintained three secret apartments at the time he was arrested. In these he carried on some of the numerous amours which subsequently led to his conviction as a common crook.

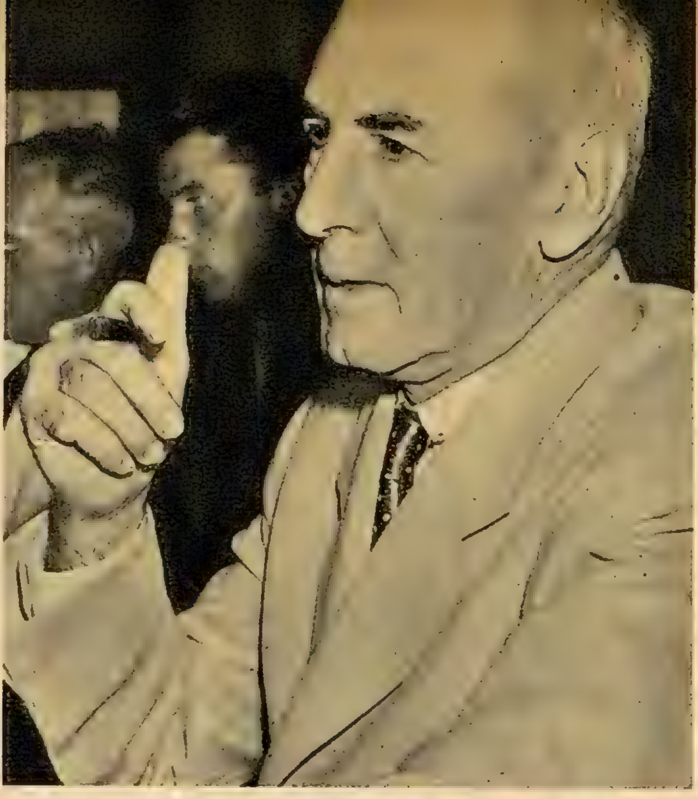
The most notorious of these female companions was Virginia Cogswell. Virginia was at one time known as the "Georgia Peach." She almost eloped with the Miss America prize in Atlantic City about ten years ago. La Cogswell also had a weakness—it was getting married. She has been married only seven times. Or is it nine?

KUHN picked up Virginia one day on a plane coming from Washington. He wined her and dined her in the style to which even the mistress of a Park Avenue sucker could not have objected. But Virginia finally became a kiss-and-tell girl. She learned that Kuhn was head of the Nazi movement in the United States, and set out to help expose him—for a price.

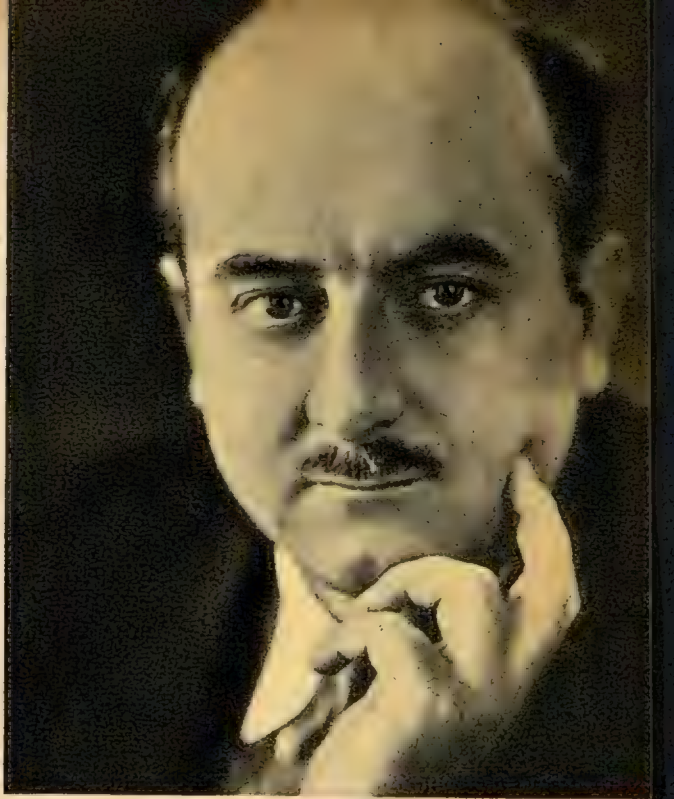
Dictographs found their way into the Cogswell apartment and Kuhn's most hammy love-making utterances were recorded on wax for posterity. Almost 300 records of these meetings are now in the hands of federal officials. The records didn't tell much, but they prompted officials to look into Kuhn a little more thoroughly.

Kuhn frequently told Cogswell of his hatred for me. Every time he got a Mickey Finn in a Broadway night club, he blamed me—and he got quite a few of them. Every time I attacked

39 Bund rally in Madison Square Garden.



Henry D. Allen was Pelley's West Coast worker.



Gerald B. Winrod made Nazi propaganda pay.

him over the air or in my column, he raged to his sweetheart, "Dot Vinchell, I get him yet, if it's de last t'ing I do!"

Occasionally Kuhn called my office from Cogswell's apartment and gave me a libelous story about himself in the hope that I would print it, thus getting into a libel suit. However, as one commentator reported, "Winchell never fell for the gag, even though the Bund leader used an assumed name and disguised his voice."

Kuhn relied on his "masculine charms" to raise funds from the women he met at various "patriotic" social functions. This confidence in his own power ultimately led to his downfall. He had written numerous letters to a wealthy married woman, Mrs. Florence Camp. He transported Mrs. Camp's furniture around the country, using Bund funds to pay the bills. He wrote scores of love letters to her which he was confident would never be published.

FRITZ was finally indicted for extorting his own organization's funds. At the trial, his attorney knew that his one chance of securing an acquittal for Kuhn was to put him on the witness stand and deny all the prosecution's evidence. At lunchtime on the next to the last day of the trial, Kuhn's lawyer asked him again and again, "Now, you're sure, Fritz, that there's no chance that they'll be able to produce Mrs. Camp to testify against you?"

Kuhn said he was sure. His lawyer then asked him if he had ever written any letters to Mrs. Camp which could be used to prove the prosecution's case. Kuhn swore that he hadn't.

Kuhn finally took the stand. Under direct examination, he denied everything. However, under cross-examination, Prosecutor Herman J. McCarthy dramatically introduced a bundle of love letters and telegrams which flatly proved the State's case, and so Kuhn went to jail for a term of between two and one half and five years.

The Ratzis began their infiltration in this country as soon as Hitler came to power. The German consulate in New York had thirty-three employees in 1933 when Hitler became Chancellor. It soon increased its staff to 100 paid agents openly on the books. Hundreds of others were added in other cities.

Allies were swiftly picked up by these agents among American citizens. Happily, many of these have been indicted in recent weeks through the efforts of a fearless federal grand jury in Washington being conducted by William Power Maloney, who has never lost a case in all his years in the Justice Department.

Most of these people passed themselves off as "patriots." They ran such groups as the American Patriots, Inc., Crusaders for Economic Liberty, the Crusader White Shirts, Nationalist Press Association, American Fellowship Forum, the Silver Shirts, the Knights of the White Camellia, American European Fellowship, and numerous other fancy titles. These were cleverly devised to appeal to various types and classes of Americans.

Frustrated people who went for secret societies in a big way were invited to join groups like William Dudley Pelley's Silver Shirts. Pelley is a classic story in himself. At one time he was a Hollywood script writer. He earned fabulous sums. Finally his stuff began to stale and he was sharply cut in pay. He refused to work at a lower wage, retired to a California mountain retreat to examine the "evil forces which were conspiring against his success."

As Pelley told it, he was asleep one night in his mountain cabin when suddenly he "died spiritually." Two "angels" came to his bedside, carried him away in their arms to heaven. Pelley says that a vision ordered him to organize the Silver Shirts and lead a "nationalist" movement in the United States.

He first gained nation-wide notoriety in 1926, when he wrote an article for a magazine entitled My Seven Minutes in Eternity. In this he intimated that he had interviewed the Lord. The article caused a great stir. It was reprinted in pamphlet form and was widely distributed. Spiritualist circles began to take notice of it. Within a short time he had gathered some devoted and wealthy followers, including one woman who even offered to build a meeting place for Pelley's disciples.

Pelley tinkered with spiritualism until 1931, when he founded a magazine called the New Liberator, later changed to Liberation, and within the past two years to Roll-Call, published in Indianapolis, where Pelley was indicted for sedition only recently.

Around 1933, when Hitler came to power, Pelley organized his Silver Legion, the most important of the early "American Nazi" groups. He was known as the Goateed Führer among his friends and foes alike.

His first known contact with Nazism came when he was still in New York in 1932, when he came into contact with a German follower of Hitler, Friedrich Heiss, who edited the Amerika Deutsche Post, the first National Socialist paper in New York.

THE Silver Legion soon entered into a full alliance with the Nazis. In California, the Nazi leader was Herman Schwinn, who divided his activities between the Friends of the New Germany (early name of the Bund) and the Silver Shirts.

Through the years, Pelley evaded the law with fair success. He called every one he hated a "Jew." He nicknamed our F. D. R. "Rosenfeld," called Labor Secretary Perkins, Madame Wutski. He has also attacked Newton D. Baker and Cordell Hull. He even had the audacity to charge that the annual birthday ball for the benefit of Warm Springs Infantile Paralysis Fund, in honor of President Roosevelt, was a "Jewish racket."

Pelley's own description of how he became a full-fledged Nazi was dramatically given in Liberation for February 18, 1933. It said:

"On the evening of January 30, 1933, in a colonial-styled structure at the corner of Charlotte Street and Sunset Parkway in the little Southern city of Asheville, North Carolina, American history was made.

"No one knew that American History was being made. The usual evening lamps were burning in the building which is locally known as Galahad College. Asheville was going about its customary evening business. Great America was in the throes of a mysterial [*sic*] 'depression.'

"But in the eastern wing of the building an office worker had laid down the current copy of the night's final local paper on the desk of the chief. In heavy black type across the eight columns of its front page were the screaming headlines:

" 'Adolf Hitler named German Chancellor.'

"Pelley paused in his Liberation script work, saw the headlines, and picked up the paper with a strange constriction in his spirit.

"Four years previously he had been 'inspirationally' instructed:

" 'When a certain young house painter comes to the head of the German people, then do you take that as your time symbol for bringing the work of the Christian Militia into the open.'

"The 'certain young house painter' had come to the head of the German people.

"Pelley pressed an office buzzer and called about him the handful of workers still remaining in the building.

" 'Tomorrow,' he declared, 'we launch the Silver Shirts.' "

Pelley became powerful on the West Coast, in the Northwest, and in the East. In New York his gang held secret meetings in Steinway Hall, where such pro-Japanese pamphlets as The Japanese America were distributed.

AROUND 1935, the Nazis and the Silver Shirts in the United States began to draw together the pro-Fascist and "patriotic" organizations. One of the leaders of this organizational drive was a native American named Henry Douglas Allen of San Diego. Allen was Pelley's West Coast man. He became extremely active, working with Kenneth Alexander, another of Pelley's right-hand men. They opened offices in the Lankersheim Building at Third and Spring in Los Angeles. Allen organized downtown Post No. 47-10 and also established Silver Shirt recruiting headquarters in Room 693 at 730 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles. He also established liaison with the Gold Shirts in Mexico who were seeking to overthrow the Cardenas government.

In October, 1936, Pelley went to the West Coast and held conferences with Herman Schwinn to merge forces in a Fascist united front.

Allen worked hard on the Presidential campaign in 1936, supporting the Coughlin-Lemke third party which was directed by Newton Jenkins, long active among "patriotic" groups.

In early 1938 Allen received $450 from sympathizers for a trip. Three days later he received a letter of introduction to Fritz Kuhn, in German, which when translated read:

> My dear Bund leader:
>
> The bearer of this letter is my old friend and comrade in arms, Henry Allen, who is coming East on an important matter.
>
> Mr. Allen knows the situation in Los Angeles and California very well and can give you important information. We can give Allen absolute confidence.
>
> Hail and victory,
>
> HERMAN SCHWINN.

ALLEN'S purpose in coming East was to confer with Kuhn and with diplomats of pro-Axis countries in Washington. He also wanted to meet with leading pro-Nazi Americans like James True, publisher of the Industrial Control Reports, and George Deatherage, head of the Knights of the White Camellia in St. Albans, West Virginia—who was only recently found to be directing a vast United States Navy construction job in Norfolk, Virginia.

In Washington, Allen conferred with Giuseppe Cosmelli, counselor of the Italian Embassy, and with Kuhn. He met with James True. Afterward, True wrote Allen a letter which he urged him to destroy. Allen forgot to destroy it. The letter reached private investigators first.

It said, in part:

> The bunch of money promised off and on for three years may come through within the next week or two. We have had so many disappointments that I hardly dare hope there seems a fair chance of results. If it comes through, we will have you back here in a hurry. You, George [Deatherage], and I will get together and prepare for real action. If your friends want some peashooters, I have connections now for any quantity and at the right price. They are United States standard surplus. Let me know as soon as you can.

OF course Allen always posed as a patriot. He was a "patriot" with quite a past. Look at his police record.

May 17, 1910: Arrested in Los Angeles, charged with giving out forged checks.

June 10, 1910: Sentenced to three years' imprisonment; sentence suspended after tearful assurances of good behavior.

May 12, 1912: Picked up in Philadelphia, charged with being a fugitive; brought back to Los Angeles.

July 1, 1912: Committed to San Quentin. Given number 25835.

April 21, 1915: Committed to Folsom Prison from Santa Barbara on a forgery rap. Number 9542.

February 1, 1919: Arrested in Los Angeles County, charged with suspicion of a felony. File number 14554.

June 30, 1924: Arrested in San Francisco, charged with check forgery. File number 35570.

October 5, 1925: Los Angeles police department issued notice that Allen was wanted for writing fictitious checks. Circular number 233.

A number of "innocent patriots" started doing quite well after Hitler came to power. The clever Nazi propagandists left no stone unturned. Ministers and wearers of the cloth who have aided the Nazi cause include Father Coughlin and Father Curran, the "Rev." Gerald L. K. Smith, and the "Rev." Gerald B. Winrod of Wichita, Kansas.

Winrod was a poverty-stricken resident of Wichita who was buying his clothes on the installment plan, paying a dollar down and a dollar a week. One day he disappeared from Kansas with a new suit of clothes and a pocketful of cash. He wound up in Nazi Germany, where he visited briefly. On his return to the United States—this was in 1935—he held mysterious consultations with the Nazi embassy in Washington. These were followed by the formation of the Capitol News and Feature Service, with offices in the Kellogg Building in Washington. This service sent pro-Nazi, anti-Semitic "news" stories to editors free of charge.

THE late Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas denounced Winrod's propaganda on the floor of the Senate because of its vicious anti-American tripe. The service was sent to hundreds of papers all over the country. The Goebbels propaganda machine had found a new kingpin.

When Winrod returned to Kansas, he paid up all his back bills at once. He also started a newspaper known as the Revealer, which carried a steady stream of pure Nazi propaganda through the Middle West. He made close contact with James True, Harry A. Jung of the American Vigilante Intelligence Federation, and Colonel Edwin Emerson. Winrod even ran in the Republican senatorial primaries in Kansas and was barely beaten after a group of real Americans banded together at the last minute to expose him as a Nazi agent. The law didn't catch up with him until recently, when he was brought before the grand jury in Washington investigating seditious activities. However, after seven years as a pro-Nazi propagandist, Winrod has thoroughly repaid his Berlin friends.

Colonel Edwin Emerson is another vaunted patriot who for years has been an admirer of Goebbels' work. He is known as a soldier of fortune and former war correspondent. Attention was first called to his arrival in the United States by announcement in the May 15, 1933, issue of the Amerika Deutsche Post, a Nazi propaganda paper, that the editor was making his headquarters in Colonel Emerson's room, No. 1923, at 17 Battery Place. Throughout the years Emerson has been one of the leading string-pullers for the Nazis and has been resorted to as a high court of appeals during arguments between the various groups.

Harry A. Jung, head of the American Vigilante Intelligence Federation, is a professional labor baiter and hunter after "the Red menace." Jung has for years sold a so-called confidential intelligence report to industrialists. These reports profess that the author has pipe lines into the inner sanctum of the Communist Party, and therefore can furnish hot information on all potential Bolshevik uprisings and union-organizing drives. Actually, his clients might get much of this information by buying the Daily Worker every day. Jung has managed to scare an impressive group of big business people into subsidizing his service. A group of banks contributed about $5,000 to him and his organization. Even seven Jewish firms gave money to him, not knowing that it would be used to spread anti-Semitic propaganda.

As time passed, these groups of propagandists worked closer and closer together. One would set the pattern and all the publications and organizations would follow it. Winrod's defenders endorsed Coughlin's Social Justice and all of them used the official Nazi propaganda handout, World Service, which came from Erfurt, Germany.

Winrod also established connections with the famous goat-gland-transplanting "expert," the late Dr. John R. Brinkley, who died recently. Doc Brinkley ran a paper in Wichita which was viciously anti-government and anti-American. His leading columnist was a "patriot" named Edward James Smythe, who heads a New Jersey organization known as the Protestant War Veterans. Smythe finally exposed himself by staging a "wedding" of the Ku Klux Klan and the German-American Bund at Nazi Camp Nordland in Sussex County, New Jersey, in 1939. He proclaimed the event "the proudest moment in my life."

The Nazis even were successful in recruiting a full-blooded American Indian. Chief New Moon was quite active in the German-American Bund and also headed a Fritz Kuhn defense committee with Mrs. Kuhn after the Bundesführer was sent to prison.

The Dillings, the Winrods, the Pelleys, the Emersons, the Coughlins, and the Deatherages did a very effective job of dividing many Americans. However, the Nazis knew they had also to reach the more intellectual Americans.

THE leader of the intellectual Fascist movement was George Sylvester Viereck. He would have nothing to do with the Kuhns and the Pelleys and their mob. He was strictly a big boy, openly in the pay of the German Library of Information and registered with our State Department as an agent of the Nazi government.

During the last war Viereck was the editor of a paper called the Fatherland, which touted the German side of the fight in Europe until the day President Wilson asked for a declaration of war against the Kaiser's government.

Within the past few years Viereck's activities increased substantially. In 1937, when Hitler gave orders for an all-out propaganda offensive in the United States, Viereck took a smooth-talking German professor named Friedrich Auhagen under his wing.

Friedrich Auhagen, who assisted Viereck in working on the American intellectuals.

Herr Auhagen came to the United States from Germany in 1923. He taught at Columbia University for awhile and was invited to speak at important gatherings where foreign affairs were discussed. Finally he set up a group called the American Fellowship Forum with offices at 11 West Forty-second Street, New York.

There he directed relationships between the Nazis and the American intellectuals for Viereck. The wily Nazi propagandists conducted several forums at swank New York hotels. At these the speakers wore evening dress. The ushers were charming young Nordics clothed in swank evening gowns. The gatherings were supposed to be "informal, objective discussion groups." Auhagen would invite a well known anti-Nazi author like Dr. Frederick Schuman of Williams College to debate against the intellectual godfather of American Fascism, Lawrence Dennis. Thus he spread his poison among the smart set, the parents of the young café society crowd.

Auhagen also got out a magazine called Today's Challenge, whose contributors included Viereck, Congressman Hamilton Fish, former Assistant Secretary of State William R. Castle, Lawrence Dennis, Philip Johnson, and others. Note the smooth mixture of a congressman, a noted German propagandist, a former State Department leader, and a correspondent for Father Coughlin's Social Justice.

If there was even a remote doubt about whom Auhagen's crowd was working for, it was dispelled in July, 1939, when a friend of mine secured a copy of a letter to Auhagen from Dr. Herbert Scholtz, the Nazi Consul General in Boston, to the head of the American Fellowship Forum, saying:

> I want to assure you that your periodical Today's Challenge has greatly impressed our friends here in Boston. It found widest circulation and will continue to do so. I shall not neglect to telephone you the next time I am in New York so that we may discuss various problems.

Auhagen is now serving a sentence of eight months to two years for failing to register as an agent of a foreign Power.

THE American public was asleep at the switch, as far as the Nazis and their fifth column in the United States were concerned, until Washington's Birthday in 1939, when Kuhn hired Madison Square Garden for a "patriotic" rally "honoring" the Father of Our Country. The Garden was decorated as Tempelhof Airport in Berlin is when Hitler holds one of his own affairs. Twenty-two thousand people piled into it. About 400 uniformed ushers, with swastikas pinned to their arms, joined the crowd as guards for their flabby führer. "Heil Hitler!" echoed through the building as Kuhn and his lieutenants marched in. James Wheeler-Hill, youthful ratty-faced White Russian Nazi who was Kuhn's secretary, led the crowd in shouting *"Ein Volk, Ein Reich, Ein Führer!"* The Horst Wessel was sung together with The Star-Spangled Banner.

The Nazis dutifully answered every Heil Hitler with outstretched hands, a maniacal look on their faces. The crowd was whipped up to almost murderous excitement by the violent speeches of the Bund leaders. Uniformed Bundsmen looked angrily at the huddled reporters and correspondents as the "Jewish press" was attacked by Wheeler-Hill and Gerhardt Wilhelm Kunze, then national public relations director of the Bund (since indicted in the Vonsiatsky case, and recently, after he fled from New York, nabbed by the Mexican government near Vera Cruz and brought back, in custody, by plane.

Bundesführer Kuhn was heiled fanatically until the crowd was hoarse. He launched into his tirade. Suddenly a loud shriek was heard from the audience, an almost hysterical laugh. Kuhn halted. The angry crowd looked at the "troublemaker." The laughing continued. Then powerful hands of the uniformed bodyguards reached out for the intruder. They tore at her and rushed her down the aisle. It was Dorothy Thompson, the famous columnist.

As the police grabbed her away from the Bundsmen, reporters saw a huge unkempt man gliding toward her. He reached over the heads of the police and brought her back to the press table. He was the late columnist Heywood Broun, who knew what the commotion was about and wanted Miss Thompson to tell her story.

Can it be that Fascism has kindred spirits in Congress? Walter Winchell is convinced that his answer to this genuinely shocking question is right. You'll find it, with Winchell's evidence for it, in Liberty next week!

CROSSES IN THE SKY

One little man, watching, waiting, doing his bit for the U. S. A. Then, out of the night . . . A stirring story!

BY STEPHEN W. MEADER

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

"LOOK, pa," the boy said with something of desperation in his newly bass voice. "I don't ask for the car much. But tonight! It's the Senior Dance! Prob'ly the only one in my whole lifetime when I'll be a senior. An' I bet it's no more miles to the dance than it is out to your old plane-spottin' place!"

Mr. Winkler pushed his chair back wearily. "That's right, Pete," he said. "I expected all along to let you have the car tonight. Hovius was going to drive me out. It's his turn. But he had a blowout and couldn't get it fixed. If it was just myself, I'd give you the car and walk, or ride your bike. But I can't carry Bill Hovius on it with me."

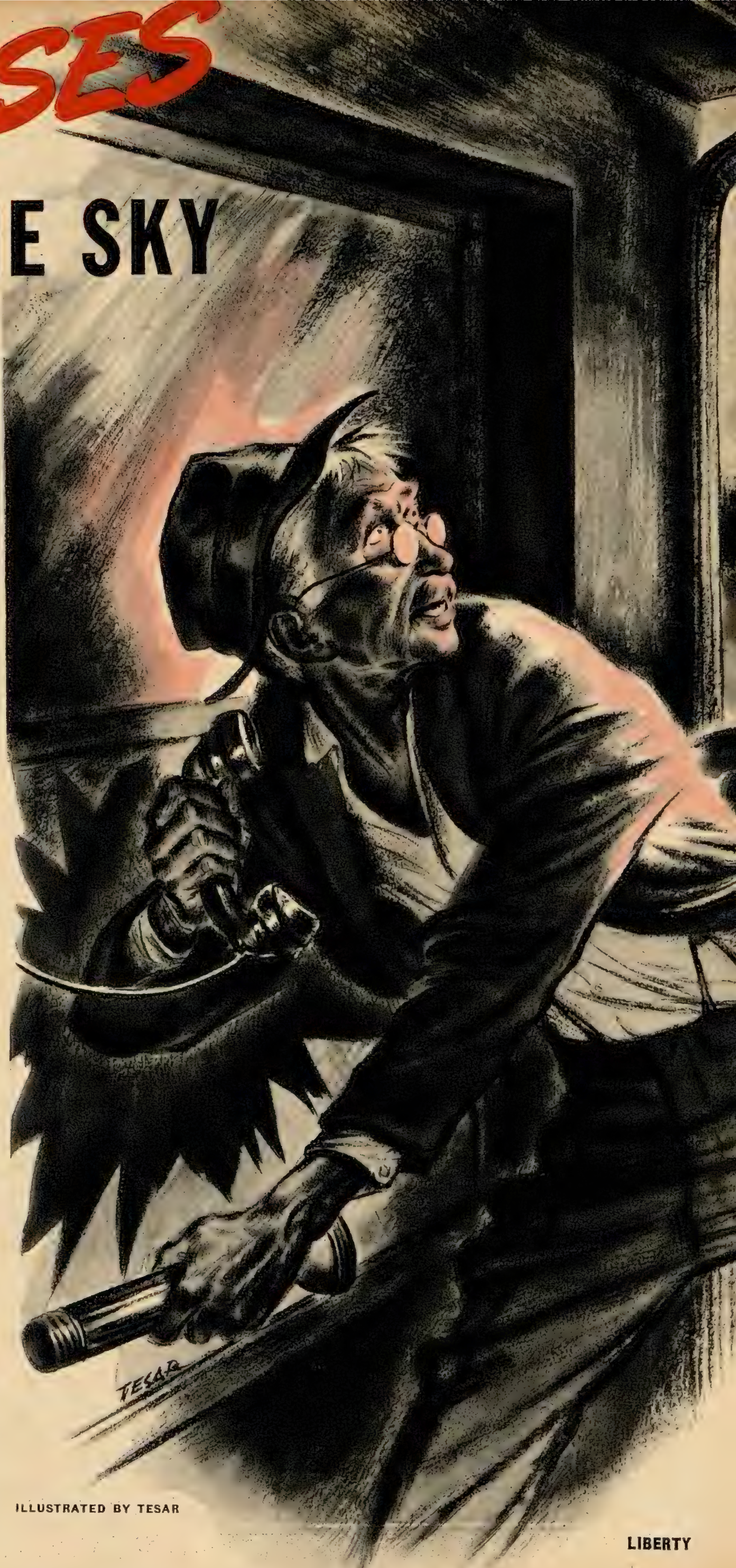
Peter didn't laugh. Even the idea of the fat butcher balanced on the handlebars couldn't dispel his gloom. "O. K.," he said bitterly as he stalked from the dining room. "I hope you spot a lot o' planes!"

It had been a hot day. Now, at a quarter to eight, there was a sultry heaviness in the air and a cloud bank shrouded the sunset. Mr. Winkler put a slicker and a pair of rubbers in the back of the car before he started.

Bill Hovius was waiting for him on the corner, sweating and fanning himself with an old straw hat. "Sorry you got to drive tonight, Joe," he wheezed. "I'll take you the next two times runnin' if I can get that tire patched."

They drove out the Willow Creek pike for three miles, turned left on a narrower road, and ran along for another half mile between peaceful-looking fields. Mr. Winkler pulled out on the grassy shoulder and switched off the ignition. "Better roll up the windows," he said. "Looks as if we might get a shower."

There was another car parked just beyond them, and the yellow gleam of a light bulb came from the window



ILLUSTRATED BY TESAR

Without a second's hesitation he smashed the window with the butt of the flash and grabbed the hand-set phone from its wall hanger.

of the little shelter across the road.

"Hi, boys," called a voice from the doorway. "You're two minutes late."

Mr. Winkler took his rubbers and slicker and they started toward the shelter. An erect white-haired old man and a youth of eighteen came out to meet them. Pop Woodsal and Eddie Jackson.

The boy was yawning. "You folks can have it," he remarked with distaste. "All we saw was three lousy transports in the whole four hours. Well, at least we'll get home 'fore it rains."

They said their good nights and Mr. Winkler went inside the tiny building.

He turned to the breast-high corner shelf that held the telephone and the log sheet. He picked up a pencil and glanced at the alarm clock hanging on the wall.

He wrote, "8.03," in his neat bank clerk's script. "Hovius and Winkler. Wind, none. Visibility, 80%. Clear."

Outside, he looked at the sky again. The clouds in the west were higher now, and blacker, but overhead most of the heavens were still filled with pale clear greenish light.

Bill Hovius undid the top two buttons of his shirt and settled his weight on the doorsill. "I feel the heat," he panted. "You take the first watch an' I'll set awhile. Soon as I put through the eight-fifteen police call I'll spell you off."

MR. WINKLER nodded and strolled away across the hard-baked turf. The post was located in an unused field where farmer boys had formerly played ball. There were several reasons why the site had been chosen. It was on a rise of ground, with low woods a quarter of a mile away to the north. It gave a fine view in all directions, and was far enough from the highway so that the sound of traffic didn't interfere with listening.

Mr. Winkler wiped his damp forehead with his handkerchief and expelled his breath in a little sigh. He tried to recapture the feeling of excitement and responsibility with which he had tackled his four-hour stretch back in the weeks after Pearl Harbor. It had been pitch dark at eight o'clock then—pitch dark and cold. Snowing sometimes, or raining and freezing on the ground.

He remembered nights when the wind bit through his heavy overcoat and two sweaters and the woolen underwear his wife had made him buy—right through to his bones.

That was before they got the shelter built. He had worked on that with the others who could spare Sunday afternoons. And afterward there had been firewood to chop and saw. That was one way they'd kept warm.

Picking up the sound of a plane and watching for its running lights had been a kind of game at first. They were supposed to report all aircraft at night—even the droning transports that always followed the same course. The post was just south of the main Philadelphia-to-New York air route, and in good weather the big silver passenger ships used to go past like trolley cars. But lately, with the army taking over the planes, a lot of flights had been canceled. Now it was the daytime watchers who were busy. Bombers and pursuit ships went over at intervals, and flying boats of the Navy Patrol lumbered across, heading for the coast and convoy duty. After dark there was little activity. Sometimes Mr. Winkler caught himself almost desperately hoping for a plane he could report. That made him feel somewhat silly—like a kid playing cops and robbers.

AS he turned at the far edge of the diamond, there was a mutter of thunder from the towering clouds in the west. He stood still, listening, and in the breathless silence that followed he heard another sound. It was the faint unmistakable throb of engines in the air, coming from the same direction. He started toward the shelter, wiping his spectacles as he walked. The throbbing increased in volume and it was almost northwest of him now. He put the glasses on and looked at the sky—not where the sound seemed to be, but a mile ahead of it. After a second or two he saw a tiny spot against the twilight and caught the far-off twinkle of red and green lights. It was a transport plane kiting for New York ahead of the storm.

Bill Hovius heaved to his feet. "'Smatter?" he asked. "Hear one?"

"Yep. See it, too."

Mr. Winkler went inside and turned on the light. He picked up a pencil and took the telephone receiver off the hook. "Army flash," he said. It still amazed him to find how fast these calls were handled. Six seconds—seven seconds—and he was through to the filter center.

"Army. Go ahead, please," came a girl's voice.

"One," said Mr. Winkler. "Bimotor. Low. Seen. Mabel four. Northwest. Three. Northeast."

"Thank you," the cool voice answered, and he hung up. Then he entered the time, 8.11, and filled in the spaces in the line on the log. At the top of the sheet the eight columns were labeled: Number of planes; Type of planes; Altitude; Seen or heard; Post code name; Direction from post; Miles distant; Direction headed.

Sometimes Mr. Winkler wondered

what happened after that brisk "Thank you." He had seen pictures in a magazine showing a great map on a table, and men and girls pushing little cardboard towers around on it with sticks. Somehow those laconic phrases that he phoned in must be translated into plane movements around the map. But it was still all kept pretty secret, and he knew he was never likely to see a filter center or an operations board in action.

Out on the field again in the gathering dark, he had a growing sense of futility. He had hardly expected to be heroic when he volunteered for this job, but he did hate to think he was wasting his time. The war was very real and grim to him. Even though most of it was a long way off, he wanted to do more about it than just selling war savings bonds through the teller's window. He'd missed the other show. Dave was a baby then, and Mr. Winkler had never been called in the draft. Now Dave was in Australia, and he—a thin little man, stoop-shouldered and with graying hair—was puttering around a deserted ball field, pretending to serve his country.

From the shack he heard the butcher's squeaky voice making the routine call to the local police. They did that periodically during the night shifts, and gave a password to prove everything was in order on the post.

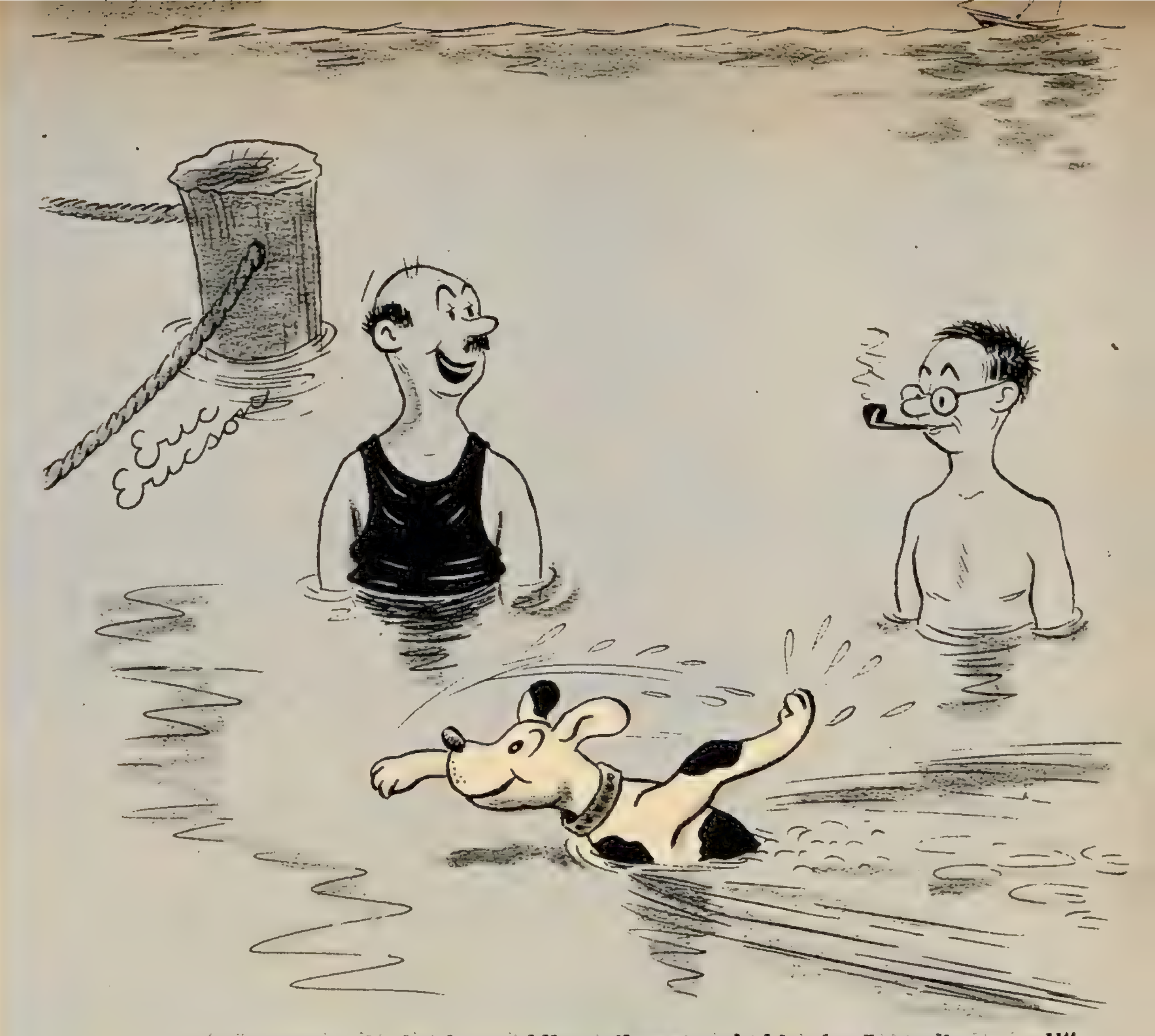
"Come on, Bill," he called. "You'd better get your trick over before it starts to rain."

BACK at the shelter, Mr. Winkler filled his pipe and lighted it. From the doorway he watched Hovius waddle out to the bare patch that had been the pitcher's box and stand staring up at the sky.

Mr. Winkler puffed at his pipe and looked away to the east, where stars were beginning to come out. The land lay dark and still, forty miles of sand and pines between him and the Jersey coast. Dotted over that area he knew there were other men like himself, in lonely fire lookouts, on rooftops, and in open fields, searching the sky. And all down the seaboard from Maine to Florida it was the same. He wondered how many of those watchers still took their jobs seriously. There had been some queer stories about posts where the volunteer organization had broken down—about men who didn't show up for duty, or who spent their watch drinking and shooting craps in handy juke joints. He could understand them in a way, but he hoped there were a few who felt about it as he did.

He turned on the light and glanced over the log sheet. The pair who had been on from noon to four o'clock had made a lot of entries. Six single-motored planes, east to west, in one flight. Must have been army P-40s from Fort Dix. He wished he could turn in a report like that just once.

At eight thirty Mr. Winkler put on his rubbers and took the slicker over his arm. He thought he felt a drop of rain on his face as he crossed the field.



"He just used to do the dog paddle until we taught him the Australian crawl!"

Bill Hovius shook his fat shoulders and started back to the shelter.

"Wind feels sort of chilly after all that heat," he remarked. "I ought to of brung a coat."

A sudden gust swept the field and the big drops began to come faster. Mr. Winkler struggled into his slicker and pulled his old felt hat down to shield his face and neck. Then a vivid flash jagged across the sky and with the crash of thunder came the roaring rain.

Through sheets of water he made his way across to the shack and stood in the lee of the flimsy wall. It didn't occur to him to go inside. The first rule of the post was: "One observer must be in a position to sight approaching planes at all times."

THE next flash was close and blinding. In the same instant an earth-jarring clap shook the little house and sent Mr. Winkler's heart jumping into his mouth. Thunderstorms and explosive noises always made him slightly sick.

After a long time the lightning drew farther away and the noise of the storm settled down to occasional grumblings and the steady beat of rain.

There wasn't a chance now of changing places with Hovius. The butcher could never squeeze his bulk into the slicker, and it was no kind of night to be out in a thin cotton shirt. Mr. Winkler continued to tramp forlornly across the diamond and back.

Each time he looked over at the roadside, where the wet dark shape of the family sedan was visible, he felt a twinge of self-reproach. It was nine o'clock. Pete must be on his way to the dance about now, splashing along through the puddles, trying to hold an umbrella over his date.

Twenty minutes later the rain was still pouring down. Mr. Winkler went over to the shack and looked in. "Everything all right?" he asked.

"Huh? Oh, sure. Sorry I can't take a turn outside, but I catch cold easy if I get wet. Why don't you come in anyway? Ain't likely to be any planes out a night like this."

Mr. Winkler shook his head. "You can't tell," he said. "The mail doesn't quit flying just for local showers. I'd better stay out here. How about the police call?"

"I rung 'em up five minutes ago. They say a bolt o' lightnin' hit a shed back o' the Methodist church. Not much of a fire, though."

Mr. Winkler resumed his slow patrol. The bottoms of his trousers were soaking wet, and he could feel premonitory creakings of rheumatism in the knee joints. His pipe wouldn't stay lighted. On the whole, he might have felt sorry for himself if he hadn't had his elder son to think about. Dave's infrequent letters from the South Pacific were brief and soldierly. They made no complaint about discomforts.

A LITTLE before ten he heard what sounded at first like a plane over to the northward. It turned out to be only a car coming along the country road. The headlights made a bright blur through the steaming rain. They slowed and came to a halt opposite the shelter, and somebody got out. Mr. Winkler had strayed down along the right-field line, a hundred yards or more from the little building. By the time he walked back through the mud the car had started up again. He saw it turn around in the road and start back toward town.

"Who was that?" he asked Bill Hovius when he reached the door.

"Dunno. Stranger to me he was. I've never noticed him around my place, anyway. Nice feller, though. Told me he thought us boys deserved credit for doin' a great job out here, an' his wife wanted to send us some coffee."

The light was on and the butcher pointed to a glass jar sitting on the shelf.

"Guess I'll have some right now, while it's hot," Hovius continued. "Where's that tin water cup? Here—aren't you goin' to drink your share? It'll take the chill off out in that wet."

The coffee looked and smelled delicious as it gurgled out of the jar into the cup, but Mr. Winkler knew his limitations. "Not for me," he said with real regret. "I wouldn't get to sleep for hours."

He dragged himself away from the tantalizing aroma that filled the shack and went out into the rain again.

Half an hour later the rain ceased altogether and a fresh clean-smelling breeze from the west began to hustle the clouds away. Mr. Winkler leaned forward to let the water drip off the brim of his hat. Maybe Hovius would take over now that it was clearing.

THE shelter was dark and the door ajar. "Well, Bill," he announced from the threshold, "it's quit raining."

There was no answer but a heavy snore, and he stepped inside, groping for the light switch. The glare of the bulb revealed the fat man slumped back on the stool against the wall, his mouth open in stertorous slumber.

Mr. Winkler shook him by the shoulder and shouted his name, but Hovius was dead to the world. Well, Saturday was probably a tough day behind the meat counter. He might as well let the big lummox sleep.

He went over and looked at the log. The last entry scrawled in it was "Police call, 10.15." By the alarm clock on the wall it was nearly a quarter to eleven now, so there was nothing to do the next half hour but watch for planes. There ought to be some along soon if they had been grounded in Philadelphia by the storm.

Sighing a little, he took off his slicker and hung it by the door. He found a comparatively dry sandy spot a little way from the shack, and stood there looking up and listening.

His eyes weren't so good these last years, but his hearing was keen enough. After dark that was what counted anyhow. You could generally hear a plane a long time before you could see it. But as the minutes dragged by, Mr. Winkler heard nothing that sounded like a plane.

His rubbers made his feet ache and his legs were tired from standing. It must be after eleven. Another hour and his relief would come and he could go home to bed.

Turning, he started to walk eastward, and for the first time he noticed a small red glow just above the horizon. It faded, then grew brighter and bigger. Lightning must have struck again over there. It looked like a barn burning. A reflection flickered on his glasses and he looked toward the south. There was another fire in that quarter—an angry illumination mounting against the sky.

MR. WINKLER rubbed his jaw thoughtfully and stared from one glowing spot to the other. It was queer that both fires should be starting now—an hour after the lightning had passed. No telling how far away they were, but he judged the southerly blaze must be within a mile or two. It was about time for the police call anyway, and it might be a good idea to ask if they'd had a fire alarm from down in that direction.

When he turned on the light in the shelter he saw that his plump partner had fallen off the stool and was sprawled on the floor, still snoring. It was hardly worth while to wake him up now, but the sight of the gross flabby face made him angry.

"Bill!" he yelled at the top of his voice, and planted a kick in Hovius' ribs. When the sleeper did not even stir, Mr. Winkler swung about with a grimace and picked up the telephone. There was a strange cold silence in the receiver when he put it to his ear. Impatiently he rattled the hook two or three times, waiting for the voice of the operator. Then he realized that the line was dead.

Mr. Winkler was a methodical man, and it vexed him to encounter situations that weren't covered by the rules. Probably the thing to do was report the trouble to the telephone company at once. The nearest farm that might have a phone was half a mile away. He could hardly leave his post long enough to drive there and back.

Down the road a couple of hundred yards was a small country gas station where the observers had done their telephoning before they had the shelter and a line of their own. Nowadays nobody was there after six o'clock, on account of the gasoline curfew. He could see the little building, locked up and dark. At least, he supposed it was locked. It wouldn't hurt to go over there and find out.

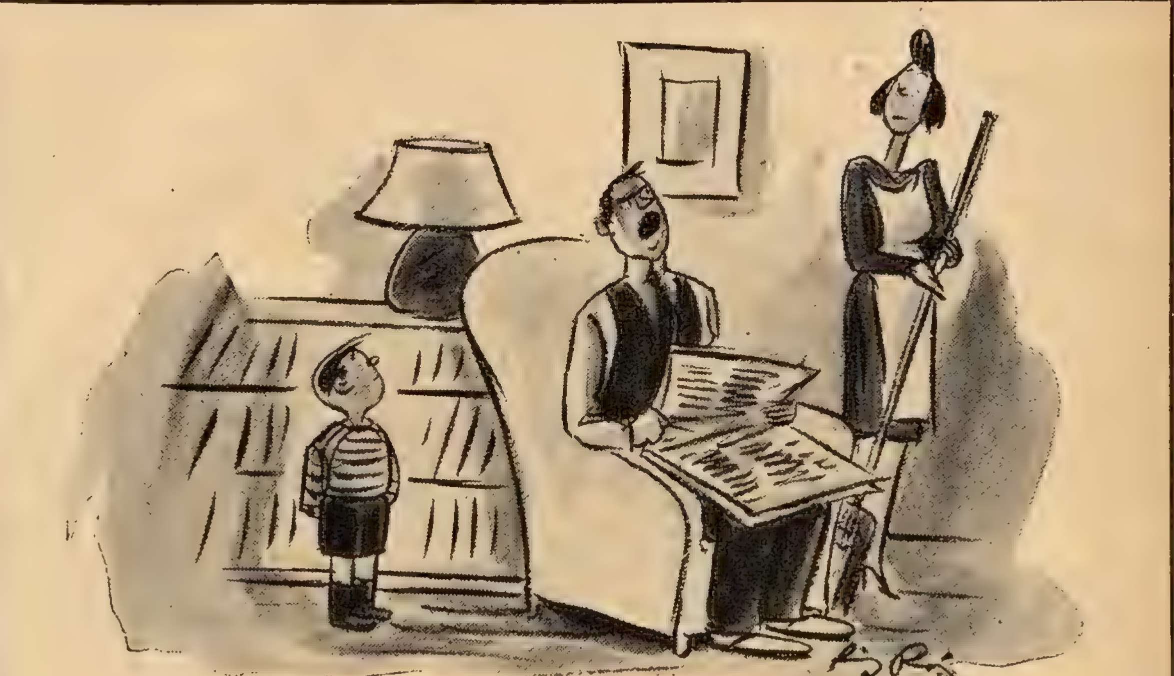
The two fires on the horizon were still sending up their ruddy glare as he walked down the road. They threw enough illumination on his path so that he didn't need to use the flashlight he had brought from the shelter. He wondered if the police would get anxious when no eleven-fifteen call came through, and send out a patrol car.

The door of the gas station was solidly fastened when he shook the knob. Going around to the window at the side, he directed the beam from his flashlight through the glass. The telephone hung where it had always been, on the wall near the window, but he could see that the sash was locked. Of course he wouldn't think of breaking in.

WELL, he'd done what he could. The chances were no planes would go by before midnight, and even if they did, his failure to report would probably never be noticed. He yawned and started plodding back toward the ball field. And before he had taken ten steps he heard a sound.

Actually, it wasn't a matter of hearing. He felt the vibration first against the wall of his thin chest—a pulsating throb, very faint but not to be confused with any other sensation. He pulled open the lapels of his coat and turned, slowly, trying to catch the direction. Then the sound reached his ears. It was like the faraway hum of wind in wires, and it was coming from the east, from the sea.

Mr. Winkler's heart was thumping again, but he didn't notice it. He was listening with all his faculties, straightening out that sound in his mind. It faded, then seemed to grow louder and nearer. It was the hoarse whisper of a legion of propellers, very far above the earth, flogging the air



"I've told him how high is up, how far is down, and how deep is fathomless. *Now* he wants to know how long is duration!"

with a harsh off-beat rhythm that sent cold shivers running down his spine.

He turned and stumbled toward the gas station at a run. In a sickening flash of understanding it all clicked into a pattern in his brain. The stranger and his coffee—Hovius' drugged sleep—the burning barns that served as beacons—the dead telephone wire. Without a second's hesitation he smashed the side window with the butt of the flash and grabbed the hand-set telephone from its wall hanger.

A woman's voice was gossiping on the party line. "Will you get off, please?" cried Mr. Winkler. "Operator—I say, operator! This is an army flash—from Mabel four. No, I know I'm not calling from 906! That wire's been cut! Put me through right away, won't you?"

There came a buzz, a clicking, faint sounds of words, and then the calm voice:

"Army. Go ahead, please."

Mr. Winkler drew a quick breath. "Many," he began in a strangled voice. "Unknown. Very high. Heard. Mabel four. East. Right overhead. West—and, listen! I think it's come. They're here!"

THERE was no reply, but the connection went off with a hurried click. He found his hand was shaking as if he had ague when he tried to replace the telephone. The cold sweat streamed down his face. He stood there holding on to the window ledge to steady himself and heard the wave of sound pass westward in the sky. Then, with heavy feet, he walked back toward the shelter.

All the way he listened with a dull dread, but, except for the small noises of the fields, there was no sound now. No gunfire. No roar of pursuit planes. No sirens blaring the alert. He entered the shelter and looked at the clock. It said 11.47.

Allowing for the time it had taken to come from the gas station, he wrote down "11.44," and filled in the rest of the line on the log with fingers that still shook. Then he went out again.

Everything was silent in the direction of the city. Twenty miles—five minutes or less at the rate those big bombers flew. And five minutes had passed already. He began to wonder if he had dreamed it all. People went to sleep on their feet sometimes if they got overtired. Staring into the west, he saw long pencil lines of light shoot upward from the horizon. There were dozens of them, shifting, weaving, tracing their patterns on the sky. The searchlights of the Interceptor Command.

Like a man in a trance he watched the play of the beams across the dark. Oddly the idea came to him that Bill Hovius oughtn't to miss this. He stumbled back into the shack, but before he had time to call to his partner, the window shook to the thud of a distant explosion. He hurried out once more.

There was a continuous low rumble in the air. It was like thunder but steadier—the noise of multimotored planes, headed eastward now and traveling fast. Another concussion jarred the ground and then the bombers were in sight. North of him, south of him, and straight over his head they came, with a roar that deafened and buffeted him. Above them lines of tracer bullets marked the path of machine-gun fire, and the upper air was full of snarling, swooping fighter planes.

Mr. Winkler tried to run on unsteady legs. Habit was still strong in him, and he knew in a muddled way that he ought to report all this if he could get to the telephone. There was a burst of flame high overhead and a blazing bomber came careening earthward.

He didn't move. The falling thing was too big to run away from, and he could see it was going to hit right out in center field. It swerved and whirled like a great fiery pinwheel, growing bigger and bigger. A smile of triumph lighted Mr. Winkler's face. He saw the black crosses on the wings just before the machine crashed. Then the earth was knocked from under him. . . .

20 QUESTIONS

Dr. Gregory Pinquetea missed only Nos. 4, 8, and 12. Count double if you get these right.

1. Who is Colonel Blimp, and has he won any notable victories?
2. What legend is responsible for calling that bulge in the throat the "Adam's apple"?
3. Ichabod Crane is the hero of what famous American story, and who wrote it?
4. Everybody knows what we mean by rule of thumb, but how did the thumb get involved in the picture?
5. On what day of what year does President Roosevelt's third term end?
6. Which state has the motto "Eureka!"—and why?
7. Manuel Quezon is the head of what government in exile?
8. Who was the "Widow of Windsor"?
9. If you heard some object referred to as a black swan, would that mean that the object was rare, a thing of evil, or something good to eat?
10. Which is farther west, Pensacola, Florida, or Columbus, Ohio?
11. Whirlaway—at this writing—has earned over $400,000 as a winner in horse races. What other horse earned more?
12. What is meant by "Punic faith"?
13. To what do the following refer: the Golden Gate, the Golden Calf, and the Golden Mean?
14. Who was the first American girl to swim the Channel, and when did she perform this feat?
15. According to a recent news dispatch, Americans who bombed Wake Island took off on Friday, dropped their bombs on Sunday, and returned on Saturday. How did this happen?
16. What was the name of the Merchant of Venice in Shakespeare's play?
17. Is it true that nocturnal owls are unable to see during daylight?
18. By what other name is latitude 0° known?
19. Vice-President Wallace, for the first time since his election, performed what legislative action in the Senate only a short time ago?
20. What line follows this: "Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs—"?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

There seemed to be a lot of cars and people around when he opened his eyes again. Head lamps blazed across the field, and that didn't make sense, because surely there ought to be a blackout. He tried to say so to the man who was stooping above him.

"That's O. K., Mr. Winkler. The all clear sounded twenty minutes ago. You just rest now and don't try to talk." It was the young doctor who rode with the town ambulance, and his smile was reassuring.

Bill Hovius came into view, his moon face comical in its distress. "Gosh, Joe!" he blurted. "I'd ha' cut off my right arm 'fore I'd let you down that way. Durn coffee must ha' had somethin' in it. I'd been sleepin' yet if them bombs explodin' hadn't tipped the shack over on me. Thank goodness the doc says you're goin' to be all right."

Mr. Winkler's voice was a whisper. "Don't you blame yourself, Bill. What about the raid? Many killed?"

Hovius shook his head. "Don't know yet," he said. "But they missed the big stuff—Navy Yard an' war plants. Only about half the bombers got in over the city, an' four o' those were shot down. They say the spotters did a job. There was phone wires cut at a lot o' posts, but they managed to get the warnin' through somehow. After that, the interceptors an' anti-aircraft did the rest."

Mr. Winkler sighed and closed his eyes. So there had been others—plenty of others—little men like himself, standing their watches faithfully in country and town. He wouldn't ever feel lonesome on the post again.

HE must have drowsed off, for the next thing he knew somebody was helping him to sit up.

"Doc Newton says I can take you home, pa." The voice was young Pete's, gruff and protective. "It's all right. Your relief's here, an' the telephone men are fixin' the line."

"That's fine," said Mr. Winkler. "How'd you get here, son?"

"Well, when they blacked out the dance, everybody beat it down to the shelter in the basement. Then we heard that explosion over here an' I got worried about you. I hitched a ride with one o' the wardens. Think you can walk to the car? It's right here, an' you can lean on me, like this."

Mr. Winkler felt a bit shaky but reasonably whole. Pete helped him into the sedan and got in behind the wheel.

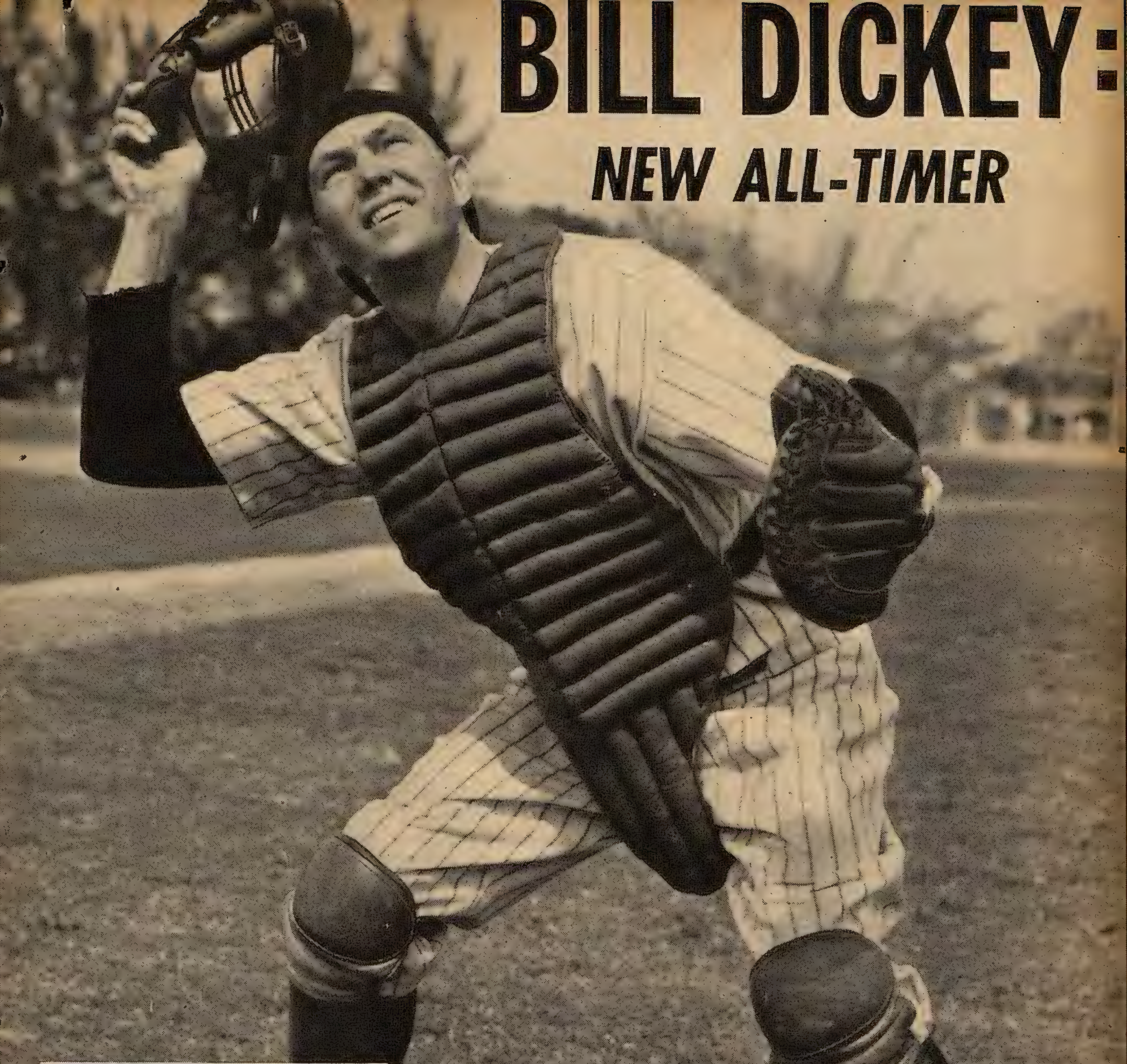
"Pa," he said, before he pushed the starter, "I—I just had to tell you one thing. I'm sorry about the kid act I pulled at supper."

He paused, trying to make his words sound adult and casual. "I was wondering—do you think maybe they'd take me on here as a plane spotter this summer?"

Mr. Winkler was happy. "Sure, son," he said. "They need good men."

THE END

BILL DICKEY: NEW ALL-TIMER



Bill Dickey (above) going for a high one. Below: Talking over some quail shooting with the author.

BY GRANTLAND RICE

Immortality! . . A famous expert nominates the best catcher in baseball history

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

IT was a tough ball game and a quivering young Yankee pitcher was suddenly in deep trouble—two on and nobody out.

Then from back of the plate a tall gangling Arkansas catcher by the name of Bill Dickey tossed off his mask, stuck his big glove under the left armpit, and strolled out to the box. He was in no hurry. He might have been going out to ask for a match or for a cigarette.

There was a brief conversation and then the big catcher loafed back to his position.

From that point on the rookie settled down and went along to win.

"What did you say to him, Bill?" I asked, after the game.

"I didn't hardly say anything at all,"

Dickey answered. "I asked him how the folks were, said it was a fine day, and then suggested he slow down a little and take it easy. We couldn't miss."

Many a Yankee rookie has taken that same soothing syrup from the most valuable all-around catcher baseball has ever known.

And I won't try to prove this by any record book. The record books will show you that Dickey is the only catcher who ever handled over 100 games thirteen years in succession. They will show you that he is the only catcher who ever drove across more than 100 runs through four successive seasons. But they won't show you the real Bill Dickey.

The true value of Bill Dickey goes well beyond what he can do or what he has done for fifteen years with a bat and a big glove.

It took me some time to find out that the soothing, confident effect Bill Dickey had on that young pitcher extends to the entire Yankee team.

They know that Dickey's keen blue eyes will be covering the entire field; that he will know the strength and weakness of almost every opponent who comes to the plate; that he will be on top of his job every second of the game. Why should they all feel that way about Bill Dickey? He is one of the most remarkable characters I ever met in four decades of baseball, and yet he is one of the hardest to explain.

For there is nothing dynamic or exciting about this tall blond, blue-eyed, awkward country fellow from Little Rock. He is on the quiet, the unobtrusive side.

He would rather listen than talk. He doesn't care for arguments. He knows what he believes, and he is willing to give you credit for your side of the debate.

But when he has something to say, you'll find it not only interesting but accurate.

DICKEY has a certain singleness of purpose that is well out of the ordinary. For example, his two main pastimes are quail shooting and baseball.

The time is 4 A. M., two hours before sunrise, on a cold December morning in Little Rock. There is the tramp of heavy feet, extra heavy feet, size 12, and a voice calls out, "Get up and let's get going. We are late already."

We get into quail territory, more than 100 miles away, just after daybreak. For the next ten hours Dickey's long legs cover from thirty to thirty-five miles of rough country before the last shot is fired.

We take thirty minutes off for lunch and Dickey complains. "Are we out here to hunt or to eat?" he asks.

Bill Dickey hunts all day at least five days a week through the shooting season. It is easy to understand why he started his sixteenth season, a long time for a catcher, in top condition headed for another big year.

This same singleness of purpose has always been a big part of his baseball life. He is a good bridge player, and every now and then you can get him into a game of golf. But his main concentration goes to hunting and baseball, and you'll find that Dickey has a complete grip on the situation in the most crucial moment of a World Series game.

This is one of the reasons he is known as the deadliest "clutch" hitter baseball has known for many years. There was the time some years back when rival pitchers would rather see Ruth or Gehrig come up with runners on bases. They wanted no part of the Arkansas Traveler in a pinch.

It so happens that Mr. Dickey is not built on normal lines. This applies especially to his feet and his long legs.

There was the day at Lakeside in Los Angeles when we were booked for a golf game with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope. Everything was set, until Bill discovered that he had left his golf shoes behind.

"That can be easily fixed up," Bing and Bob said in chorus as they called for a locker boy.

They had overlooked the formality of peering at Dickey's feet. Practically every locker in the club had to be opened before we could locate a pair of gunboats that would even approximate a fit.

THE next day Dickey called at the studio to be fitted out in his baseball harness. When I saw him he was trying on a pair of shin guards that ran from his insteps about halfway to his knees.

"What do these catchers wear out here?" Bill asked the director. "Shin guards or spats?"

They had to have a special pair of shin guards made that finally covered the proper range.

I could understand Bill Dickey's strong influence over the Yankees, young and old, after a party in Hollywood.

Bill had come out to play his part in the Lou Gehrig film, as Lou had been his roommate and his closest friend.

No other reason could have brought him to Hollywood.

"You know," he told me, "this is a good town. It is full of nice people. But I just don't belong here."

A short while after this statement I got Bill to go along to a Hollywood gathering one night. In addition to Babe Ruth, those present included, among others, W. C. Fields, Jack Barrymore, Pat O'Brien, and Guy Kibbee. They naturally knew all about the Babe, who made a big hit.

They knew little about Bill Dickey, except that he was a great catcher. Dickey was the quietest of the bunch. But I began to notice as the evening wore along that most of the Hollywood celebrities present were moving in closer to the tall catcher, asking professional and personal questions.

When the party broke up, Pat O'Brien called me off to one side. "I knew this fellow was one of the greatest catchers that ever played," he said. "Why didn't you tell me he was also one of the greatest fellows anybody could meet?"

The answer to this is, I knew every one present would find that out in the first few minutes, even though Dickey had spoken only two or three lines.

The crack Yankee catcher has a rare combination of character, charm, and almost complete unselfishness. His idea of an even break is to give the other fellow a little the better of it. This is a pretty fair answer to what sportsmanship really means.

If you are hunting with him and you both shoot together, you are the one who got the bird.

ANOTHER important part of Dickey's make-up is full confidence in himself without any touch of egotism. Before coming to the Yankees he was shuffled around through Little Rock, Muskogee, Minneapolis, Jackson, Little Rock again, and then Buffalo.

These various shifts away from the big town would have discouraged many ballplayers.

He batted only .125 in Buffalo in 1928, and only .200 in ten games with the Yankees that same year.

But when the Yankees gave him a chance in 1929 he batted .324 in 130 games and he has been keeping close to that pace ever since.

His ability to remember the strength and weaknesses of opposing batters is amazing. This is due to his concentration on each pitch and each play of virtually every game. The fact that he refuses to become worried, upset, or mentally ruffled under any conditions is no light aid in this same direction.

Baseball has been stacked high with great catchers—Buck Ewing, Criger, Bresnahan, Johnny Kling, Gabby Hartnett, and Mickey Cochrane. But none of these could be compared to the Yankee entry as the game's greatest tension breaker—and tension has been listed as one of the leading poisons of competitive sport.

In a certain World Series game Joe McCarthy named a young starting pitcher. The Yankee manager called Dickey over. "You two fellows get together," he said, "and work out your plans." These conferences often take up twenty or thirty minutes. This one lasted just twenty seconds.

"If you don't mind, Bill," the Yankee pitcher said, "just let me throw to your glove."

He won a four-hit shutout.

Being a fellow of keen sentiment, Dickey's only off season came the year of Lou Gehrig's fatal illness. Lou's declining health was far more important to his roommate than the pennant or any batting average.

Yes, baseball has been packed with great catchers, but my vote goes to the gangling fellow from Arkansas who has kept in top condition for sixteen years.

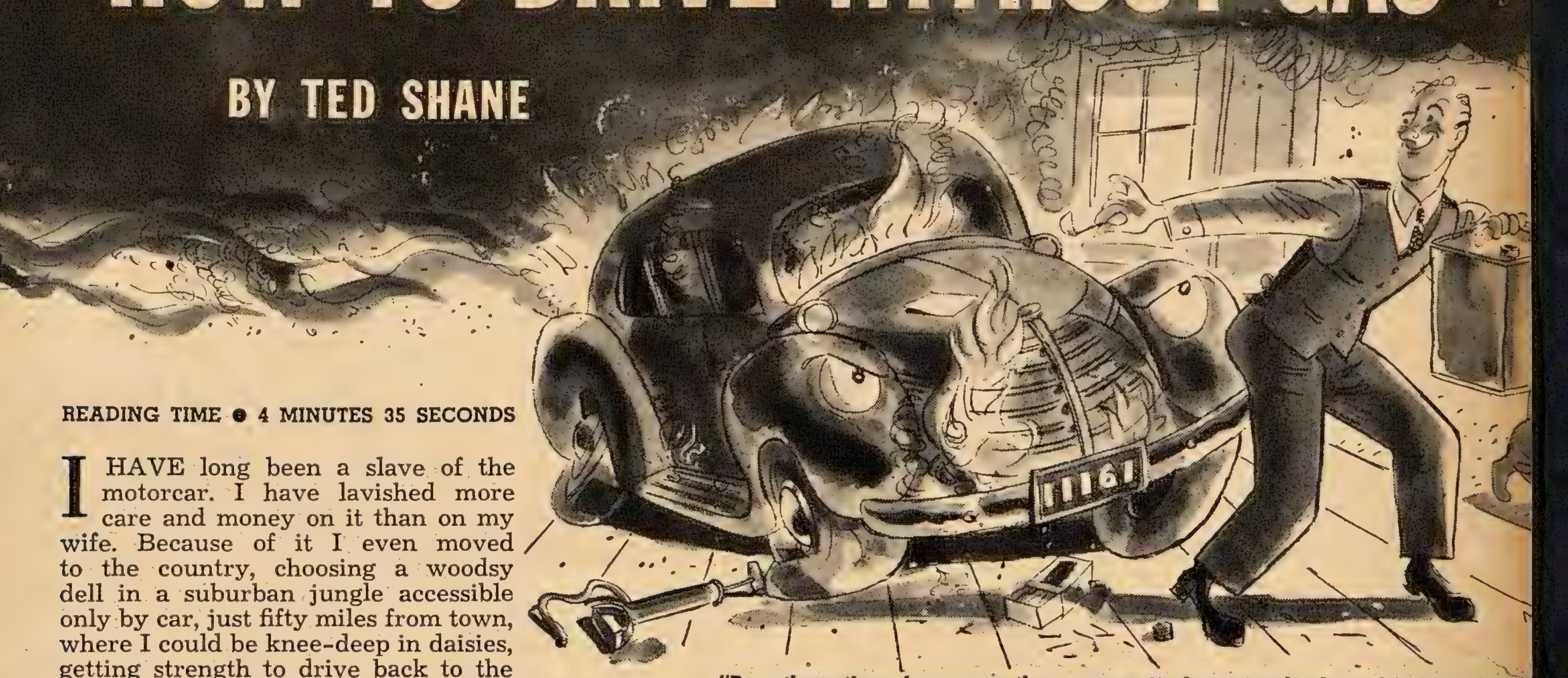
"What is your main thrill," I asked him once, "outside of hunting and catching?"

"Watching Joe Gordon play second base," he said.

THE END

HOW TO DRIVE WITHOUT GAS

BY TED SHANE



"Pour the ration of gas over the car, toss in the ration book, and light a match

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

I HAVE long been a slave of the motorcar. I have lavished more care and money on it than on my wife. Because of it I even moved to the country, choosing a woodsy dell in a suburban jungle accessible only by car, just fifty miles from town, where I could be knee-deep in daisies, getting strength to drive back to the city on the morrow.

The other night I took a short cut home, conscious of our need to save tires and gas. I didn't know the road. It was a —— bumpy one. I ran out of gas in a bosky little village called Little Friendship, only fifteen miles from home. I had used up all my ration coupons and had only ten days and eight hours to go until the next batch would be good.

"We don't sell no hot gas in *this* town," said the first patriot I applied to. Before he could call the police, I crossed the street to another station. "I'd sure like to accommodate you," said the second, "but I quit the gasoline business to make little colored feathers for men's hatbands. More money in it."

I decided I would have to get help from my friends who lived within fifteen or twenty miles. These vile specimens will be designated by me as A, B, and C—in case any of them has learned to read recently. A said jovially: "Gas? I'd like some myself. Any time, pal!" Pal! B advised me to "try bicarb of soda. Lots of people use it for gas." And C snapped into the phone: "Assuming fantastically that I would put on my shawl and run over with a cupful, how in hell would I get it to you? I've got patches on my rims now!"

Slowly and with many detours, I made my way on foot to the woodland dell in which my dovecote is centrally located. I woke up my wife. "Why didn't you spend the night in the car?" she asked as she bound up my wounds. The next day a tow car with unlimited gas yanked my car the fifteen miles home. "Nice idea, this ration business," said the good Samaritan as he pocketed my twenty dollars.

And so it was forcefully borne in on me that Mr. Henderson wasn't kidding when he said, "Empty your tanks and help the Yanks." Gone is my grand tour of the village each morning to do the shopping. Gone are my trips to town to buy morning, afternoon, and evening papers. (What will Mr. Finch, the newsdealer, do without me and my dirty-fingered youngsters? Between us we all read and returned, neatly thumbprinted, his entire stock of new magazines.) Gone, too, are those trips to Florida, no fun unless you drive 500 miles a day, fall exhausted in strange beds, eat Genuine (Terrible) Home Cooking, and, by the time you are rested from the trip, turn to go North again.

I have worked out four methods of extracting all the vitamiles possible from your coupon book. Let's say you are not a congressman with unlimited gas but an A card holder. How do you decide what is essential and nonessential driving? How can you get X mileage from an A book? Well, you can—

A. Go on an orgy of gas splurging. Do all your unnecessary pleasure driving in one hunk and the hell with it.

B. Ration your pleasure driving.

C. Share your car with your neighbor—and try to get him to share his with you.

D. Pour the entire ration of gas over the car, toss in the ration book, and light a match.

Obviously, the D course is the sensible one. The B course, rationing your pleasure driving, is complicated by the question of how to distinguish between real and alleged pleasure. Roughly speaking, I'd say real pleasure driving consists in getting away from home Sunday to avoid relatives, weekend guests, and to make unexpected calls on unfortunate folk who neglected to get away in time. Alleged pleasure driving, on the other hand, consists in Sunday picnics to improve your indigestion, cultural trips to national shrines and graveyards, and semiannual assaults on your wealthy-but-hard-to-predict Uncle Snodgrass.

As for C, sharing your car with your neighbor, try it sometime. I did last Saturday. My neighbor is a Pretty Firm Woman, and when she said, "You go to town every day, Mr. S———; would you mind if I came along?" what could I do?

I myself have tried all but D, and now have taken to the bus. Today a bus is Café Society on wheels. The war seems to have made all bus riders one class—talkative! On my last trip to town I found the bus pleasantly jammed and humming with happy chatter. A couple of housemaids occupied seats opposite their wealthy mistresses. A young sophisticated gent from a defense plant was on his way to take the Big City's No. 1 deb to a night club (after changing into evening clothes in the bus terminal men's room). The rest of the seats were strewn with soldiers on leave from their officers, college gals to look after said soldiers, etc., etc.

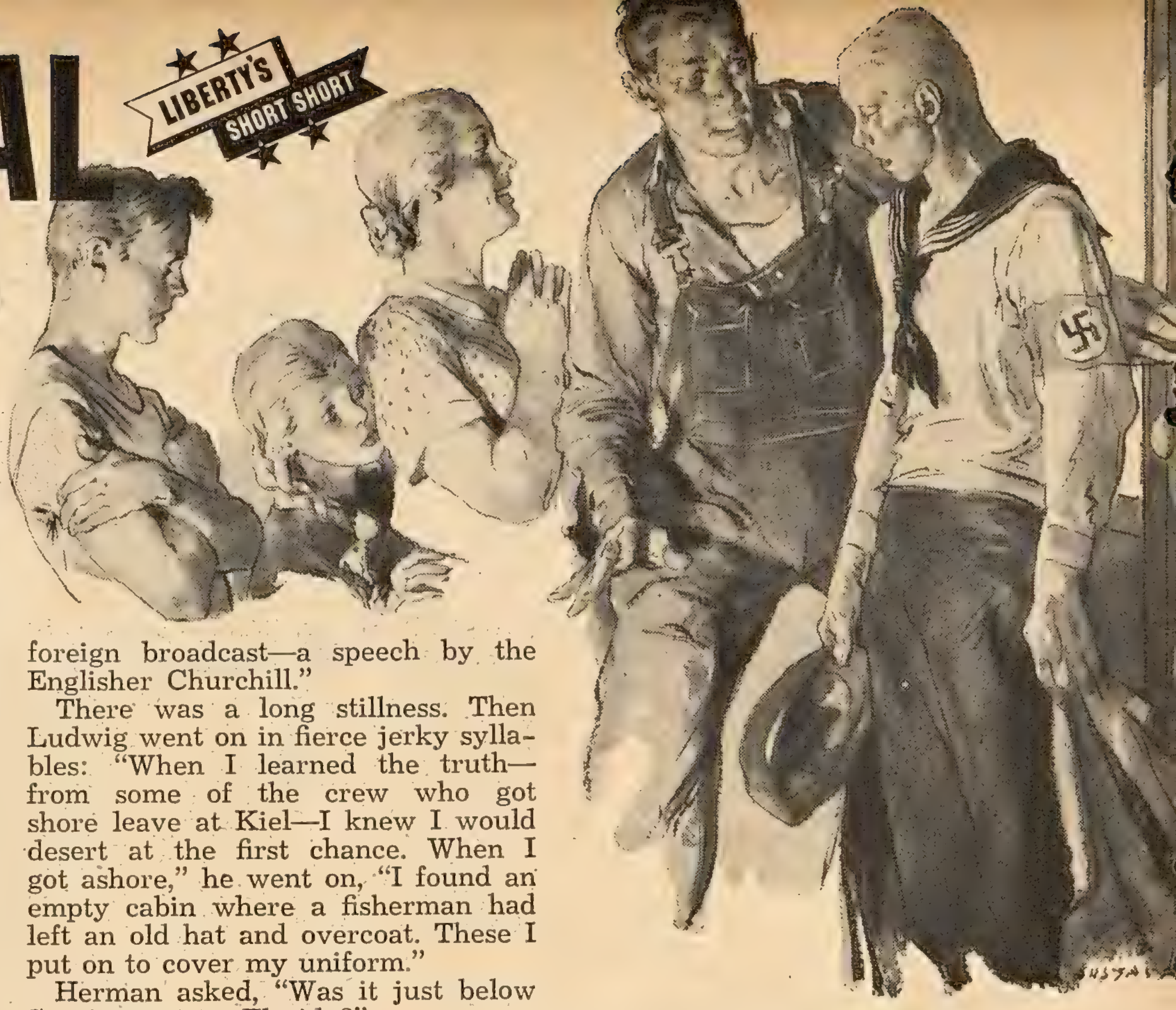
On that trip one mistress got some excellent tips on where you get your money's worth in the town's cheaper stores; the maids got some on sound investments on the Curb; the young gals learned the difference between one silver and one gold bar on an officer's shoulder, and that with a twenty-dollar allowance for a wife one could live on a soldier's pay. I learned from my seat companion how to spot and weld a pipe joint; from the man behind me how to win the war. When we pulled into the terminal there was much shaking of hands and a few of us promised to write.

Well, perhaps the best solution is to share your car with others. I myself am moving West to do so. Address me: Ted Shane, Next-Door-to-Hedy Lamarr, Hollywood, California. Thanks for the opportunity, Mr. Henderson.

THE END

REPRISAL

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT



BY ALLAN VAUGHAN ELSTON

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A SIGN by the highway said: MACON, 6 MILES; also there was an R. F. D. mailbox with Herman Richter's name on it. So Ludwig knew that this must be his Uncle Herman's farm. He climbed over a gate and trudged wearily up a lane.

Hitchhiking three hundred miles had left Ludwig Richter haggard and footsore. Ultimately, of course, he must give himself up. But first he wanted to look in on the Georgia Richters, who were now his only living blood kindred.

He went to the kitchen door and knocked. Lean chisel-faced Herman Richter opened it.

"What is it you want, yes?"

Ludwig answered in German, "Don't you know me, Uncle Herman? You saw me when you came to Bavaria five years ago."

"Ach!" exclaimed Herman. "Come see who it is, Mathilda! It is Wilhelm's boy Ludwig."

Ludwig stepped into the kitchen. He took off the battered felt hat and the shabby overcoat which had kept him from being conspicuous on the highway. Now he stood exposed in a uniform of the German Navy.

A girl with twin golden braids stared, openmouthed. Her mother gasped, "Where did you come from?"

"From a submarine," Ludwig said, "and I am very hungry."

"You poor child!" Plump, apple-cheeked Aunt Mathilda bustled him into the dining room. "Bring the hot biscuits, Frieda. And, Frederick, stop glaring. This is your cousin Ludwig."

Frederick, in his high-school sweater, continued to glare. "He is a Nazi! I am an American. I don't like—"

"Quiet!" Herman Richter cut in sternly. "Ludwig is not only your cousin but just now is also your guest."

Ludwig was too famished to talk. He ate ravenously, Aunt Mathilda heaping his plate.

Then—"You are from a submarine?" prompted Uncle Herman.

"We surfaced two nights ago, for a special reason, close to a certain point of land just off the Florida coast," Ludwig explained. "So I slipped into the water and swam ashore."

"You deserted?"

Bitterness glinted in Ludwig's blue eyes. "Do I owe them any loyalty now, after what they did to my father?"

"What have they done to my brother Wilhelm?" Herman cried in alarm.

"They stood him against a wall," Ludwig said, "and shot bullets through him. It was because he listened to a foreign broadcast—a speech by the Englisher Churchill."

There was a long stillness. Then Ludwig went on in fierce jerky syllables: "When I learned the truth—from some of the crew who got shore leave at Kiel—I knew I would desert at the first chance. When I got ashore," he went on, "I found an empty cabin where a fisherman had left an old hat and overcoat. These I put on to cover my uniform."

Herman asked, "Was it just below St. Augustine, Florida?"

"Ja. How did you know?"

"In the newspapers yesterday, it told about a coast patrol bomber sinking a submarine there."

"That is true," Ludwig said. "I heard the plane when I was swimming. The bomb made a direct hit."

Another silence. Then Ludwig asked his uncle, "Do you remember little Otto Herbst?"

"Otto Herbst? He lives next door to you in Badenburg, does he not?" reminisced Herman. "His father is Adolph Herbst who runs the beer garden there?"

"Ja. Otto went down with all the crew on the submarine," Ludwig said. "I am sorry about Otto."

"And I," Herman sighed, "am sorry about *you.* We love you, Ludwig. But also we love America, so we cannot hide you here. I must telephone the nearest army post and—"

"It is not necessary, Uncle Herman," Ludwig protested. "Instead, please let me go alone to the police and give myself up. That way you will not be embarrassed."

"If you wish it so."

Ludwig got resolutely to his feet. "And please do not claim kinship with me till the war is over. That is why I came by here, to make you promise it. I have a reason."

Herman drove Ludwig into the city and stopped near a police station.

"One other thing I should tell you, Uncle Herman," Ludwig said as he got out of the car. "It was our next-door neighbor, Adolph Herbst, who told the Gestapo about father."

THE sergeant at the police station gaped at the strange uniform, questioned Ludwig briefly, then made a few hurried phone calls. An officer of Naval Intelligence, three F. B. I. men, and two news reporters came rushing to the station. To all of them Ludwig made a precise statement:

"I lif at Badenburg, in Chermany. From a submarine I haf deserted."

"Oh, yeah?" challenged the navy man. "How did your sub come to be that close to shore?"

"So it light signals can see," explained Ludwig, "which flash from a house on land to tell of ships sailing out of Jacksonville. If you vish the man to arrest, here is a map so that you can the house find." He placed a sketch upon the desk.

One of the F. B. I. men snatched it and dashed out.

The navy man asked sharply, "Why do you tell us this?"

A bitter vindictiveness blazed on Ludwig's face. "Because the Nazis," he said, "haf ruined my country. My father many times has told me that. He says I must pretend to serve them, as he does, but that I must escape and help defeat them. It our only chance is, he tells me, to vin freedom."

One of the reporters whispered to the other, "What a headline! Wait till Hitler gets a load of this!"

The other whispered back, "I'd hate to be this kid's old man in Badenburg. What the Gestapo won't do to *him!"*

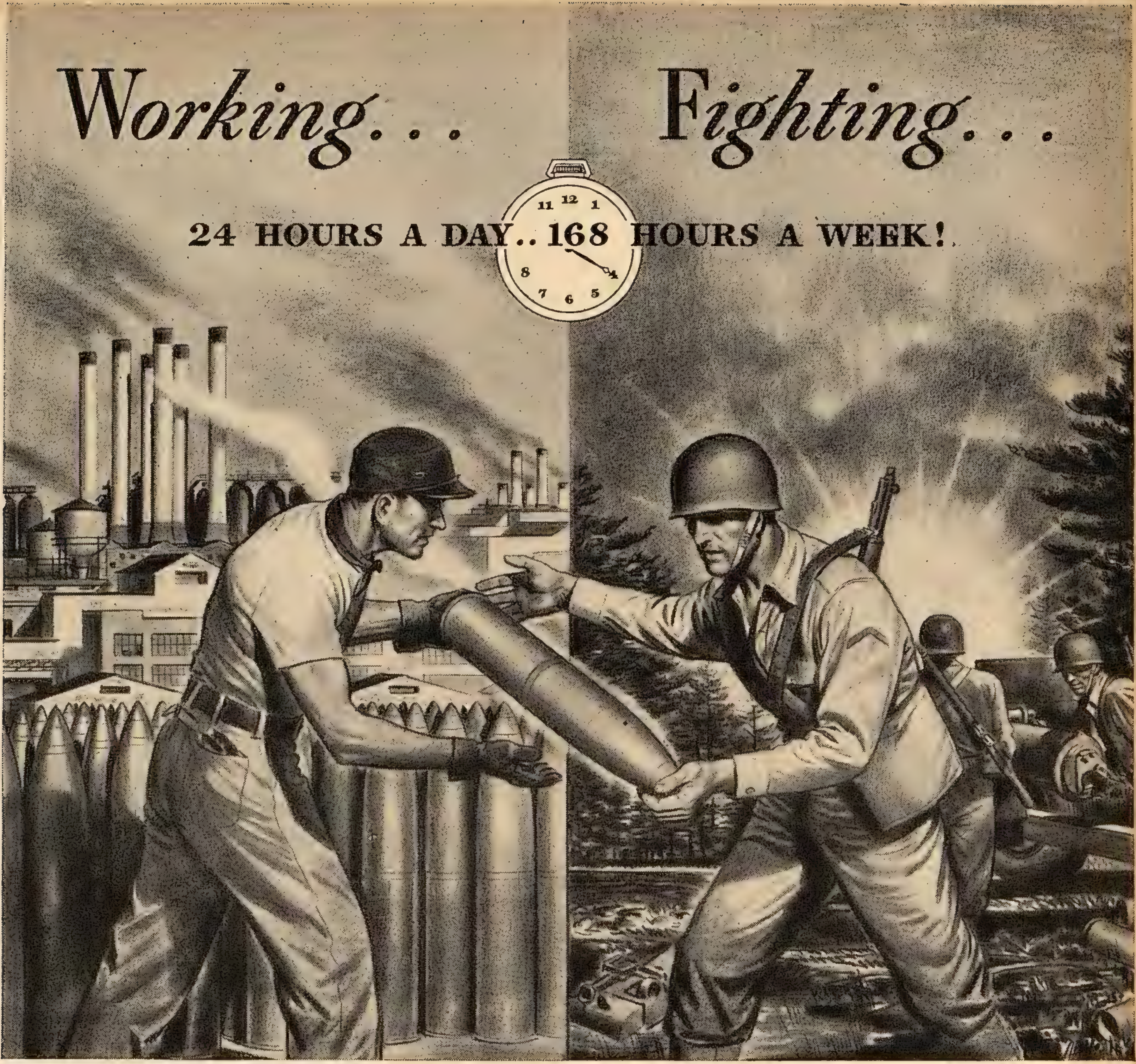
"They'll say it with bullets."

The navy man brought out a pad and pencil, demanding, "What is your name, young man?"

"My name," answered Ludwig Richter, "is Otto Herbst."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.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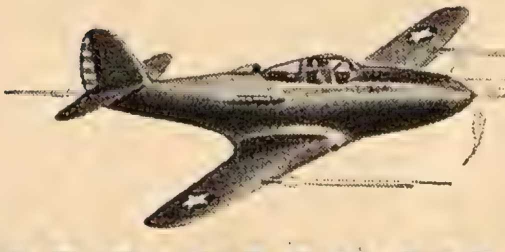

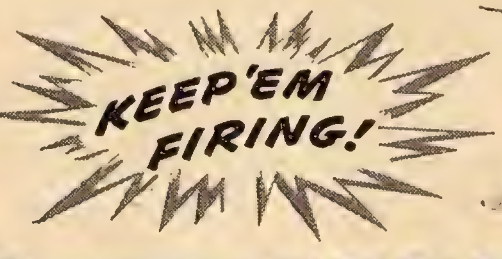
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NOW WHAT, WILLIAM?

He wove a tangled web to deceive a fair lady. But all's fair in love . . or is it?

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

ILLUSTRATED BY STUART HAMILTON

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

WILLIAM OWEN felt like a man who casts no shadow. He felt like the Man Without a Country and Enoch Arden and Rip van Winkle rolled into one. He emerged from the shadowy foyer of the building into the brightness of the street and walked away, keeping his eyes downcast. So Nathan Hale might have felt, his heroism spoiled by a last-minute reprieve.

There could be no going back now. He had given up his job and sublet his apartment. He had kissed Clare and he had kissed Lois. With mounting excitement, he had renounced everything which had been his world. He was six feet tall and weighed a hundred and seventy pounds. He had never had a sick day in his life. And now some obscure unsuspected irregularity in the beat of his heart had caused an army doctor to say no dice.

"But you can't do this!" Bill had insisted. "I'm as strong as an ox. I want to fight. I've got to."

The doctor shrugged. "Come back in six months," he murmured.

Incredulous and dazed, William Owen walked on, without purpose or destination. Already they had filled his position at the office. A stranger had moved into his pleasant bachelor apartment. Clare and Lois had said their good-bys tremulously, but if he knew either of these young women as well as he thought he did, they were already making other arrangements concerning escorts.

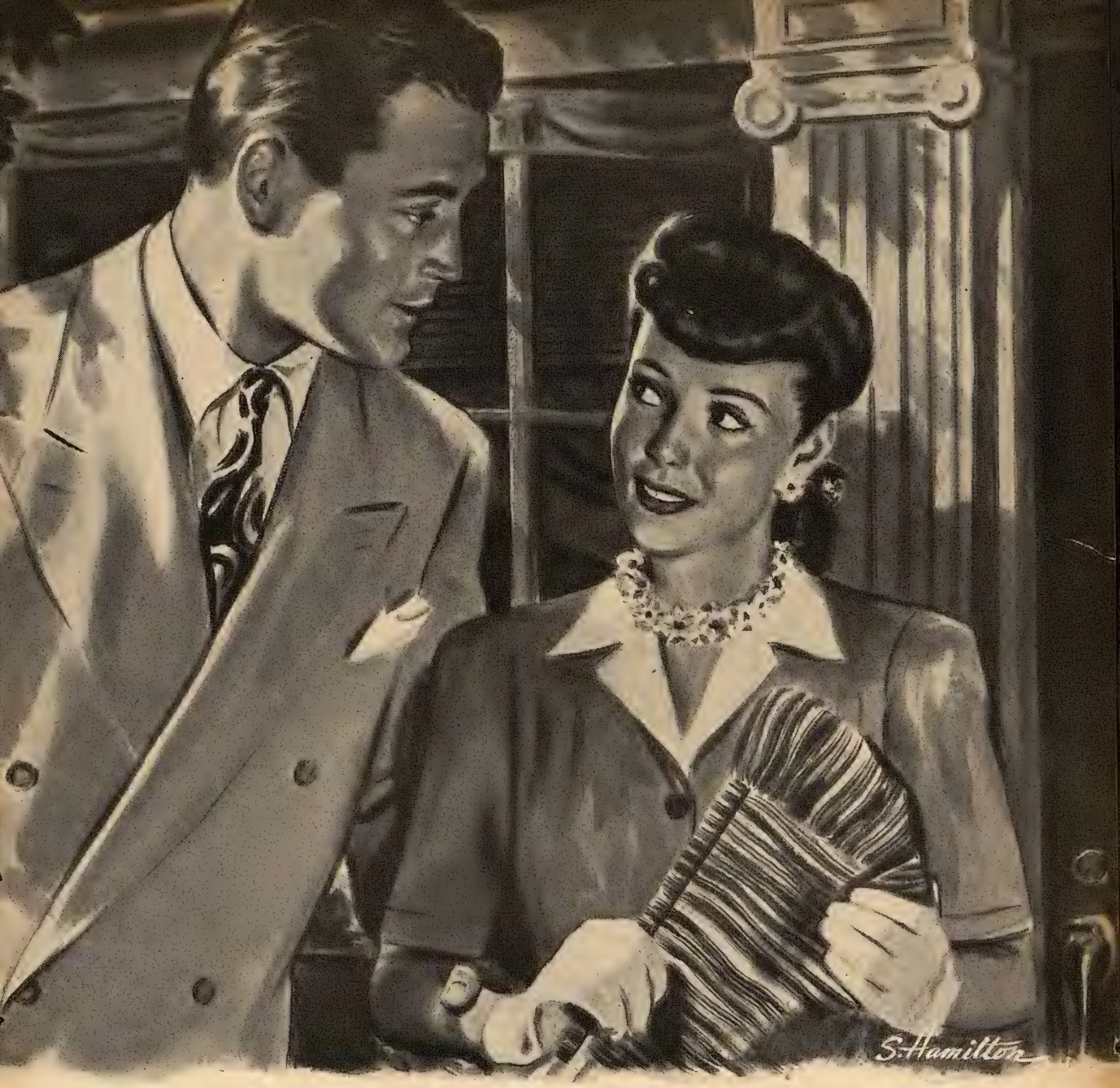
He shuddered. What if he should come face to face with one of them now? He hailed a taxi and shrank into its shadows. "Grand Central," he heard his voice welling up from his subconscious. He felt like a criminal taking it on the lam. Within the station, he moved like a man in a dream. Going somewhere, William? His mind was blank as he faced the ticket window. "Chicago," he said. One place was as good as another, so long as it was not New York.

Offhand, he could not think of a single person he knew in the Midwestern metropolis. He registered at a hotel, feeling furtive and almost guilty. He reminded himself that he was not wanted by the police. He reminded himself further that, at the moment anyway, he was not wanted by the army, navy, or the marines. In his room, he ordered a drink and sat down by the window. There was no sense in his being here, but there seemed no sense in his being anywhere. He had closed a door on what had been his life, and now he had to begin all over again. Begin what, William? he wondered.

It seemed a long time since he had deliberately thought about his life. New York had been too filled with the present, with the preoccupations of the moment. Now the moment was unimportant. He was a young man in a vacuum, as close to being a disembodied spirit as he ever hoped to be. Once before he had faced a new existence. Four years ago he had turned his back upon his native Ohio and gone to New York. He had known a few people there, and his acquaintances had proved magical. Bill Adams had slipped him into his first job, at the Carter-King Advertising Agency, without a ripple. Jerry Manson's married sister had acclaimed a presentable young extra man with glad cries, and he had met Clare his very first week in the city.

HE had no immediate family. Aunt Bertha wrote him occasionally, sent secret presents and messages at Christmas and on his birthday. Uncle Eben had renounced him once and for all, like a Victorian character of fiction. Bill thought about Uncle Eben and the sand plant and southern Ohio. The renunciation had been mutual; Bill had not wanted to stay with either the town or the business which had held four generations of Owens. Now, in the bleakness of a hotel room, he could not remember why.

Like an old man sitting in the sun, he looked out at the lake and recalled the days of his youth. He smiled faintly, remembering his mother's favorite story of his childhood, remembering her laughing blue eyes and the tender curve of her full lips when she told it. He had been an average child, except that he had refused to talk. For his first three years he had not said a word. They lived then, summers, in a rambling wooden house on the river, a half mile below the sand plant. One afternoon, when the hunkies on the farther side of the stream tamped the dynamite sticks into a hilltop and hauled up the red flag which warned of blasting, he had been playing in the yard. The air throbbed and shook with the explosion, and his first words followed the blast, flat and measured. "You'd better run, William," he had remarked to no one in



They walked to her door through the cool summer night. "I've had a lovely evening," she told him warmly. "Thank you."

particular. It had become a family byword, *You'd better run, William. . . .*

He had run this time, he told himself. He was in Chicago, geographically nearer to the scenes of his childhood than he had been since he left them forever. And now what, William? He had no baggage; he had even sold most of his clothes. He was abruptly grateful to his Welsh ancestry that the one thing he had not liquidated was a respectable bank balance. A clean shirt, a shave, and some lunch. He put on his hat and went out, and the brilliant sunshine, the brisk breeze from the lake, made him feel more than ever like a ghost. You're in Chicago, William. Don't ask me why.

Barbershop, haberdashery, café. He could not shake the insane feeling that he was invisible. He returned to the hotel. Another drink might help, might blunt the edges of his loneliness a little. He saw the lights of the bar at the end of a corridor and started toward them. A half door on his right caught his attention; he glanced idly over it and stopped short.

A flat-topped mahogany desk with a typewriter and a framed card reading PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER were directly between him and the prettiest girl he had ever seen in his life. Her fingers moved rapidly over the keys; heavy upcurling lashes concealed her eyes, which were fixed on her notebook. The curve of her cheek was exquisite; her skin was pale and flawless, and even in his trancelike state, Bill knew that dusky was the only possible way to describe her hair.

The Dark Lady of the Sonnets, he thought. He was hardly aware that he spoke aloud. " 'Then will I swear beauty herself is black, and all they foul that thy complexion lack,' " he murmured.

Her eyes were like black velvet. "I beg your pardon?" she asked, and there was an inflection in her voice, a lilt, which he had not heard in New York. It picked him up like a tornado and swept him backward, back . . . She spoke again. "Yes?" she said.

Steady there, William, he told himself. His eyes dropped before her level gaze, and the black letters which spelled PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER were like a talisman. He swallowed.

"I have some correspondence to get off," he said. "Will you be able to take it in about fifteen minutes?"

The lashes swept her cheeks as she glanced at her wrist watch. “Twenty minutes,” she said.

Twenty minutes. Perched on a leather stool at the bar, he watched the hands of the clock dreamily. Twenty minutes. Suddenly they had passed, and William realized with a start that he should have been thinking about the correspondence instead of the secretary. She smiled, a fleeting, perfunctory smile, as he sat down opposite her, and poised her pencil expectantly.

“Mr. Bertram Q. Banbury,” said Bill loudly, and stopped short. It was definitely an odd name. She was looking across at him as though she did not believe that any Bertram Q. Banbury existed. “Banbury Building,” he added firmly. “Three fifty Fifth Avenue, New York.”

“Three fifty?” she repeated.

“Certainly,” said Bill. He wet his lips. “Dear Bert.” He paused. She was so very pretty.

“Yes?” she said. It was a flat, dampening monosyllable. Yes could be said in so many ways. Her yes had a decidedly negative quality. It conveyed discouragement combined with faint criticism.

“DEAR Bert,” he repeated. “I saw Henderson, as you suggested, and you are quite right about things. Unquestionably, there is a mystery there. As a matter of fact, I believe it is Worthington who plays the nigger in the woodpile. I do not yet feel that I have put my finger on the solution, but a little discreet inquiry in certain quarters will not go amiss.” He smiled, but no answering smile rewarded him, and he resumed dictation hastily. It was a long letter. He concluded it, “So, you see, things are looking up. Priorities need not bother us. In short, we are sitting pretty. Remember me to Miss Henchman and don’t worry about anything at this end of the line.”

The public stenographer sighed.

“Another letter,” Bill said. “To Mr. Ernest Merryweather.” He shuddered. From what murky depths of his subconscious were these names emerging? “Dear Merryweather: The last shipment was entirely unsatisfactory. Not to mince words, it—er—will not do. I am not unmindful of your difficulties, but, after all, I have a business to consider and shoddy materials cannot be tolerated. As the old adage has it, you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear. Neither can you—”

Her voice, now, had neither lilt nor music. “Don’t you think you had better lie down?” it asked.

He ignored that. “Neither can you make Grade A defense material from imperfect products,” he continued, and looked at her triumphantly. That was telling them. “In times like these—” Her pencil moved in time with his speech; her lips were set firmly. “Now, then, the last. Mr. Thaddeus Smith. First National Bank Building, Cleveland. Dear Pete.”

Faint color rose in the girl’s cheeks, but she did not speak.

“Probably have to stick around here for a week,” he dictated. “Don’t know a soul in this town. Be pretty lonely, but I suppose I shouldn’t complain.”

When he finished, she looked at him evenly. “You really want me to type these?” she asked coldly.

He nodded, the brief jerk of an executive, but it made his head spin. “I do seem to have a slight headache,” he admitted. “Will you have the letters sent to my room? Five thirty-one. Name of Owen.” He rose.

“That will be two dollars,” she said. He paid her. She was right about his lying down. All at once he felt terrible. Her face swam before his eyes. Her voice seemed to come from far away. “Just when did Mr. Banbury buy the Empire State Building?” she asked gently.

He blinked. She couldn’t have said that. It didn’t make sense. His head was still spinning. She was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, but this was not the moment to begin their friendship. She seemed to be smiling as he walked away.

“A lovely, lovely girl,” he murmured to himself as he drifted off to dreamless sleep.

In the morning he awakened, remembered where he was and groaned. He had been ready, eager to serve his country, but for the moment he could not. O. K., William. You burned your bridges. So what?

He got out of bed, and there on the table were the letters he had dictated.

William Owen blushed. Hastily he tore them into bits and dropped them into the wastebasket. He took a shower, shaved, dressed, and squared his shoulders. All right, William. You’re on the threshold of a new life. You can’t go back. You’ve got to go ahead.

In the big hotel dining room, loneliness engulfed him. He could return to New York, of course. He could get another job. He could explain. It was too anticlimactic. Looking back on his life in New York, nothing seemed to have been very important, and that astounded him. He had been happy, amused, yet it seemed to have been without significance. He thought of his friends. He thought of Clare and of Lois, and suddenly the memory of a dark-haired girl at a flat-topped desk arose, more real, more sharply outlined than anything else. Those letters! he thought. What had he said in them? He gulped his coffee, paid his check, and rushed to his room.

The maid smiled at him. “I’ve just finished, sir.” She was obviously an efficient, well trained maid. The wastebasket was empty.

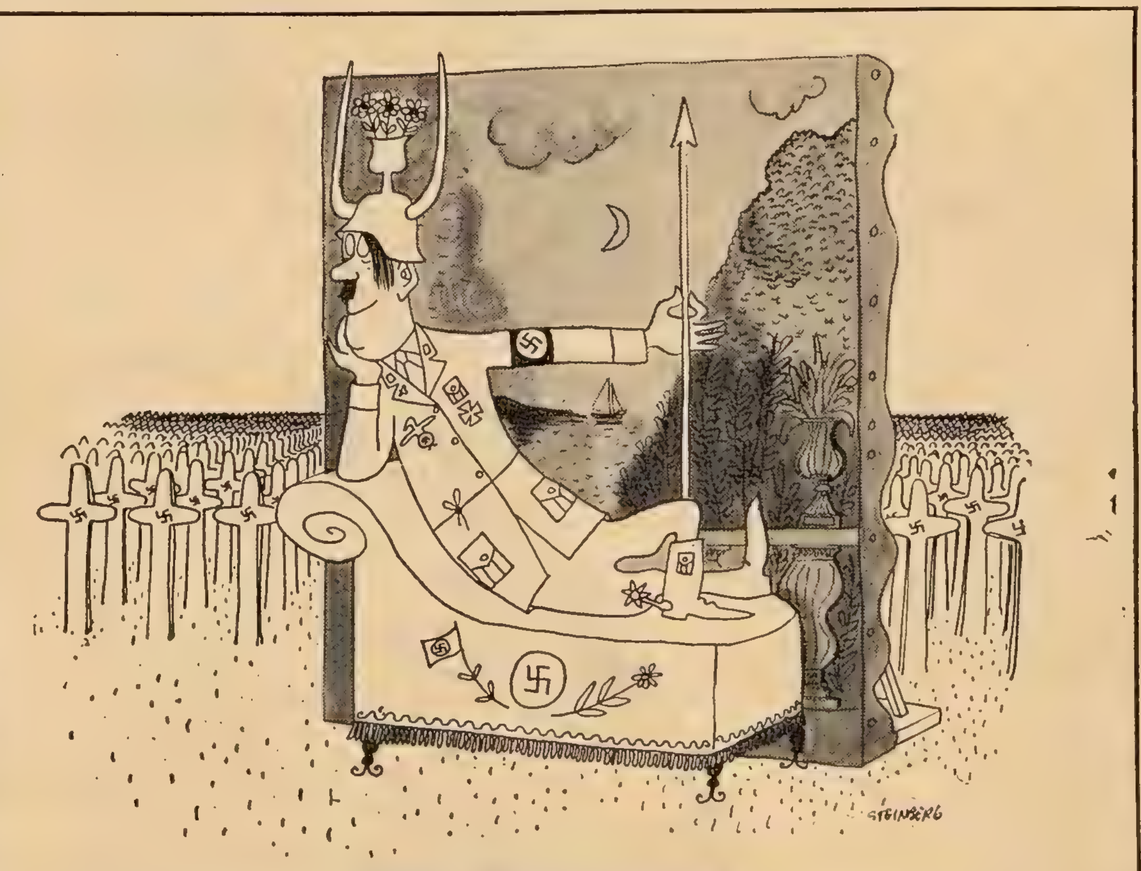
BILL sank into the armchair. He was on the threshold of a new life and he had to begin making plans, but at the moment the most important thing he could think of was to show that dark-haired girl that he was not what he had seemed. Or vice versa. Painfully he searched his memory. Banbury. Bertram Q. And Merryweather. He could not recall precisely what the letters had been about, but he could probably manage to make sense. He felt that he owed it to the girl. It was a sort of apology, a penance, for having been—well, not himself.

She was even prettier than he remembered. She said, “Good morning, Mr. Owen.” Plainly she was a public stenographer there to take any one’s letters. That was all.

Banbury first, he thought, and had a sudden inspiration. “You kept carbons, of course?” he asked.

She handed them to him silently and her mouth twitched at one corner.

“Dear Bert,” he dictated. “I’m afraid I was a touch high when I wrote you yesterday. As you know, I’ve been under considerable strain.” He looked across at her hopefully, but she did not lift her eyes. “I haven’t built up this business to let it be ruined by other people’s inefficiency,” he added. It was a good letter, firm and concisely expressed. It did not mean anything, of course, but Bill did not see



BEHIND THE PROPAGANDA

how she could know that. "Mr. Edward Merryweather," he continued.

"Edward?" she asked, looking him in the eye.

"Edward," repeated Bill. "Dear Ed. I saw Ernest last week—" It was a nice recovery. His confidence surged back. Thaddeus Smith. There was nothing wrong about Smith. It should be obvious to any one that a man christened Thaddeus would be called Pete. "I'll look them over, Miss—"

"Morgan," she supplied, and Bill grinned.

"I should have known it." That lilt in her voice could come from no other country than Wales. "I'm Welsh, too," he confided. He looked at her pleadingly. "Honestly, I'm not being fresh. I don't know any one in town. Will you have dinner with me tonight?"

"No, thank you," answered Miss Morgan. "Shall I send these letters to your room?" She inserted a sheet of paper in the roller and began to type. Bill wondered what she was thinking. She was so very pretty that she must be used to having strange men try to date her. He was not like that. If only he could make her realize that he was not. He was afraid that she did not believe that he had a business. Perhaps she even thought these letters were just a gag, just an excuse to get to know her.

He looked at his watch. "Heavens, I'll be late!" he exclaimed. She was still typing as he hurried off.

SEATED on a bench facing the lake, William Owen thought fast. It was an insult to Miss Morgan not to convince her that his intentions were honorable. He must make her believe that he was sincere. He concentrated upon his hypothetical business. In four years he had had seven jobs, but none of them seemed to fit his present situation. He had built up this business himself. He had his own word for it. Banbury handled the New York end, obviously. The Chicago end—

Of his seven jobs, he had been best in writing advertising copy. Surely his imagination should serve him now. Buttons, thought Bill, Consolidated Corsets, Dibbles, Elegant Embalming, Firecrackers, Glass. Glass sent his thoughts careening back to the sand plant. The Cambrian White Sand Company, it was called. He had inherited his father's stock; dividends rolled in pleasantly twice a year. Come, William, he prodded himself. This is no time for reminiscence. Hosiery, Ice, Juniper Berries. He got it on the second half of the alphabet. Shades. Window shades. Blackout shades! It was timely; it was useful; it was even patriotic.

Miss Morgan's face wore an expression of patient resignation when Bill presented himself for the third time. He got off another long letter to Banbury. He knew what he was talking about now; details, minutiae came easily to his lips. He looked at her happily, but her lips were set tight. She did not trust him. "Just a minute," he said briskly. "I have to make a phone call."

In five minutes he was back, dictating. In seven minutes the voice of a bellboy was heard calling, "Mr. Owen. Mr. William Owen."

Bill took the telegram, tipped the boy. Miss Morgan waited impassively while he read.

"Hm!" he said. "Not bad at all!" He smiled. "Add a postscript to Banbury's letter, will you, please? 'Just received wire from Martin Bullet. They want a hundred gross as soon as possible. Would advise supplying them immediately, even if it means putting off Levy.'" He paused. "D'you mind if I sit here while you type them?"

"No," said Miss Morgan.

JUST a human machine, Bill told himself. He did not believe it, though. She was deliberately unfriendly, but no deliberation on her part could conceal her natural sweetness and charm. She actually was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, but beyond that, he liked her looks, liked what they stood for. He even liked her for repulsing him. In her place he'd do the same thing, he defended her.

She finished; he paid her and took the letters. "You must think I'm awfully persistent, but you wouldn't reconsider about dinner, would you?" he asked humbly.

"No," she said.

"I was afraid not," he admitted. "Good night, Miss Morgan."

"Good night, Mr. Owen."

He ate a lonely dinner, went to a movie. Young man in a vacuum.

In the morning newspaper he saw an announcement of the evening's symphony concert, and hope leaped in his heart. He bought two tickets. If she's Welsh, she loves music, he told himself.

She took his letters briskly. She was wearing a dress of pale blue silk jersey, and the whiteness of her skin was luminous against it.

"By the way," said Bill very casually, "a client of mine gave me a couple of seats for the symphony tonight. It's an all-Russian program. Would you care to go?"

Miss Morgan looked up and met his eyes. Her look was long and steady and he returned it guilelessly. Her laughter came so abruptly that he blinked. It was warm laughter, deep, like a boy's. She was Welsh. "I'd like to go," she accepted, and her mouth twitched.

"We'll have dinner first, of course," he murmured.

"Of course," she agreed, with a faint roll to her "r."

They had dinner.

"Have you always lived in Chicago, Miss Morgan?"

"Only two years."

"You like it?"

"No. I hate cities."

"So do I!" Bill had not realized how much he disliked cities until that moment.

"You live in New York, Mr. Owen?"

"I've been living there. My real home is in southern Ohio."

Her lashes fluttered. "You have a business there, too?"

Of course he had a business there! "A sand plant," he told her. "One of those family affairs."

"Really, now," said Miss Morgan, looking at him intently.

"This blackout stuff is just a side line," he explained. "In fact, I'm considering selling out. I've had a good offer."

"Indeed." She was smiling, and Bill had a disconcerting suspicion that she did not believe a word he said.

They went to the concert. When they came out, Miss Morgan took Bill's arm, as though she needed physical support after so much beauty.

"It's like the Welsh music, isn't it?" she said. "When I was a little girl, I used to go with my grandfather to the Eisteddfods."

"Where?" he demanded.

She smiled. "In southern Ohio, Mr. Owen."

"My name is William," he said. "Willie or Bill. What's yours?"

"Gwenyth."

His grasp tightened on her arm. It had to be Gwenyth. Gwen Morgan. He whisked her into a café before she could protest.

"Perhaps we were at the same places when we were children," he said. "Though I'm sure I wouldn't have forgotten if I'd ever seen you."

She looked at him seriously. "Tell me about your sand plant. Where is it? What's it like?"

He had worked there, summers, as a boy; it could not have changed much in four years. He described it, growing eloquent as his memory poured generously back.

"I think I have seen that plant," she murmured. She picked up her gloves. "It's late, Mr. Owen. I must go home." They walked to her door through the cool summer night. "I've had a lovely evening," she told him warmly. "Thank you."

WILLIAM OWEN was in love. He knew it the instant she disappeared into the building. He stood gazing after her, a trifle dizzy and overcome by the realization. This was why he had remained in Chicago. He was not sure that this was not why he had come in the first place. Fate was pulling the reins of his life.

He sat by the open window in his room while his future formed before him. He had wasted the past four years. He had moved from one job to another and never settled anywhere because he had never belonged. He had cared a little for Clare, been decidedly intrigued by Lois, yet he had never wanted to marry either of them. His throat tightened. He wanted to marry Gwen Morgan. He was as certain of it as he had ever been of anything in his life. He wanted to marry her and take her back to the sweet green hills where he had been born, to a rambling house with tall trees and redbirds singing their hearts out from the branches.

Nostalgia and homesickness almost suffocated him. Uncle Eben had been right and he had been wrong. The thought of Eben Owen suddenly produced a different kind of pain. Uncle Eben had been right, but would he relent after these four years? Bill had a moment of panic. He had unquestionably implied to Gwenyth Morgan that the Cambrian White Sand Company lay in the hollow of his hand. He had practically said that he owned it.

He swallowed. Firm ground it had seemed while he let his words run away with him, because of the increasing interest and warmth in her dark eyes. He was not usually a liar. He had wanted so much to overcome her suspicions, to allay her mistrust. It would be child's play now to dispose of his apocryphal window-shade interests and honestly build a new life around the sand plant. It would be child's play if Uncle Eben would play along with him. Oh, William, he thought, you'd better run!

THE bright light of his fourth morning in Chicago served only to strengthen Bill's resolve. He knew at last what he wanted, and he intended to get it as soon as possible. There seemed no way to extricate himself from the lies he had built up except by a grand coup of several whoppers. When, at eleven o'clock, he appeared at Gwen's desk, he was fully prepared.

Her smile was warm. "Good morning, William Owen."

"Good morning, Gwenyth Morgan." He wanted to go right on from there and ask her to marry him, but caution prevailed. He sat down and produced a sheaf of papers, letters and telegrams. "I have to get back to the plant," he told her. "Just got a wire from our foreman." He tapped his fingers on her desk. "If I'm lucky, I can get rid of this blackout business at a profit. Would you consider representing my interests here in Chicago until I return?" Representing my interests in Chicago, he repeated to himself. Darling, you represent all my interests everywhere!

"Why—yes," she agreed hesitantly.

Beautiful! thought Bill, looking at her adoringly. He pulled himself together. "Here's the set-up. There's a man—you'd better take notes—Walter Ritchie, here in Chicago, who's interested in buying me out. There's another in Cleveland. Pete—Thaddeus Smith—I'm going to stop off in Cleveland and see him. I'll wire you, but I have a hunch he's my man. Then I'll hop on down to the plant and be back here as soon as possible. Got all that?"

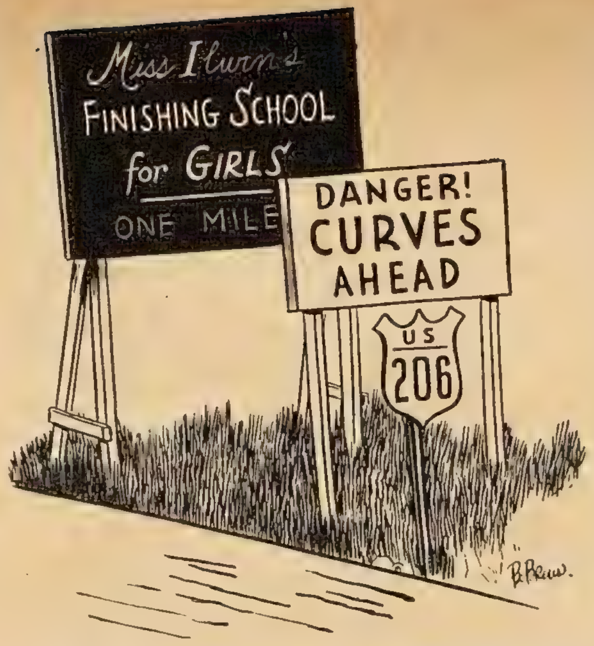
"Y-yes," said Gwenyth Morgan. "But if you sell your shade business, why are you returning here?"

Bill beamed. "Unfinished business, Miss Morgan."

Her flush proved what he already knew, that Gwen Morgan was no fool. She dropped her eyes. "I see," she murmured.

"I'm catching an early afternoon plane," he continued. "Under the circumstances, don't you think we should have lunch together?"

Her mouth twitched. "Under the circumstances," she agreed softly.



Bill did not discuss business during lunch, yet his conversation was not without purpose. He told her about the house where he had lived as a boy. "I'd like to build my own home now," he said. "I know the site I want. High on a hill, with the river shining in silver loops as it winds down the valley. Do you like houses on hills?"

She nodded.

"Better air," he explained. "Better for children, too. Are you fond of children?"

She nodded again. Her dark eyes brimmed with laughter.

Bill told her about the army doctor. "He said six months. I don't believe it's anything that can't be fixed by a couple of pink pills. I've been too busy, these past days, to see a specialist."

Her eyes still smiled but more gently. "You were very disappointed?" she asked softly.

It was time for his plane. "D'you mind driving out to the airport with me?" he asked. "I may have forgotten some detail you ought to know."

"About shades, you mean?"

"Well," said Bill, looking at her.

She drove with him to the airport.

BILL got off at Cleveland, and after a decent interval, sent Gwen a wire:

CHEERS AND REJOICING. OLD THADDEUS CAME THROUGH MORE THAN HANDSOMELY. IF RITCHIE PHONES TELL HIM BUSINESS SOLD TO SMITH. HAVE WIRED BANBURY. MISS YOU. WILLIAM.

He took a second plane to Columbus, where he got on a bus. He decided not to wire news of his coming to Uncle Eben. Better to tell him gently.

The sand plant looked the same, the red paint of the buildings faded to a soft raspberry, with the suspension bridge like the work of a giant spider quivering high above the rushing water. More of the hills on the western bank had been eaten away, Bill observed, and he wondered whether Uncle Eben had ever bought up that acreage to the southwest. Well, he was here now. He could attend to that.

When the taxi stopped before the office, he felt that he had come home. He stood, watching the cars running back and forth along the tracks of their quarter-mile spur to the main railroad.

"If it isn't little Billy Owen!"

Bill turned and grinned happily at Hugh Bevans, foreman of the plant ever since he could remember. "I've come back for good," he said. "How do you think Uncle Eben will take to that?"

"He's not here," Hugh answered. "You should have come sooner, Billy."

"Dead!" cried Bill.

Hugh shook his head. "Not him. But things aren't going so well, Billy. Money's tight, and he's not so young as he was. After he heard you were in the army—"

"They wouldn't take me," Bill answered the lift of the foreman's brows. "Where is Uncle Eben?"

The remembered sound of dynamiting drowned Hugh's answer. They went into the office, and Bill's brain whirled while it received the news. Uncle Eben was on the verge of selling out.

"But he can't do that!" cried Bill in horror.

"He has fifty-one per cent of the stock, Billy," Hugh reminded him. "You'll be taken care of, all right."

"You don't understand," Bill said. He'd be taken care of! He'd be ruined. His life, his entire future, would be blasted. Gwen Morgan would never forgive him this. He seized the telephone. "Where is the old buzzard?"

IT took nearly an hour to locate Eben Owen in Pittsburgh, and the immediate result was far from soothing.

"It's Bill, Uncle Eben. I'm at the plant. I've got to talk with you. I want to come back and work."

"You're in the army," said Uncle Eben.

"No, I'm not. I'll explain about that—"

"Deserted, have you?" Uncle Eben interrupted.

"No!" roared Bill. "Listen, Uncle Eben. I want to stay here. For good. I want—"

"Likely," said Uncle Eben.

"I'm coming straight to Pittsburgh!" Bill yelled. "Right now. By plane. Don't you do anything until I get there!"

Even in his panic he remembered to send Gwen a wire, with the town's name properly inscribed at the top of the telegram. Verisimilitude was important. He had not dared let her see

DO YOU KNOW . . .

1. What Bill Dickey's real thrill is—outside of hunting and catching?
2. How the A. V. G. cowboys handled Jap spies in Rangoon?
3. What Bundleader Fritz Kuhn called Walter Winchell?
4. How long it takes aliens in service with our armed forces to become citizens?
5. What the word "carioca" means?

Answers will be found on pages 22, 44, 12, 33, and 38 of this issue.

those other telegrams, which were all headed "Chicago."

WILL BE HELD OVER HERE A COUPLE OF DAYS. BUSINESS BOOMING. MISS YOU FRIGHTFULLY. LOVE, WILLIAM.

Uncle Eben and Aunt Bertha were sitting in the hotel lobby in Pittsburgh. Uncle Eben's thick short-cut hair was almost white now, but his square face was ruddy, his blue eyes sharp and alert.

"You haven't sold out?" Bill demanded hoarsely.

"Just about," said Uncle Eben.

Bill seized his uncle's sturdy shoulders and Bill's blue eyes burned into the old man's fiery gaze. "Uncle Eben, you're going to listen to me, if it's the last thing you do on earth!"

"When'd you desert?" responded Uncle Eben.

Bill gritted his teeth. His voice was determined. "You listen!" he said.

With Aunt Bertha's help and a series of caustic interruptions from Eben Owen which sounded like the blasting at his own plant, Bill talked.

"Can't even stay in the army," his uncle muttered. "Never held a job more'n a month in your life."

"That's not true!" cried Bill. It was not going to be true any more. He'd work eighteen hours a day. He would do anything. For the first time, Bill believed that the army doctor might have been right about his heart. It was drumming like a hammer, and his face burned. "As a matter of fact, I've had my own business for the past year. I just sold it, at a big profit." He pulled a sheaf of papers from his pocket. "Read this!" he said. "Read that!"

He held his breath while Uncle Eben read:

WILLIAM OWEN PRESIDENT OWEN BLACKOUT COMPANY, WHITESTONE HOTEL, CHICAGO. CAN YOU SUPPLY ONE HUNDRED GROSS . . .

WILLIAM OWEN, CHICAGO. SMITH REALLY ANXIOUS TO BUY BUSINESS. ADVISE YOUR GOING CLEVELAND AT ONCE. BANBURY.

"H'M!" said Uncle Eben, looking sharply at his nephew. "H'm!" He rose, a square solid little man, impressive in his five feet four inches. "Got to make a phone call."

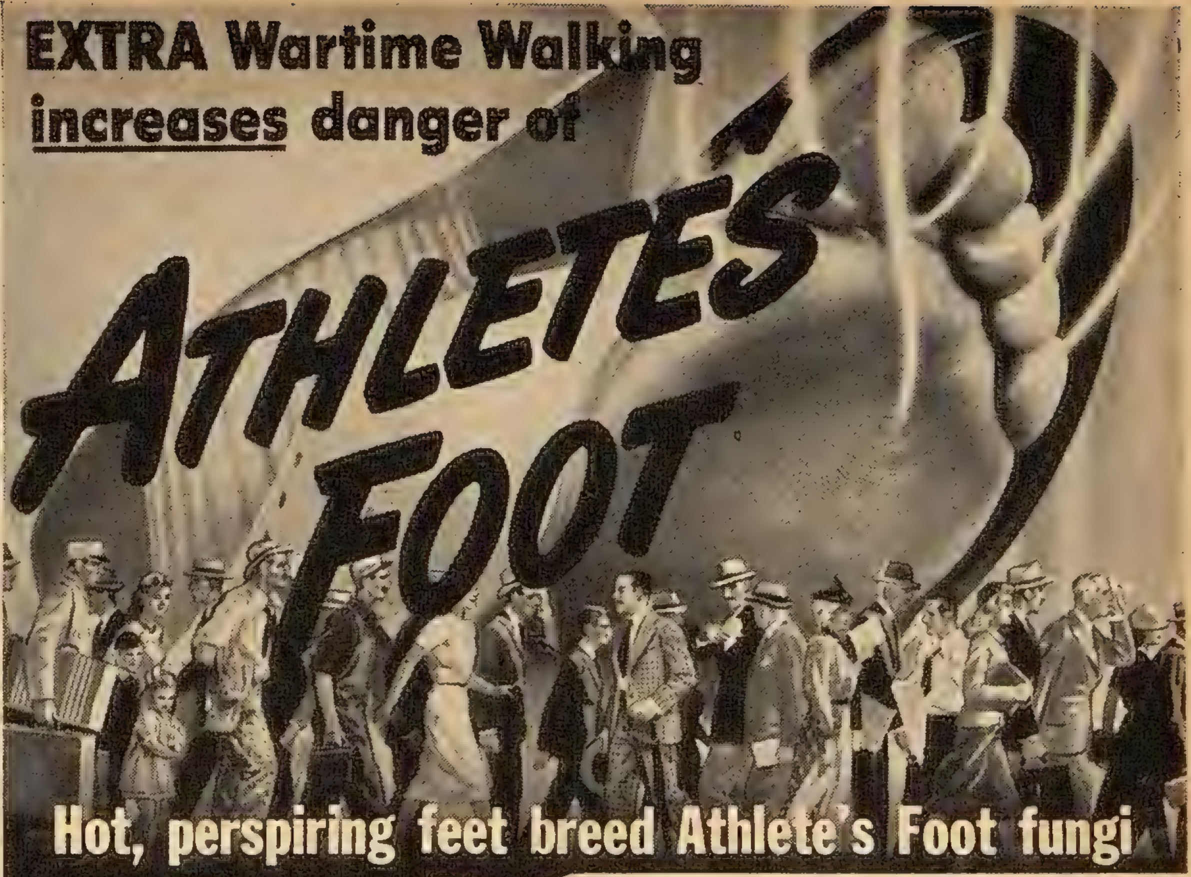
Aunt Bertha's plump hand covered Bill's trembling fist. "Oh, Billy, it would be lovely having you home! If you could only find some nice girl and settle down—"

"I have," answered Bill. "Her name's Gwenyth Morgan."

"Gwenyth Morgan!" repeated Aunt Bertha. "Wait until Eben hears that!"

Uncle Eben returned and resumed his comments upon his nephew's character. When a bellboy moved across the lobby, paging Eben Owen, something clicked in Bill's mind. He had gone through this scene before. Yet surely Uncle Eben had no cause to send himself a telegram. Poker-faced, Uncle Eben read the message and tucked it away in his vest pocket without comment.

Bill said desperately, "Uncle Eben,



THE MORE YOU WALK—and everyone must walk more in wartime—the more your feet perspire. This excessive, hot perspiration does two things. First, it *speeds* the growth of the Athlete's Foot fungi—causing them to multiply. Second, it irritates the tender skin between the toes, cracks it open. Then, the Athlete's Foot fungi take root in the raw flesh and spread. Inflamed itching toes, flaking skin and pain in walking tell you Athlete's Foot has struck!

CRACKED TOES WARN YOU—SOAK THEM TONIGHT!

Look for cracks between your toes tonight. At the first sign of broken skin, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr. *full strength.* Repeat daily—night and morning!

1. Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact.*
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
5. It eases the itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

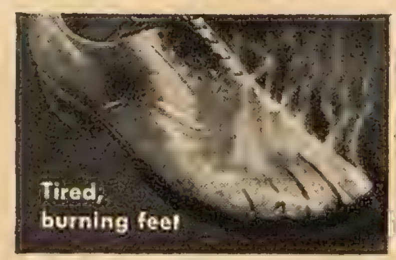
Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. It's the nation-wide favorite for relieving Athlete's Foot. At all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle. If free sample is desired address W. F. Young, Inc., 360M Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

ABSORBINE Jr.

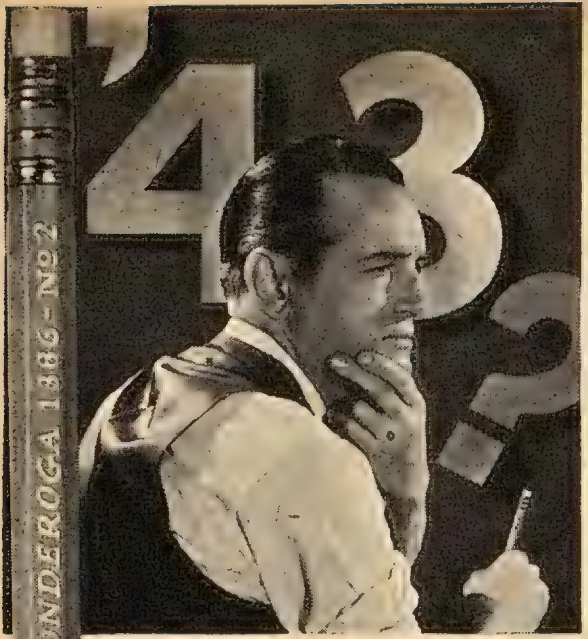
KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON CONTACT

Also brings ***QUICK RELIEF*** *to these summer troubles*



Sore, aching muscles

Bites of mosquitoes and other small insects



"a year from now what will you wish you had done today?"

DONALD NELSON
Chairman WPB

How much more work could *you* have turned out today? Part of the answer may be at your finger tips — in the pencil you use. Smooth-writing Ticonderoga Pencils require 50% less writing effort; enable you to speed across the paper in high gear—with fewer stops! Ticonderoga is a fighting word, but also a writing word—remember that!

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PULVEX
FLEA POWDER
—also kills Lice and Ticks
25¢ AND 50¢

I have money saved. I can bring capital to the business, as well as take much of the responsibility and work off your hands. After all, I do own quite a bit of the stock. It's important to me—"

"How much money you got?" interrupted Eben Owen.

Aunt Bertha sighed. She patted Bill's hand and looked with gentle, happy eyes at her husband. "Billy has a nice Welsh girl he's going to marry, too," she murmured contentedly.

ONLY a flat-topped mahogany desk stretched between Bill Owen and the prettiest girl he had ever seen. She was wearing a dress of amber color, and the afternoon sunlight streamed over her dusky hair.

She looked up and smiled. "Everything went well?" she asked.

He nodded. "The plant's working overtime. I'm through with side lines." He paused. He knew exactly what he wanted, but any approach seemed abrupt. For once in his life William Owen was completely nonplused.

"I got your telegrams," she told him. Her eyes were bright. "Banbury phoned from New York."

Bill shuddered. "What?" he asked weakly.

Her face was grave, her manner businesslike. "Just to check on the sale. Ritchie called up, too, but I told him it was all settled." A note of concern came into her voice. "That was right, wasn't it?"

Bill nodded mutely.

"And I answered your uncle's telegram," she added.

William Owen wet his dry lips. "Er—what telegram was that?"

"I have it here." She opened a drawer. "And the carbon of my answer." She frowned. "Your uncle seems to have been in Pittsburgh."

Bill reached out blindly and took the slips of paper. The letters blurred before his eyes.

WM. OWEN, PRES. OWEN BLACKOUT CO. IS YOUR BUSINESS STILL ON MARKET OR HAVE YOU CLOSED DEAL? ANSWER COLLECT. EBEN OWEN.

So Uncle Eben had been checking on him! Without looking at Gwenyth Morgan, Bill lifted the second telegram.

EBEN OWEN, CASTLE HOTEL, PITTSBURGH. DEAL CLOSED SUCCESSFULLY YESTERDAY. G. MORGAN, SECY. TO MR. OWEN.

"Was that all right?" she asked.

He did not look up. He could not. He said, "Yes," and sat without moving, almost without breathing.

"I thought it would be," said Gwen Morgan demurely. She must have been wanting to laugh for some time, because her deep boyish laughter broke abruptly, as though a floodgate had been opened.

William Owen rose unsteadily to his feet and stood, gripping the desk. He'd better run. She had saved his skin with Uncle Eben, but she had never believed a word he had said.

"Look," he told her hoarsely. "There *is* a sand plant. And I *do* own thirty-five per cent of the stock. All the rest—" By a superhuman effort he lifted his eyes to her face. "I'd better go," he muttered.

"Where?" she inquired.

It didn't matter where he went now. Nothing mattered.

"Bill," she said softly, "why did you come back to Chicago?"

He knew that she despised him, yet her dark eyes were gentle.

"You said something—about unfinished business," she reminded him.

"I said a lot of things, didn't I?" he asked wretchedly.

She nodded. "Did you honestly think I believed any of them?"

He stared at her, and she returned his gaze calmly. Between them was a flat-topped desk and a framed card reading PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER. Behind Bill's back was a half door, with people passing along a corridor.

"Sometimes you can be so quick," she murmured. "And other times—"

This was not another time. There was no longer a desk between Bill Owen and the prettiest girl he had ever seen. He kissed her fiercely, and all his confidence surged back in a swift rush.

"Would you consider representing my interests indefinitely?" he asked.

"Yes, Bill," said Gwen Morgan.

THE END

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

THE JUST AND THE UNJUST, by James Gould Cozzens.

Cozzens, over the course of eleven years, has written half a dozen novels. Not all of them came through riding the beam of popularity, as his well remembered *The Last Adam* did. Unlike many writers, he chose not to follow familiar and charted routes, but even his crack-ups have been interesting.

The new one, however, is no crack-up, and while it may not appeal to the readers usually intolerant of anything more solid than a romantic time-killer, others will find themselves absorbed.

Like *The Last Adam*, the novel displays for observation the working of the social structure of an American small town. This time Cozzens uses a situation which had its real counterparts not long ago. The ordinarily quiet New England county seat of the story finds its courthouse the scene of the trial of a trio of gangster murderers who had selected one of its streams for the disposal of a kidnap victim brought from the city.

Assistant District Attorney Ab Coates and his chief went about the preparation of the commonwealth's prosecution with care and competence to offset the ability of the wisecracking defense attorney. Every one concerned, except the sordid men on trial, had grown up together. Judges, lawyers, court attendants, witnesses, and most of the audience knew each other. It is its depiction of the problems and attitudes and relations of these people, brought above the point of simmer by the trial, that distinguishes the novel. It can be said, we suppose, that it shows democracy at work, in practice.

It's a good book, worth your time on any count. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

THIS MAN'S WAR

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I WAS born in Rheims, France, during the first World War and lost all of my family in an air raid. Then I was adopted by two American doctors, brought over here after the war ended, and have lived here ever since. I was only three years old at the time and was publicized as the first war baby brought to this country. I never was told that I was an adopted child, nor that I was an alien, until one day by chance I found out about it myself. I have served three years in the National Guard and went to a military school for four years, reaching the high honor of Cadet Captain of our staff and second in command of our battalion. I have registered with the alien board as I should have and am trying to apply for citizenship. What I want to know is, if I should join the Army and apply for Officers' Training, would I be given an opportunity, even though I am at present an alien? My whole life is as an American, and I feel that for all America has done for me the least I can do for it is to help defend it.

J. T. H., Crowley, La.

Answering you I can answer a number of similar inquiries and also amplify an item which appeared on this page several weeks ago. Under the Second War Powers Act of 1942, an alien in service with the armed forces may become a citizen within three months or less, with a minimum of red tape. Once a citizen, you will have the same opportunity to qualify for a commission as any other enlisted man.

* * *

Here's a candid-camera shot of North Ireland: one part old city section of Baltimore; one part rolling hills of Connecticut; one part headlands of the California coast between L. A. and Frisco; a dash of Killarney; flavor with soft brogue. That's it.

Cpl. W. C. J., American Base Forces, North Ireland.

That ain't a snapshot, Corporal, that's a cocktail—and a mighty tasty one, too. How you have been around!

* * *

My husband is on foreign duty and his mail goes via San Francisco. We are expecting our first-born shortly and of course my sergeant husband will want to know the news as quickly as possible. How do I go about sending him a cable when all I have is his A. P. O. address? How, where, cost, etc., have me stymied. Can you help?

Mrs. W. P. R., Princeton, Ill.

Congratulations! All local telegraph, cable, and radio offices should possess the correct cable addresses of all A. P. O.s and you should be able to announce the glad tidings immediately through prior arrangements with your local telegraph office. If you care to use one of the government-approved form messages, the cost can be as little as sixty cents.

* * *

In your Military Miscellany you recently mentioned the correspondence courses offered by the Army Institute to enlisted men. This item is of great interest to many of us. Please give more details and oblige.

Cpl. W. J. L., Fort Benning, Ga.

Full information is contained in War Department Circular 76, dated March 14, 1942. Briefly, the Army Institute offers more than 60 courses divided into three categories: commercial, general, and industrial education, for which the fee is $2 per course. Then there are college courses, of which the government will pay one half the tuition fees, but not to exceed $20 for any one course. For any man who wants to continue his education while in service I recommend this opportunity.

* * *

I have been following your advice to members of the armed forces with interest. Recently I had brought to my attention a matter of which I've seen no mention in your discussions: the importance of making a will and the manner in which it is made by a member of the armed forces. It is true that some branches of the Service give the personnel a mimeographed form that can, when properly filled out, be probated. But it seems to me that the most practical would be a holographic will which can be proved in the home county of the deceased by local people. The importance of making some person executor should also be stressed, as in most states it saves buying a bond and simplifies the administration in other ways.

I feel that it is a matter of great importance for most men in the Service to make a will, inasmuch as the laws of inheritance do not always work out as the property owner would wish.

William C. Reeves, Deputy Clerk, Buncombe County, Asheville, N. C.

Thank you, Mr. Reeves, for bringing up a matter which none of us likes to think about but which is, in times like these, essential. The average soldier with only a small estate involved may very justly feel that he needn't bother with a will. Well, that may be all right, but if there is any considerable estate, he should take every possible precaution so that his wishes cannot be upset.

* * *

Last January this division came down here to Louisiana, unknown and unknowing, wondering just how we damyankees would be treated in the Deep South. Well, it's been perfect, and we have to thank most the organization known as the Military Maids for their profound interest in the welfare of the men at Camps Livingston, Claiborne, Polk, Beauregard, and Esler Field. The girls are tireless in their efforts to make sure we are entertained. Southern hospitality? You said it, brother!

Pfc. J. L., Camp Livingston, La.

Gosh, soldier, there weren't any Military Maids back in '17-'19 that I can remember. But we're not only one of the United Nations, we're a united nation, and Southern or Northern hospitality is American hospitality. And that's fine. The other evening I dropped in at the famous Stage Door Canteen in New York and saw men from every section of our country and many from our Allies, and all having the time of their lives.

* * *

Two old veterans of the first fracas were discussing the present war and trying to figure out when it might end. A third friend joined them at that point and settled the question:

"It'll all be over in two months. My son just joined the Army and never in his life has a job lasted longer than two months."

E. W. T., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

GIRL O' WAR—

Continued from Page 11

type, Judy thought, but I can cook. That was one of the things she had learned that long-ago time in the Kittredges' beautiful home at Oyster Bay.

THE old school lay back from the busy street behind a neat green hedge and a deserted play yard. The bricks had weathered to a soft rose and time had mellowed the building's ugliness to a certain dignity. But there was now an air of uneasiness about it, like a middle-aged spinster who finds herself on a basketball team.

The man who sat behind the desk in the empty schoolroom on the first floor was young, but an air of responsibility and concern had already marked him with heavy lines and the tension of too much to do and too few hours in which to do it. Behind him on a blackboard once sacred to quotations from Shakespeare and the dates of the Kings of England, a strange new language wrote itself in red and blue and yellow chalk. Words like Layout and Riveting and Sub-Assembly and Experimentation, words like Template and Heat Treat and Outside Diameter.

When the door opened he did not look up. The door was always opening and he greatly desired to finish the notes for his lecture. In this school it was difficult to know just what to say. Sometimes when he had uttered what he thought a really splendid sentence, he found Mr. Sherman, who had been head salesman for a big automobile agency, looking at him quizzically, and when Mr. Sherman approved, he saw young Willitch, who drove a laundry truck and had taken seven years to get through high school, lost in bewilderment.

A low, sweet, unusual voice said, "I would like to see you if I'm not interrupting."

The girl, he realized instantly, was a very pretty girl. Any man would realize that. Mr. Rakeshaw had no way of estimating the time and care she had spent that morning upon her costume, but he was aware that the dark red dress matched her lipstick and brought out the living blackness of her thick hair, and that the belted polo coat was trim and businesslike yet failed to conceal the lovely figure beneath. There was no name for the thing she brought into the dusty old room which smelled of chalk and metal, but no man could miss it. Nell Gwyn must have had it, and the Pompadour, and Nelson's Emma. It promised that at long last fulfillment should match desire. Probably the girl herself wasn't aware of it, she stood there so demurely, without self-consciousness but expectantly.

Mr. Rakeshaw knew a great deal about the theory of gun range and placement, but he had not before met up with a masked battery.

He said, "What can I do for you?"

"Would I really have to go to school to get a job in the factory?" she said.

"I expect you would," he told her.

"But I've had a great deal of experience," she said prettily.

The man had to laugh. Inspired as they were by a wish to serve their country, these girls insisted they were experienced if they had used a can opener or changed a tire. This child's soft hands had certainly never held a drill nor a riveting machine.

"Well, we'll see," he said. "Have you your birth certificate?"

Shyly she handed it to him: 1921—he would hardly have believed it. Mother's name—Cecelia Salvini—ah, that accounted for the dark, velvety eyes.

"High-school diploma?"

Judy shook her head. "I had to go to work."

"You'll have to have had a good deal of experience to get into this school, then," said Mr. Rakeshaw.

She surprised him. Those summers with the Cap when she had learned to take care of the engine. "It's kind of like horses, I guess," said Judy. "I worked in a place once over in Oyster Bay and some of the people could do anything with the horses—there was a man there could do anything with them when nobody else could." Her eyes were wide. Funny, she had thought of Kit now twice in the last week. "And he had a sister that was the same. Cap—that's my father—says I have a hand with machinery like some people have with horses—that's why I went to work in a factory. I like it."

There was a great deal of truth in that. It had come to her early that a lot of girls were screwy, the things they did—like housework and waiting on people and not having time off and no consideration. Or being a beauty operator—she'd tried that, too—and having dames that weren't half as good-looking as you were treat you like dirt, and they were lousy tippers, too. Or standing behind a counter all day and the men in the store scared to speak to you. Or lugging trays in a restaurant until your arms fell off.

In a factory, if you got along with your foreman, you didn't have to please anybody else, and, after all, a foreman wore pants, didn't he? Besides, she was sure of her work—when she was around machinery she somehow knew what to do.

"First I went around demonstrating the permanent-wave machines," Judy said, "and then I thought it would be more fun to make them, and so—I've really had a great deal of experience, haven't I?"

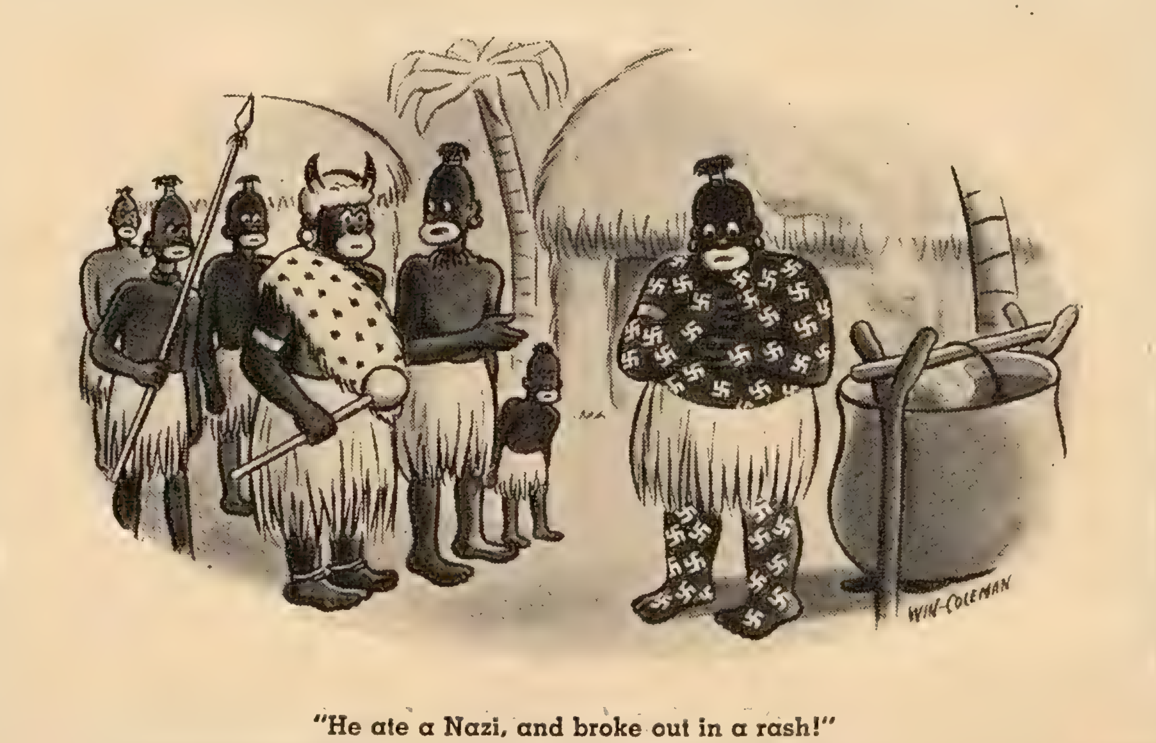
"Quite sufficient," said Mr. Rakeshaw. "We'll be very glad to have you here."

"You mean I have to go to school?" said Judy. The hot blood, which came so easily, glowed under the golden skin.

"You see, this is so different," said Mr. Rakeshaw earnestly. "It's the highest work a girl can do, and we cannot afford to take any chances. You girls will be serving your country, and to serve now you must learn, because you will be carrying a great responsibility for America in wartime. For instance, it wouldn't make a great deal of difference if you made a mistake in a—a permanent-waving machine—"

"Ho," said Judy, with a sudden little shout of laughter, "that's what you think! I had a machine go wrong once and it burned all the hair off the old girl's head, and the way she squawked, I bet the penguins in the zoo could hear her, no foolin'. Not that it was my fault, you understand."

MR. RAKESHAW looked distressed. The little lecture he gave each of these girls had not found its way to this child's heart. She disturbed him profoundly. Some vibration around her told him that she would always be a storm center, gathering around her those fundamental and primitive things of sex and danger and violence. He had taught girls too long not to see that she was hard as only youth can be hard and that as yet life had taught her nothing of service and sacrifice for others. Almost, he was tempted to let her go. But he felt the enormous force there. Force and skill and that rare gift of great emotion. If these could



"He ate a Nazi, and broke out in a rash!"

be directed into the right channel—why, she'd be worth a dozen of the safe, average kind.

He must try again. "It's a great opportunity, Miss Farrell," he said slowly. "You've a great deal to offer and these are not ordinary times and this cannot be ordinary work. Men's lives would depend upon you—"

"Oh, sure, sure," said Judy, standing up. "Well, to me a job is a job and I got to make a living. Who started this war—me? Probably a lot of rich guys wanted to get richer. Ten weeks for nothing—I'm out of rompers, believe you me, and when I work I get paid. Thanks just the same."

The bus driver, who was old and had a long white mustache, said, "You're late, ain't you?"

"For what?" said Judy Farrell.

"For work," said the bus driver.

"I am a lady of leisure," said Judy. "I just thought I'd take a ride and see this elegant factory I've been hearing so much about. Must be quite a place."

Staring at the spring countryside, she flexed her fingers back and forth, and they were strong as steel wire and in them was uncanny skill and knowledge. Inside of her a slow anger gathered. This was interfering with her plans for the summer, this was getting in her way. They had a nerve!

Freight cars were drawn up on the sidings, worn brick color in the sun, dozens of them patiently waiting. Parking lots glittered with cars, a bright patchwork quilt. The driver slammed on the brakes and the ramshackle bus heaved and shuddered to a stop. Policemen barred the way and people scurried past, showing badges and passes.

"End of the line," the bus driver said.

"Well," said Judy, "where is it?"

His cackle became part of the creaking bus. "You blind?" he said. "'S right in front of you."

JUDY stared. And the great brown-and-green buildings, sprawled endlessly against the brown-and-green landscape, began slowly to emerge; the angles began to separate themselves, the way you find a man's face against a mountainside. One moment it wasn't there, there was nothing but dull brown and dull green, piled ugly and strange into the kind of country in which a Disney animal might get lost; and the next moment there was the factory, crouched menacingly upon its haunches.

A plane took off behind it, circled for a moment, and raced away into the sun. Judy stared at it, her eyes wide. Beautiful, deadly, wicked, the power and the speed of it had caught her and dragged her forward. She was on the ground, her head tilted back to catch the last sight of it. Without knowing that she did it, Judy flung both hands into the air, a wild little salute of farewell.

It was the closest Judy had ever been to an airplane. Inside, they put those things together so they would fly like that. And danger lurked here—she sensed it—lurked under that brown-green roof; danger wearing many faces stared down from the bright sky.

Confused, eager, Judy started forward. But a policeman stood, large and solid, in her way. "You can't come in here, miss," he said.

"That's what you think," said Judy.

HER tongue showing between her teeth, Judy Farrell wrote carefully, filling out long printed forms. "This still gives me a pain in the neck—you know that, don't you?" she said. "I must have spring fever or something."

"Ten weeks is a very short time," Mr. Rakeshaw said, smiling at her. "I think you'll like it."

"I hated school from the time I was six," said Judy bitterly; "but if this is the only way I can get in that dump, I guess I'm stuck with it."

Somebody came into the big deserted schoolroom, and Mr. Rakeshaw turned. Judy's eyes followed his.

The young man was tall and tanned and he wore a tight-fitting long white coat, like a surgeon's. The light from the windows caught the flat high cheekbones that spoke Slav blood not too far back, and his eyes were an extraordinary light blue with a black rim around the iris. But Judy's eyes were caught by the steady sweetness of his mouth, which was the mouth of a man who has learned to smile in pain. He was not smiling now, and Judy felt a furious desire to see him smile. That must be something.

The leap of her heart, like a horse leaping forward when the barrier goes up, delighted her, and she gave a quick little sigh. It was, as it had always been, the beginning of romance that satisfied her. The young Diana. As yet Venus had not claimed her; as yet the chase itself was her game, though in her these things were instincts. She had never thought about them in all her life; they were as simple as the need of food or sleep or warmth when you were cold.

It was a long time—months out of her short life—since she had felt that thrill. They were always writing articles and stories about how to get a man. Judy Farrell wished somebody would write a pocket manual on how to get rid of them. The time she'd wasted trying to get rid of Eddie!

Mr. Rakeshaw had said, "Yes, Mr. Layden?" to the young man and they were talking. She was aware of words—the plant, and something about a riveting team, and some woman called Mrs. Durning—but they were like the words to a song that meant nothing; it was the melody that held you. She liked the guy's voice. Cool and sure and masculine. He looked at her as he turned away, but he didn't smile. Judy's eyelids drooped. He would.

She said, "Who teaches us here, Mr. Rakeshaw?"

"The plant sends us men," Mr. Rakeshaw said. "Mr. Layden—who just went out—is one of our teachers. They come for a while and then return to the plant and we get others."

"How late are classes?" Judy asked

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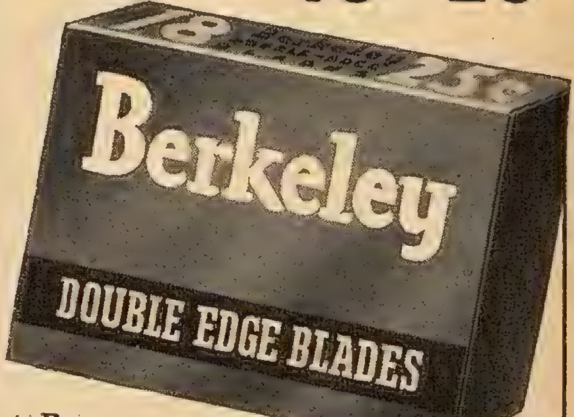

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him, looking sideways at the clock.

"They are out at four," Mr. Rakeshaw said. "Now—let's see if your papers are in order."

"Oh, yes, let's!" said Judy eagerly. The clock said ten minutes to four.

He bent over the application blank, checking her answers, talking almost to himself in his concentration. "Not married—"

"Not me," said Judy cheerfully.

Under her breath, while she waited, she whistled a song she and Eddie had heard one night: "The more you have seen of the others, the less you will settle to one." "That's you, Judy," Eddie had said. By that time he was talking marriage. She had laughed at him. She could take care of herself. She wondered suddenly how Eddie had taken it when he found she was gone. Well, in the end the knife was kindest, if you could get far enough away from a guy to use it. Even if he started looking for her, he didn't know Cap's address. Not but what Eddie was a good kid and handsome, if you liked them quick and small and dark.

"*There* we are," said Mr. Rakeshaw, "and I know you will think over what I've said. This isn't just a job, Judith. It is—service to your country."

"Sure," said Judy, "you know me. I fly off the handle but my second thoughts are O. K."

She went swiftly through the old familiar hall. But he wasn't there. Well, that was all right. Some girls liked pushovers, but not Judy Farrell. The fun was over too quick—there was no hurry—he'd seen her and she had ten weeks.

When she got home, her father wasn't there. Under the clock was a note which said, "Have gone to New York. Feed the cat. Cap."

What does he want in New York? Judy thought. It worried her a little. That grog might catch up with him, and he didn't go to New York much any more. But he still had friends down along the water front; they'd bail him out if it came to that.

SHE fed the cat and then put on slacks and went down to the sea. The cat, black as her hair and with huge orange eyes, followed her and sat down beside her. Stretched on her stomach, chin in her hands, her hair blowing in the wind, the girl melted into the sea and the sky and the sand and the faint stars. She might have been Calypso, she might have been Circe.

The things that stamped her 1942 had vanished and she was as timeless as desire, a nymph belonging forever to the sea and the sand.

A squadron of planes throbbed overhead, going north along the coast. She looked up briefly and came back to the restless sea. She was intent, eyes almost golden, upon this new and exciting world that was opening before her, and knew how stale the old had been. If Teacher Layden was a sample, everything was going to be all right. He was already her reward for virtue, for going back to school. Yet there was something else stirring in her that she resisted but could not name.

The cat moved a paw against something in the gathering darkness and Judy said, "Hi, puss, want to go alley-catting?"

But the cat did not. They sat relaxed, black of hair and golden of eye, with a sort of feline voluptuousness, waiting for the hunting to begin, purring in anticipation.

THERE were a dozen women in the big schoolroom marked "Layouts" when Judy Farrell walked in upon her first day. They stared at her with startled eyes. Nobody had ever said that slacks and jumpers must be blue; everybody had just assumed blue was the right color.

The new girl wore beige slacks, with a wide tight belt, and a bright red shirt open at the throat. There was a narrow red ribbon wound through her shining black hair. The new girl held up one hand in careless greeting and said, "Hello, gang. Do I start here?"

Into the frozen silence Matty Jennison said, "This is where you start. Take a look around. Those are patterns, and those on the long table are blueprints—"

The new girl grinned. "You don't sav so. Kindergarten, huh?"

They looked at her, and Judy felt the old cold defiance that their dislike always generated in her. "They're jealous," Eddie used to say. Judy knew it wasn't that. The boss at the old joint might have explained it to her. "You don't belong to the union," he would have said; "you make up your rules as you go along. It's not jealousy—it's envy, because you dare to do what they don't." But of course he had never said that.

As for Judy, she had simply decided that the best way to get along with women, who expected the worst of her anyhow, was to strike first and keep moving. They were laughing at her now, and she felt oddly conscious of her bright red shirt and the ribbon in her hair—as though she had made the mistake of overdressing. Like the black cat, Judy hated to be laughed at. Her black eyes narrowed at the woman who laughed loudest. Nature had been overgenerous to that dame in the matter of flesh.

Judy said sweetly, "Was that guy kidding when he said you couldn't get a job if you were overwide in the beam?"

Matty looked bored. "If you're on a riveting team you might have to work inside the fuselage, and there isn't much room inside."

"So your pal here don't make the team, huh?" said Judy. "What is she, the water boy?"

The teacher came in just then. It wasn't Layden; it was an old man with glasses. In twenty minutes he said plainly that Judy knew as much as anybody needed to know about reading blueprints. The work was so easy it gave her time to go prowling. Years ago she had learned that if you flitted back and forth in these halls, eventually you met the fellow you were looking for.

She had therefore counted upon meeting Mr. Layden, and when she did, she stopped him, one small hand at her throat, her eyes lifted and open very wide. She said, "I—I wondered if—you see, I know a good deal of this first part. I'd like to study some at night. I want to learn all I can in these ten weeks and, since you've actually worked at the plant, I thought you might tell me about some books—"

Oh, yes, she had counted upon meeting Mr. Layden, but she had not counted upon Hollace Kittredge.

There was a sound of hammering, the clash of metal upon metal, a flash of giant silver wings at rest upon their edges, of the long slim silver lines of a fuselage with blue figures moving about it as the door at the end of the hall swung open. The tall girl came through lightly, with the sure, easy grace of the thoroughbred. The faded blue overalls and the white shirt smudged with oil somehow became a uniform as she wore them, they somehow suggested that she would look her best in riding clothes. There was a smudge of oil on her face, too, which was without make-up, and her sandy blonde hair was drawn into a plain knot at the nape of her neck.

None of it mattered. She was lovely as a birch tree, she was as much at home as though she moved in her own drawing room. She was Hollace Kittredge.

Her voice wasn't beautiful, but the way she said her words told you where she had gone to school and that she had been born in Oyster Bay, over on the North Shore.

She said, "Look, Steve. About those self-expanding rivets—the thing I don't understand—am I supposed—"

Her gray eyes caught the flash of scarlet upon ebony that was the ribbon in Judy Farrell's hair. For a space of time too brief to measure, her face drained to blankness. So swiftly it came and went that Steve did not even see it, that strange blankness.

Then Miss Kittredge was herself again. She said simply, "Hello, Judy."

JUDY said, "Hello, Miss—hello, Hollace." Because she was conscious of the hot color staining her cheeks and of Layden's eyes upon it, because that color came from old wounds she had thought were only scars by now, she struck as the black cat might have struck, with small soft paw concealing the claws. "How's your brother?" she said. "How's Kit?"

A long time since she had said Kit's name aloud.

"He's with the Ferry Command now," Hollace Kittredge said quietly.

There was a little silence, and in all their ears was the sound of wings, going they knew not where.

It was a shock for Hollace Kittredge to see Judy. Why? Is she in love with Steve Layden and afraid Judy will take him from her? Read the second chapter of this compelling novel in Liberty next week.

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

Dolores Costello and Joseph Cotten (in front seat) in The Magnificent Ambersons.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS
(for technical pyrotechnics)

ORSON WELLES, the man from Mars, has made another picture. Like Citizen Kane, it is tremendously exciting from a technical standpoint. Although this theater and radio showman has always claimed that he knew nothing about the screen before he started directing, it is obvious that he has studied the medium carefully. The Magnificent Ambersons uses all the tricks of screen make-believe, from D. W. Griffith down to The Little Foxes. The fact remains that it is a somber entertainment.

Based on the Booth Tarkington novel about a doomed Southern dynasty, the show is confusing as often as it is illuminating. While it has the strong psychological undercurrent that marked his earlier biography of a publisher, Welles has gone a bit overboard this time on mysticism and arty staging. It may have a profound effect on the whole business of movie-making, even though the young showman and Hollywood have now parted company, but it certainly doesn't come under the heading of beguiling amusement.

If you recall the Tarkington tale you remember that it celebrated the frustrations of a proud Southern clan at the turn of the century. Welles has made it a sort of epic of frustration. The young hero of the offering not only destroys his own chances for happiness by his arrogant hatred of a horseless-carriage manufacturer who is in love with his mother, but he puts a blight on every one with whom he comes in contact. Essentially the story is remarkably honest, but it is singularly lacking in dramatic power as Welles has interpreted it.

What the director *has* done is to run roughshod again over a lot of motion-picture conventions. The settings are striking. The lighting, with its insistence upon shadows to a point approaching gloom, is startling. And the characterizations, as they emerge out of shadows and whispers, are certainly original. In Citizen Kane one welcomed the Welles smashing of cinematic clichés. In The Magnificent Ambersons the iconoclast is more affected than effective.

There can be no quarrel with the performances. Welles doesn't appear, although he voices a commentary on the proceedings. But Jack Holt's son, Tim Holt, is extraordinarily good as the young Southerner whose pride is an instrument of destruction; Dolores Costello is serenely lovely as his mother; Agnes Moorehead gives a memorable performance as a slightly dotty aunt; and Joseph Cotten is excellent as the automobile manufacturer. Richard Bennett as old Major Amberson and Anne Baxter as the heroine are equally good, although their roles are shadowy.

In his comparatively brief association with the screen Orson Welles has left his mark on the business. His Citizen Kane was certainly a landmark in the progress of picture-making. But this latest offering of his fails to measure up completely on the most important element in movie illusion. Exciting and provocative as it is from a standpoint of staging, treatment, and acting, it stumbles as entertainment. RKO.

★ ★ ★ THE FOREMAN WENT TO FRANCE
(for war melodramatics)

THE actual experiences of one Melbourne Johns have inspired a brilliant British war picture. Made with the co-operation of the Free French Forces, this account of the fall of France is both pertinent and powerful. Since it has first-rate acting and shrewd direction, it is a singularly rewarding show from any standpoint. The English studios have been turning out superior films right through the war. Here is still another one.

The story is simple, exciting, and convincing. It tells of a worker in a British airplane factory who started worrying about some special service machines in the south of France during the fateful days of June, 1940. The Germans would have liked them. Taking matters into his own hands, he went to France, sneaked them away from saboteurs, fifth columnists, and the vanguard of the German army itself to help win the Battle of Britain.

There are almost no battle scenes in The Foreman Went to France, but it gives one a sense of the war which is rarely conveyed in all-out propagandist offerings. As one follows the foreman in his mad dash across the Continent with his precious machines, every aspect of the present struggle is reflected in the action. He enlists a couple of British soldiers in a lorry to get the machines away from a fifth-columnist French mayor. An American girl goes along and a bunch of orphaned French kids, evacuating before the German blitzkrieg. Every scene speaks for itself.

The main point is that the show is always fine melodrama as well as great propaganda. When the foreman and his soldier friends are fighting off German planes, opposing fifth columnists, and sharing in the agony of the French civilian population, the picture has a tremendous burden of meaning. But the suspense and excitement are always sustained to make the production thrilling.

Michael Balcon has seen to it that this Ealing Studio offering has not lacked physical trappings. The shots of fleeing civilians and burning French towns are amazingly realistic. Meanwhile the players are really hand-picked, with Tommy Trinder giving an exceptional portrayal of the foreman, Robert Morley contributing a vicious caricature of a French traitor, and Constance Cummings adding an extremely sympathetic performance of the American girl. The Foreman Went to France is an unusual and stunning British photoplay which is both enlightening and entertaining.

(Ealing Studio. United Artists release.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Mrs. Miniver, Yankee Doodle Dandy, Tortilla Flat, Saboteur, My Favorite Blonde.

★★★—Crossroads, Across the Pacific, The Gay Sisters, Eagle Squadron, Holiday Inn, Broadway, Ten Gentlemen from West Point, Take a Letter, Darling, My Favorite Spy, Miss Annie Rooney, This Above All, This Gun for Hire, Syncopation, My Gal Sal, Juke Girl, Moontide, Ship Ahoy, The Spoilers, Twin Beds, In This Our Life.

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

CAN we have spinach ice cream if we want it? Yes. Can we have celery ice cream? Yes. Can we have onion ice cream? No. To satisfy vegetable fans, Louis Marchiony has made ice cream with success out of practically every vegetable except onions. He once tried onion ice cream for a club of onion lovers, but never again. It was as awful as you can imagine. . . . He makes ice cream for the leading night clubs of New York, where outlandish novelties are often demanded; yet seventy per cent of his ice cream output is vanilla. The other thirty per cent includes such exotic flavors as black cherry, rum, peanut brittle, and brandied apricot. . . . John Pierpont Morgan and Brenda Frazier Kelly stick to vanilla. Paul Muni takes strawberry with chocolate sauce. Lana Turner likes butter-pecan ice cream. . . . Genuine vanilla beans come from Madagascar, Mexico, Venezuela, so wise Mr. Marchiony put in a big supply as soon as the war started. The United States Navy asked him to fix our sailors up with all the odd flavors they desired, but the boys on the boats didn't want much of anything except vanilla, strawberry, chocolate. . . . Louis himself eats two quarts a day; his brother Martin eats three. Among ordinary people with normal ice-cream appetites, he tells me, one quart should suffice for eight portions. That's how the navy dishes it out. Now an ice-cream magnate of national fame, Louis started his career with a pushcart. One day he gave an extra helping of chocolate to a pretty girl. She became Mrs. Marchiony—and she still prefers chocolate.

ONE of the funniest low-comedy scenes ever screened was the picture of Charlie Chaplin dropping a coneload of ice cream down the bosom of a lady in a low-cut opera gown.

In real life I once knew the reverse of this to result in a dramatic episode. A dignified gentleman thought his wife was deceiving him with other men. He accused her of it, and she threw a plate of raspberry ice cream smack in his face. He was glad. To a friend he said: *"Guilty* women argue. They don't throw things. Now I know she loves me."

SWANK to serve but simple to make is this seasonable ice-cream dessert called Peach Jeanette: . . . Select 8 fine peaches. Scald in hot water; peel off skins; cut in halves, remove pits. In a flat pan heat 1 glass California sherry wine and 1 glass California port wine with 2 tablespoons sugar. Add 4 of the peach pits. Gently place the peach halves in the pan and simmer slowly for 20 minutes. Take out the pits. Lay the peach halves on a dish and chill in refrigerator. Cook the juice and wine to a thick syrup, adding a little more sugar and about 1 teaspoon currant jelly. Chill the sauce.

To serve 8 portions, have 1 quart vanilla ice cream ready. Fill peach halves with ice cream and pour on the wine sauce.

SOLVED the carioca mystery which I mentioned in To the Ladies for July 18. Dr. Julio Barrata, Brazilian historian, diplomat, close friend of President Vargas, has told me the meaning of the word. *Carioca* means white house. Old Indian dialect from around Rio. *Cari* means white; *oca* means house. First Portuguese pioneers in Brazil painted their houses white, a new idea to the natives, who henceforth called those white folks *cariocans.* Dr. Barrata is now in this country doing radio work for inter-American accord.

"I WAS reported missing in the last war," says Major Clayton (Ed) Knight, of the army's public relations staff. "My mother and sister thought I was dead. They gave away every stitch of my civilian clothes, because seeing my things around the house made them feel sadder. When I turned up in my ragged uniform I didn't have a suit to put on. Hope that won't happen to the guys this time." . . . As far as *I* can learn, it will not. Men with expensive clothes are storing them in moth balls before they go into service. They give their sports jackets to their girl friends, who have them made over and wear them with pride.

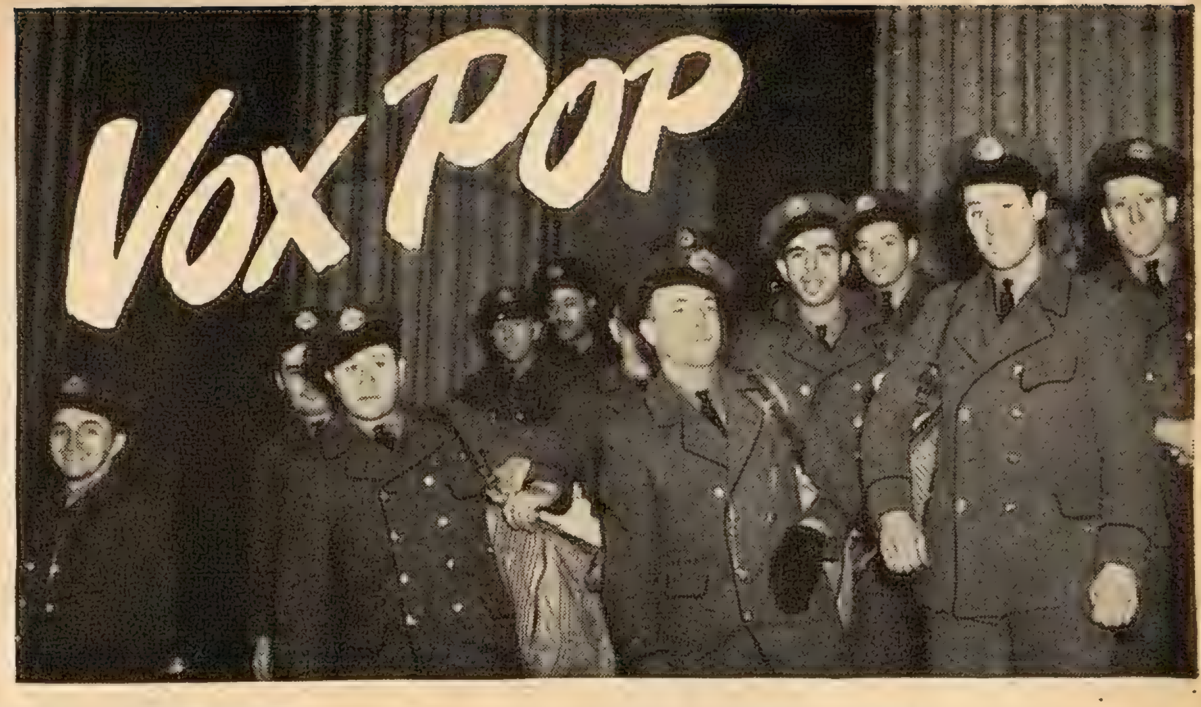
Secondhand dealers are paying from five to twenty dollars for young men's suits in good condition. Can't get enough of 'em. Evening clothes? No sale.

OUR boys are fighting down there. We ought to get acquainted with Australia and New Zealand. Read Margaret L. Macpherson's new book, I Heard the Anzacs Singing. Colorful and informative. (Published by the Creative Age Press. $2.)

OUR latest intake of war refugees includes a number of Oriental potentates from Malaya and points east. At an afternoon reception I met a little Javanese prince and his princess in native costume. At home they had been accustomed to pin their flowing robes together with fabulously jeweled brooches. Here I found them fastened up with ordinary metal paper clips. "Paper clips getting scarce now,"

the prince said to me proudly. I admired his adaptability.

"Voice of the People"



THANKS! WE THINK SO, TOO

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I have just finished reading Is John Citizen in the War? (June 20 Liberty.) It's a masterpiece for these times. A copy of it should be on every desk in Washington.—*L. W. Lease.*

ST. REGIS FALLS, N. Y.—Thank God for Louis Bromfield. Give us more like him. I have felt exactly as he says John Citizen does and have tried to express my views and have been looked upon as if I were a traitor.—*A Fighter.*

RICH RED RIPE REWARD FOR MOVIE CRITIC?

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I have been a constant reader of your magazine for twenty years and never a word have I sent to Vox Pop. But I have just seen Ann Sheridan and Ronald Reagan in Juke Girl, and then I observed Howard Barnes gave it three stars. That made my blood turn redder than that truckload of tomatoes they upset in the picture, and certainly Mr. Barnes' face should have turned even redder.

Personally, I think they should have just given the tomatoes to Mr. Barnes and forgot to make the picture.—*A. W. Thacker.*

GRAPPLING WITH GRAPEFRUIT(S)

TAMPA, FLA.—No. 12 in Liberty's July 4 Twenty Questions asks: "What is known in baseball as the Grapefruit League, and why?" Answer: "The name is applied to the preseason games played by teams in training camps, usually in the South, where grapefruits are plentiful."

The ignorance of your answer is amazing. Only major-league clubs which train in *Florida* (12 of the 16) are in the Grapefruit League. Florida is the only grapefruit-producing state in which major-league clubs train; hence the distinction.

Furthermore, you don't add an "s" to make the plural of grapefruit. Grapefruit *are* grapefruit.—*E. D. Lambright.*

IMPORTANT SERVICE, TOO!

U. S. COAST GUARD, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—It was indeed a very good article on the Coast Guard by Morris Markey (July 11 Liberty). Although we are a part of the armed services with the least recognition, we take the opportunity to inform the people that we also serve our country in this crisis. Here is for more articles about the Coast Guard.—*Louis A. Ferrari, 1st class Richard E. Queenan, Michael Gevchinez, Anthony Imfsagliazzo, Edward Zaneski, Henry Homnick, Sylvester E. Andrews, B. M. I. C.*

WE, THE PEOPLE

MADISON, WIS.—Your editorial We, the People (June 27 Liberty) was one of the finest. In order to make the impression that such an article should make, it should be reprinted on the front page of every newspaper in the country, and repeated in Liberty periodically.—*A. H. Gordon.*

THE SPIRIT THAT WINS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Ever have a flash from a welder's light? Some hours afterward you go painfully blind . . . suffer, can't sleep. But the next day my son-in-law goes back to the shipyards. We need ships.

Ever work ninety-two hours one week, eighty-four hours the week before, and so on, to wire convoys? Not for time and a half overtime, because you'd rather have some rest—specially if you've a heart that demands it. My second son-in-law does. We're short of electricians round here and convoys must sail.

Ever work every day, every evening? And often Sundays? My third son-in-law does. No overtime, either. The government wants a breakwater done so fast.

Ever work round the clock in the Navy? My son does.

Thanks for We, the People (July 4 Liberty).—*Sabra Ann Way.*

FREE LUBRICATION

BOSTON, MASS.—For Miss Williams, who thinks Ted Shane is "nuts" (June 27 Vox Pop), there is more pleasure and mental lubrication in solving Ted Shane's puzzles than is dreamt of by this lady. To solve them, one must be an up-to-the-minute intellectual, worldly-wise and highly imaginative. Shane is one of my three main reasons for subscribing to Liberty. Pasquin is good, but his puzzles are too easy to fill out.—*J. J. Walsh.* [P. S. See page 58. VOX POP ED.]

LET'S HAVE MORE MARTIAL MUSIC!

DODGE, N. D.—A brass band is O. K. for some occasions, but if you want to get right under the rhinoceros hides you have to have real martial music to stir up any patriotic enthusiasm. I note Cedar Rapids is using two drum-and-bugle corps now to promote bond sales and send the boys away with the spirit of America and the good old U. S. Try it out.—*G. M. House.*

LOVELY LADY

Liberty
PROHIBITION—WILL IT HAPPEN AGAIN?
AMERICA'S FIFTH COLUMN IN EUROPE

ATLANTA, GA.—Did you ever fall in love with a picture? Who is she? Is she married, has she a husband and a flock of kids? If so, he is a lucky guy. I refer to Liberty's cover for June 27, 1942.—*A. R. Wilkerson.*

AND A REDHEAD

FARMINGTON, WASH.—Why don't you have a picture of a redhead on your cover once in a while?—*A Redhead, Jean Felts.*

THREE BLIND RATS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Dedicated to Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito, this can be sung to the tune of Three Blind Mice:

Three bad men,
Three bad men,
See what they've done,
See what they've done:
They've drenched the world in tears and strife!
But God will turn their carving knife
And make them pay for *every* life—
Those three bad men!

—*Mrs. E. M. Kinslow.*

NO X CARDS NEEDED

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—
As a nation we'll agree
To ration all but Liberty.
—*Jean Given Brewer.*

HERE COME THE FLYING TIGERS!

PART III—FIEND TO THE FINISH

A flaming, authentic epic of the war—The thrilling true story of the A. V. G.

BY WALTER PENTECOST

as told to ALAN HYND

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

On July 4, as all the world knows, the Flying Tigers formally went out of existence as China's A. V. G., and most of them went into the United States Army's 23d Pursuit Group.

Until then, as Mr. Pentecost has related, their three squadrons were known as the Adam and Eves, the Naked Angels, and the Hell's Angels. Back on January 10, thirteen pilots of the last-named squadron tangled with 140 Jap planes over Rangoon, bagging about fifty. Thereupon the Naked Angels left Kunming for Rangoon. They arrived just in time for a three-day fight in which they bagged 100 or more Jap planes. At dusk on January 23 a Jap fighter trapped Flying Tiger "Scorchy" Christman. As he "hit the silk," another Jap dived and, intentionally, shot not Christman himself but his parachute full of holes.

SCORCHY had hardly dropped from sight when a jeep roared off the field, to go out and bring back enough of the body for a funeral. Our boy at the radio was screaming, trying to get word to one of the boys in the air to go down and pay off that Jap, but the enemy spotter at the portable radio was still jamming with his gibberish and his hellish laughter.

Then one of the Volunteers caught on by himself. He ducked out of the scrap and went into a dive, straight for the Zero that had riddled Scorchy's chute. The Jap jammer suddenly stopped talking. The approaching pay-off had struck him dumb.

It was Scarsdale Jack Newkirk who was going down. "I just saw what happened," Jack roared through the radio. "This won't take long!"

"Don't kill 'im, Jack," our sender said. "Make him hit the silk!"

There was not a word out of the spotter's portable. Scarsdale Jack leveled off when he got near the Zero and went in and made a pass at the Jap's tail. Then he went into a loop, wound up below, and came up with a mild squirt to the belly. For a couple of minutes he was like a cat playing with a mouse. It was pretty to see. The fellow who was afraid of being a sissy was pulling his punches and hitting everything but the pilot.

The boys in the alert shack knew it couldn't last much longer. "He's on fire!" Jack yelled. "You'll see it in a minute!" Puffs of smoke began to come from the Zero's fuselage. Jack was circling above, waiting for the Jap to hit the silk.

The Zero, now orange with flames, turned and headed for our field. That hadn't been expected. It wasn't possible that a pilot in the midst of that flying inferno could remain in control of his ship, yet this Jap was doing it. He was coming for the field like an arrow for a target, and the alert shack was the bull's-eye.

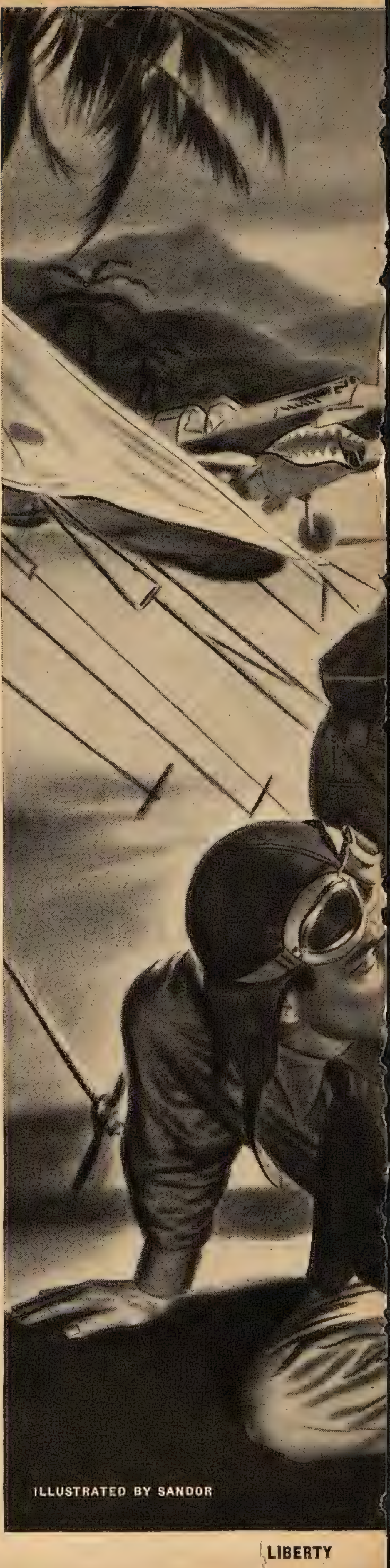
He was coming at a good five miles a minute. He'd been only two miles off and only about a mile up when he started, so the fellows in the shack hadn't much time to get outside and scatter. This Jap was a fiend to the finish. Scorchy hadn't been enough for him; he was going to take as many along with him as he could.

The boys were lying on their bellies, squinting up as the flaming plane roared closer and closer. They couldn't see even the outline of a ship now—only a big mass of fire and smoke. Then they felt something hot on their faces, as if somebody had opened a blast-furnace door, and they figured their number was up. But on the last leg of the plummet the pilot must have been suddenly burned to a crisp, for the ship leveled a shade and overshot the shack. It landed a couple of hundred feet away. There wasn't enough left of it to examine, nor enough left of the pilot to spit on.

WHEN the boys came in, most of them didn't know Scorchy was gone. Pilot Ed Rector of Marshall, North Carolina, asked Jack Newkirk where Scorchy was. "The funeral's tomorrow," said Jack.

"I was just thinking when I was up there," said Ed, trying to change the subject, "if I could only get some of this nice earth around here transferred to North Carolina, I'd be the champ corn-and-tobacco raiser of the whole South."

Bob Layher, a University of Colorado graduate who looks something like a young George Raft with a mustache, put in his two cents' worth—anything to keep their minds off what had happened to Scorchy. Bob had



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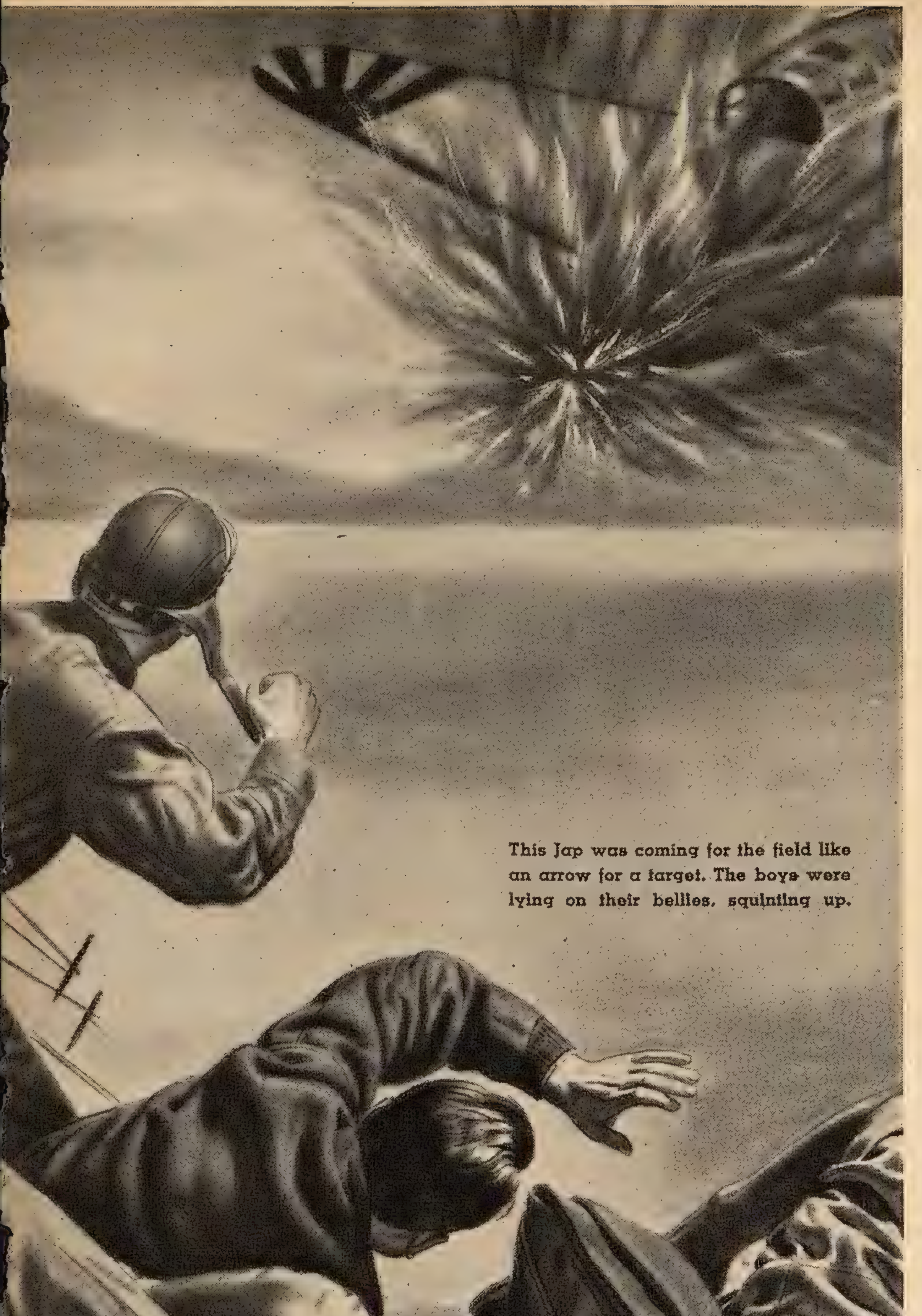


This Jap was coming for the field like an arrow for a target. The boys were lying on their bellies, squinting up.

had a year of law school. "Thurman Arnold would get you for violating the antitrust laws," he said to Ed.

"Hey," broke in Hank Geselbracht, a Washington University Beta Theta Pi lad, "did you guys notice how I finished off that last Nip? Regular stuff, right out of Dive Bomber." Hank had been in the Clark Gable picture, Dive Bomber, and was always kidding about Gable having been jealous of his good looks.

But it was no go. Vols couldn't kid themselves into forgetting Scorchy even for a little while. "Let's go over to the Strand," one of them said. A whole bunch did. They lined up at the hotel bar and ordered whisky, neat. Scarsdale Jack lifted his glass. "Here's to him," said Jack. "To him," said the rest of the boys. Nobody wanted to mention Scorchy's name. Then Jack took a couple of steps back from the bar and smashed his empty glass in the tile trough. The others did the same thing.

The bartender went right on polishing glasses. Jack left a bill on the bar and the Tigers walked out.

It looked as if all of Rangoon turned out for Scorchy's funeral. The Rev. L. R. Frohman of Texas, who had come out to be the spiritual adviser for the Volunteers, flew down from Kunming to officiate at the service. Scorchy was buried in a little cemetery north of the town with full military honors.

SCARSDALE JACK began to brood. He figured Scorchy's death was his fault. "Red," he told me, "I was so busy up there proving I wasn't a sissy that I wasn't paying enough attention to my squadron."

Everybody told Jack that what had happened to Scorchy could happen to any of them, but there was no talking him out of what was in his mind. He'd look off to the southeast, where the Japs always came from, grit his teeth and clench his fists. I had the queer feeling that Scorchy was more alive than ever, and that he had become a part of Jack.

Anyhow, Scarsdale Jack went Jap-crazy. Not that he lost his head. He fought like a machine. His score went up to twenty-five official bags in a few days. The real count was close to twice that figure. He'd come down and get out of his ship and say, "Well, that's four more for Scorchy." He always seemed to be in a cold fury. Sometimes he'd get up in the middle of the night, impatient for dawn and another day's fighting.

I'll have to hand it to the Japs. They were always thinking up something new. Late in January, when it began to look like they stood a good chance of taking over the Malay States and cornering most of the world's rubber supply, their Zeros began concentrating on riddling the big balloon tires of the Volunteer P-40s, and letting it go at that. Two and two made four in a hurry then. We realized that we had practically no spare tire or tubes, and while it was easy to patch a puncture, you could do practically nothing with a tire that was shot through with machine-gun bullets. And a ship without tires is like a tank without fuel.

The situation was all the more serious because General Chennault realized that the scraps around Rangoon were nothing more than dress rehearsals for what was to come. If the Japs took Singapore—and it began to look as if they would—then they could release their best bombers and fighters to throw at us. To add to the Old Man's headache, four tons of tires and tubes for the A. V. G. were lying at Wake Island, and had been since December 7. A Pan American Clipper had been en route to Rangoon with them, but had gotten no farther than Wake when the Japs hit Pearl Harbor below the belt. The supplies that we would now have given our right eyes for had been left at Wake when the Clipper had beat it back to the United States with Pan American employees caught in the war zone.

I FLEW over the Thailand-Burma border one day late in January, testing one of the ships that had been pretty well shot up. I was supposed to be having a day off, so I was on my own time. I flew low, looking down through powerful glasses. I saw Japs, both on foot and riding heavily packed war elephants, swarming through the mountain passes, getting all set for the coming all-out drive on Rangoon. I knew that the longer Rangoon could hold out, the more time the United Nations would have to prepare to protect the unloading point for China's life line, the Burma Road.

I had gotten hold of a Russian bomb —*where* is a military secret. I carried it in my flare rack. When I was right over a good-sized mass of Japs, and figured I couldn't miss, I let it go. If I do say so myself, that was a pretty good shot. It blew up a couple of the elephants and started the rest in a stampede, knocked a couple of hundred Japs to their dishonorable ancestors, and certainly brought *that* part of the advance toward Rangoon to a halt for the time being, anyway.

During the first week in February I was busy shuttling back and forth between Rangoon and a base at Loiwing, and the permanent base at Kunming, 600 miles northeast of Toungoo, and the inland terminus of the Burma Road. Things were pretty tense in Kunming. The big push was coming. Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek were holding frequent conferences with General Chennault. After one of these conferences, the Old Man came out, stuffed his fists into the pockets of his rumpled business suit, and muttered, "God Almighty, if I could only get a couple of hundred bombers, we'd take the sky from those yellow ——s!"

All the boys were pleading with the General to be sent to Rangoon. The Adam and Eves, who had as yet seen no action in Burma, were particularly itchy. R. J. Sandell, a quiet, dark little fellow who was an ex-navy flyer, was commander of the First Pursuit. He broke the good news in the recreation hall on a Saturday night. "We leave day after tomorrow," he said.

"HARDTACK"
CASTOR OIL

"I'll take it like a man, mom, but I betcha I don't take any when I *do* get to be a man!"

I thought Red Probst and Matt Kuykendall, two of the Adam and Eve pilots, would hit the ceiling with joy. They were both from Texas. Matt had raised Herefords there, and he was just what you would expect a rancher to be—hard as nails, a whizz with a rifle or pistol, and a regular Will Rogers with a lariat.

Matt and Red didn't bother about flying togs. They just wore the cowboy outfits of their native state, boots and all, even when they were up. They roomed together, and they had gone into a department store in Kunming and loaded up with a lot of modernistic chromium furniture imported from the United States, so their room looked like the lounge of a small theater. Many of the boys hung out in it, and when the Old Man wanted anybody he couldn't find, he'd say, "Give the Texas clubroom a try, and if it's only a ten-cent limit, have them hold a hand for me."

WHEN the Adam and Eves heard they were to go south, there was a party. Mary Foster's boy friend, young Petach, would be pulling out for the Burma front, and Mary was sad. Petach was telling everybody what he was going to do to Mr. Moto, as he called the Japs. We kidded Mary about her fiancé preferring fighting Mr. Moto to being with her. Her pretty face got as red as her hair. "Don't worry, Mary," said Matt Kuykendall. "Maybe he'll be lucky and get sent back to you on a stretcher, so you can take care of him."

General Chennault was more silent than usual that Saturday night. Jack Newkirk asked him what was on his mind. "I've been offered a brigadier generalship in the United States Army," he said. "I don't know what to do. That's quite an honor, you know."

"Hey, fellows," said Newkirk, waving a group to him. "The Old Man can't do this to us, can he?"

A terrific "No!" chorus went up.

The General was very sober. "What would you do if I went back to the army?" he asked.

"There'd be no more A. V. G., sir," said Scarsdale Jack, "unless we went with you."

"You boys have one-year contracts with the Chinese government, you know."

"Still, it wouldn't be the same without you, sir."

Chennault grinned and walked away shaking his head. "All right," he said. "All right, I guess I can't go."

One of the fellows asked, "Where you going right now, General?"

"I thought I'd turn in early. Tomorrow's a big day."

"What about a game of darts?" asked Matt Kuykendall.

The General turned. "*Darts,* did you say, Matt?" An hour later he'd beaten the pants off his boys. If there was one thing he was as good at as teaching pursuit tactics, it was darts. How the fellows worshiped the Old Man!

Next morning, when Padre Frohman was waiting for the Tigers to assemble in a room set aside for Sunday-morning chapel, the General took a seat in the rear and watched them come in. Honesty compels me to say that more than one Tiger was feeling the effects of tiger milk. The General would look up at a boy with red eyes and say, "Couldn't stand a bromo, could you?" Then he'd chuckle.

AFTER services, he had an announcement to make. "Winston Churchill," he said, "has sent his compliments for the fine work you have done in Rangoon." The boys were quite pleased. He grew stern. "But don't get cocky. You've only had target practice so far. The Japs may be the filthiest, slimiest race on the face of the earth, but they're not dopes. Don't think they're going to take what you've been dishing out lying down." He paused to let his words sink in. "Now, come on, all of you. There's an extra session of class this morning."

It was a *session,* too, believe me. Chennault had bad news. The A. V. G. tire supply was desperate. He went to the blackboard and started diagramming for the boys an entirely new bag of tricks—the details of which must remain a military secret, but which stressed tactics whereby the Volunteers were at all times to keep the tires of their P-40s out of Jap firing range. He said that since the outbreak of war between the United States and the Axis two months previously, supplies for the Volunteers had been practically shut off. "And shut off at a time," he added, "when we need them most." Our ships were all in pretty good condition—so far. But Chennault was looking ahead—and he only had to look a month—to the day when we'd be so shot full of holes and so desperate for rubber, fuel, and ammunition that we'd be grounded unless we practiced every economy in the book.

So, that Sunday morning in the classroom, the ban went up on a lot of things. The Volunteers were to wait until the Japs were almost on them before taking the air—to save gas.

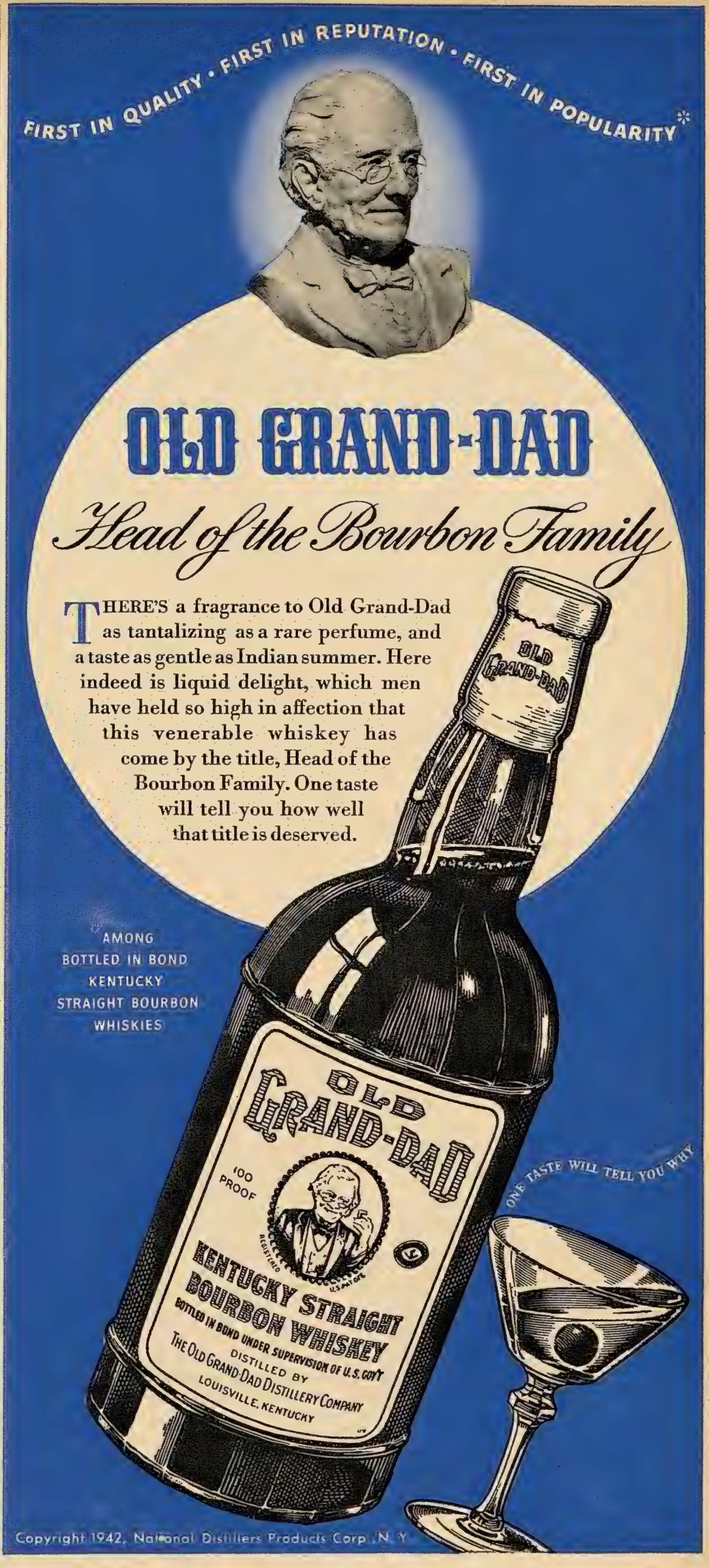
While in the air they were to pass up certain pay-off maneuvers so as not to risk rubber. To save ammunition, they weren't to squirt all six guns when four would do, or squirt four when a pair would do. The Old Man told them they'd have to fill in the gaps with their own skill. "This is war, you know," were his closing words. Today, thinking back on that Sunday in China, I burn up when I read in the papers about autoists grousing because they can't get new tires, and I almost blew a fuse when I read about our congressmen demanding unlimited supplies of gasoline when rationing went into effect.

Things were really starting to hum the first week in February when Sandell landed in Rangoon with the Adam and Eves. Moulmein had fallen, and the Japs were climbing over high piles of their own dead and crossing the broad Salween River on their way toward Rangoon. British troops had dug in on the Rangoon side of the Salween, but they were outnumbered and outgunned, and it looked to be only a question of time. The Royal Air Force, based in Rangoon, was sending out wave after wave of Blenheim bombers loaded with delayed-action fragmentation eggs to the Salween, but often the fast Zero fighters of the Japs and their even faster bombers were dropping the Blenheims before they had a chance to lay their eggs.

THAT'S where the Adam and Eves came in. They began to act as an umbrella for the R. A. F. bombers, and things got a little better. The Blenheims were now able to cut large masses of the advancing Japs to ribbons—but still the striking power on God's side was not enough. The land Japs kept coming.

Our boys were still skilful—and lucky. I noticed, along about this time, that somehow the fellows who were either married or engaged seemed to lead charmed lives. Helen Anderson's boy friend, Freddie Hodges, had been hung with horseshoes. Two of the squadron leaders, Newkirk and Olsen, were both married, and neither one of them had gotten his hair mussed even in the thickest of the tangling. Hank Geselbracht of the Naked Angels, who was making a name for himself on the blackboard, was "tied up" back in the States, and so was Bob Layher, who had left a Colorado University co-ed bride to join up with the Chennault crew. And now the daring young Petach, who had stolen Mary Foster from every unattached fellow in the Group, was really cutting up touches with Mr. Moto over the Salween River, and was scooting down into Thailand, strafing Jap airdromes and setting gasoline stores afire. In the first week of fighting, he figured he had enough in bonuses to build a house when the war was over.

The fact that the attached boys were lucky put ideas in my head. I was more attached than I had ever been when I got a letter from my wife with a picture of our daughter, who had been born a month after I


FIRST IN QUALITY · FIRST IN REPUTATION · FIRST IN POPULARITY*
OLD GRAND-DAD
OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOV'T
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
ONE TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY

OLD GRAND-DAD

Head of the Bourbon Family

THERE'S a fragrance to Old Grand-Dad as tantalizing as a rare perfume, and a taste as gentle as Indian summer. Here indeed is liquid delight, which men have held so high in affection that this venerable whiskey has come by the title, Head of the Bourbon Family. One taste will tell you how well that title is deserved.

*AMONG BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES

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had left. Susy was really something. Or do all new fathers say that?

I got hold of another Russian bomb and carried it in my flare rack when I took one of the P-40s up to see how it would act after having its wings patched up with flattened-out tomato cans and its rudder repaired with hospital-size adhesive tape. The ship was O. K. and so was the bomb. I dropped it on a flock of barges crossing the Salween. My only mistake was that I flew so low that I almost got blown out of my own ship.

I talked it over with Charlie Chan when I got back. Charlie said the number three was unlucky, and not to try bombing again but to stick to my own work.

Oh, but you haven't met Charlie Chan. That was the tag we hung on our Chinese barber. He headquartered in Kunming, but Sandell of the Adam and Eves had taken a liking to his work, which made you look as if he had placed an inverted bowl over the top of your head and then clipped around it, so he was flown down to Burma to clip the boys. He was a wise all-seeing fellow who had learned a little English, and that was why we gave him the name of the great fictional detective.

Charlie hadn't been in Rangoon a day when he said to Matt Kuykendall, "Jap spies here on bicycles."

Matt, the cowboy, was all ears. "Where, Charlie?"

Charlie shrugged. "All over streets." That was as far as he could get in explaining in English. So Matt called Jim Howard, a pilot who had been born in China and understood Chinese. Jim talked to Charlie, then said to Matt, "He says Jap spies are riding around dressed as Burmese."

MATT started to swear. He wanted to go out and rope a few of the fifth-column cyclists, but he had trouble telling Japs, Burmese, and Chinese apart. Howard and Charlie Chan got photos and showed him how to tell a Nip from other Orientals. Then he started to go a-roping on his alternate days off. He'd saunter along a Rangoon street with his lariat all ready. He had learned his picture lessons well, for he never made a mistake. He'd just let loose with the lasso, sometimes a quarter of a block away, and the business end of it would tighten about the Jap's waist and yank him off his bicycle. Then Matt would tie the other end to a store door or anything handy, and let nature—in the form of an infuriated Burmese and white crowd—take its course while he puffed on a cigarette and laughed his head off. The Jap cyclists didn't function long after the Texas rancher hit town.

Squadron Leader Sandell called Petach aside one day. "Look, kid. From the way the wind's blowing we're all living on borrowed time. How about you going up to Kunming and marrying the girl before it's too late?"

"Can you arrange it?" asked Petach.

"I've already spoken to the Old Man. You can catch the morning train."

And so they were married, Mary Foster and Petach. The General gave them a week off for a honeymoon. There was good duck hunting on a lake outside of Kunming, and the newlyweds sent coolie messengers into headquarters with so many ducks that after a week none of us wanted to see duck meat again.

When the bridegroom got back to the Rangoon front, he had a new squadron leader—Bob Neale, a former navy flyer from Seattle. Quiet, dark little Sandell had gone up for a test flight with a patched-up ship. He was climbing when he went into a spin, and he never came out of it. Tommy Cole, a former navy ace from Missouri, had come to almost the same end as Sandell. Louis Hoffman, called Cokey because he liked a certain cola drink, had been nailed in a climb because he had been so occupied with trying to get his tires out of firing range. Three of our best boys—gone just like that, one after the other! The Tigers were certainly beginning to feel the supply pinch.

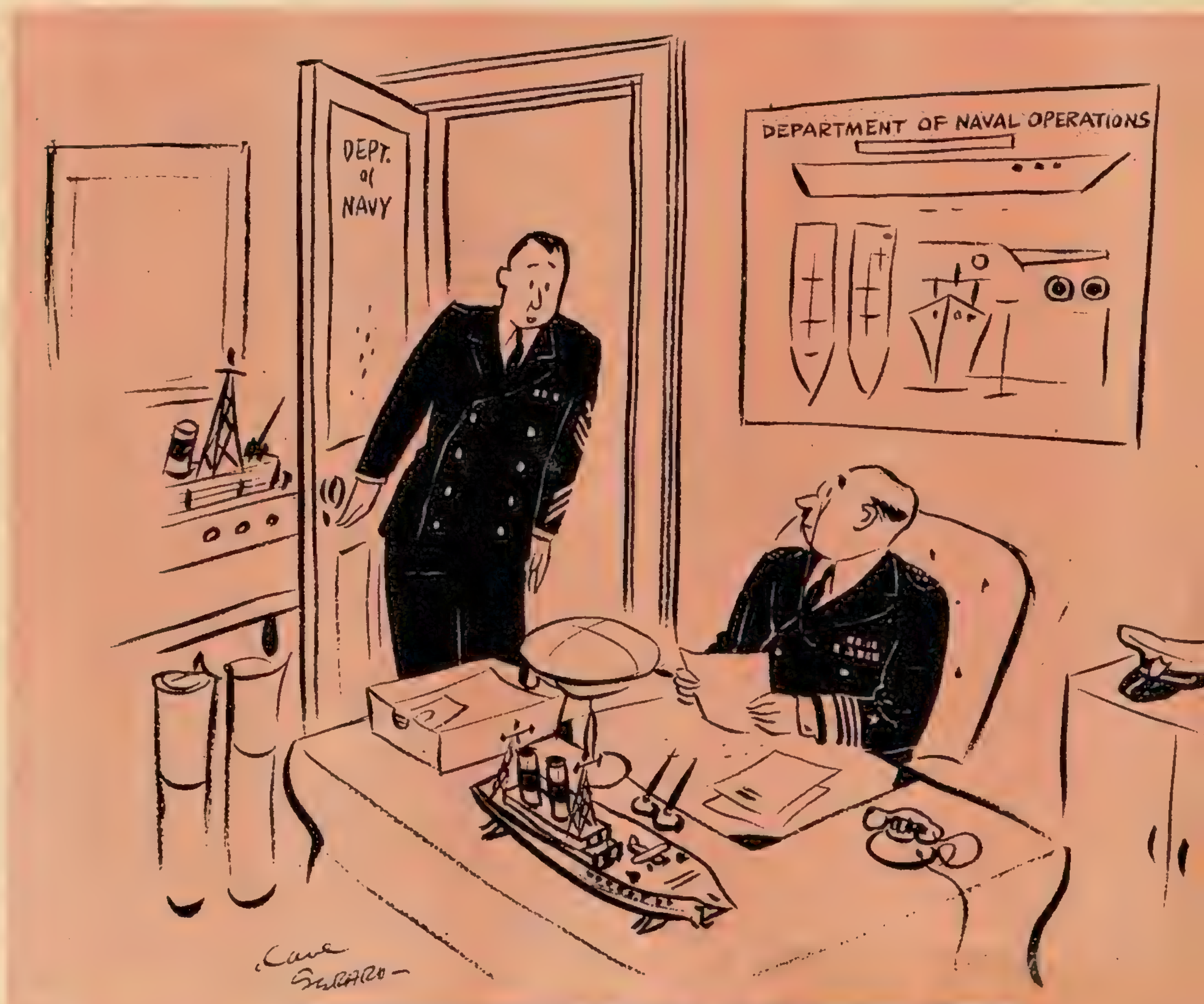
THE last week in February began to look like the end of the world. The sea entrances to Rangoon had been mined by the British, and the last of the supplies, skimpy as they had been, were shut off. The Japs had crossed the Bilan River and were pressing against the city's last river barrier—the Sittang—and against the railway that led from Rangoon to Lashio, entrance to the Burma Road. The British had planted explosives at the Rangoon wharves to blow up supplies lying there that they hadn't been able to get moving up toward China. Burmese refugees were streaming northward, and the Japs were bombing and machine-gunning them.

The Flying Tigers had their backs to the wall. Their score was now over 300 Jap ships—a record unequaled, everything considered—but a terrible plight had slowly but surely sneaked up on them. They had been so busy fighting, patching up their P-40s, fighting some more and patching some more, that they hadn't realized what bad shape their ships were really in. It wasn't until the adhesive tape on the wings, rudders, and ailerons, the pieces of tin cans on the fuselages, and the chewing gum in the propeller holes all started to give way in midair—and all at once—that the truth became apparent.

INTELLIGENCE operatives informed General Chennault that the Japs were massing down in Thailand for an all-out aerial attack with men and ships released after the fall of Singapore. Out of the 100 shining new P-40s that had taken the air for the first time six months before, there weren't twenty-five that didn't need repairs, and badly, yet there was nothing to repair them with.

I wouldn't say that the morale of the Tigers was low. They were just sore as hell. When things looked blackest, the Old Man called some of the boys together in Kunming. They clustered around him in the alert shack. His weather-beaten face creased into a broad grin. "Fellows," he said, "they can't do this to us. So I did something about it. Ten of you are leaving right away for Africa. It's a long trip. But when you get there, you'll find plenty to bring back—planes, tires, batteries—almost everything you need!" The General paused. "But it's going to be a race against time," he said, "and damned close."

With Pentecost's stories of that race and of the Tigers' greatest air battles, this thrilling series will be concluded in Liberty next week.



"It's about that yacht turned over to us by Cornelius Giltmore. The commodore wants to know what to do with the 'blondes'!"

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

1	2	3	4	5	■	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13
14					■	15				■	16			
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57				■	58	59			■	60	61			
62				■	63				■	64				
65				66					■	67				

HORIZONTAL

1 Contribution of restaurants to scrap rubber campaign
6 Wings (sing.)
14 What we'll have to win after the war
15 Old Big Mouth is most what?
16 O'Johnny O'Doughboy's present whereabouts
17 Fight promoter
18 Nickname whose nickname's Rocky
19 De-oomphed
20 Where many a good old sole hails from
21 Afternoon catch-ups
23 A lot of squirts from down under
25 Slip on the moral ice
26 City on Isle of Ely, England
27 Something not found on Adam's apple—no choke! (two words)
28 'Ades
29 Place for a dog on a horse
32 Goebbels up the facts
35 It's brilliant if showy
36 Gouty Old Poops (abbr.)
38 Main entrance to old ale
39 What to do till the doctor comes
40 Petty Hitler
41 Get a gander at
42 What the canary that swallowed the cat does now
43 The price you pay for courting (pl.)
44 When things get this way, it means inflation
46 What the pessimist cried to the old nag
47 How Mr. Henderson felt when things were frozen last March
48 A tovarich
49 Whinny mama
52 Man of mystery
55 There's nothing to it, say our flyers
56 It's drunk and backward
57 Seedy-looking coat

A	L	A	S	■	R	E	M	A	P	■	M	A	L	T
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■	■	■	N	O	■	O	B	E	L	U	S	■	■	■
C	A	N	E	■	A	D	E	N	■	G	E	M	E	L
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A	M	I	D	■	L	A	T	E	R	■	R	E	T	S

Last week's answer

58 Clink
60 Flyspecks with wings
62 Flo, she's hot stuff!
63 The iron thing about congressmen
64 Egyptian Amazons
65 Busted suspenders on a diplomat's pants at a ball constitute an international what?
67 A. Hitler Croaks! Hitler Croaks!

VERTICAL

1 A horse in the rumble seat
2 He operates on the High Cs
3 Anxious for a crack at
4 O Oer
5 Boy, are they corny!
6 Pansy with the dope habit
7 Zeus' Chief of Staff
8 In Germany it has evolved into a biped
9 Weather Factory of World Isles
10 If you see it double, you'll absorb a lot of high balls from pitchers
11 Yen
12 Non-family row
13 These're divinely shaped, especially on gals who lead model lives
22 Japan want this, but will have to share with Hon. Hitler
24 Man must eat a bushel before he dies
27 He sure is carrying a lot of trouble around on his back these days
28 A Plymouth's Rock
29 "-----!" cried the Nebraskan, as he sank his teeth in his ears
30 They mean a mouthful to a squaw
31 How to get things if you're a young girl
32 Baby bullets
33 Applies one's own boot to one's own rumble seat
34 Once again
35 You made a big mistake when you did this
37 Blind pigs
39 It's pretty simple, folks
40 Device for testing temperature of sea water
42 Pick 'em up, lay 'em down, pick 'em up, lay 'em down, etc.
43 New kind of burnt perfume
45 Kind of sensation strip teasers provoke
46 Hell
48 Common name for female Boston bulldogs
49 Carved and slung the papes around
50 Here's a change for you
51 Cold occupant of ground compartment
52 New England Noodle Factory
53 It's in reverse and money makes it go
54 Here's where things are kept humming
55 What Germans with B. O. do
59 Girls used to do it away from a beau; now they do it toward him
61 Nuttin' doin'

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Will your Scalp stand the Fingernail Test?

SCRATCH YOUR HEAD and see for yourself. Is loose ugly dandruff spoiling the good looks of your hair? Don't let it! Use Wildroot-*with-Oil*. The famous Wildroot formula that's been chasing dandruff scales for 30 years, plus pure *vegetable* oil that grooms without grease...

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS if you get a bottle of Wildroot-*with-Oil* today! Its safe, powerful 3-Action grooms the hair... relieves dryness... removes loose dandruff. Get a bottle today at your nearest drug counter. Available in four popular sizes. Also in Regular Formula (non-oily). Professional applications at your barber.

WILDROOT

3 ACTION WITH OIL

WILDROOT. WITH OIL for the hair
3-ACTION
WILDROOT
for the hair

REGULAR FORMULA [NON OILY]

THIS IS AMERICA

AIR-BORNE ATTACK. Better wear pants, girls, as you pass over the blowholes entering Steeplechase's famed insanitarium. Otherwise you'll plainly reveal Whoosh Who among our Japanese silk boycotters.

CONEY ISLAND

DOWN THE BAY

HO-YAY, ho-yay, ho-yay! Grab yourself the nickel Pullman, folks, and step right down to Broadway-by-the-Sea—New York's gigantic safety valve—Coney Island.

Here one-eyed pirates fought over buried treasure. Here society sports once gamboled on a payboy's payground. Here the Red Hot, the Mickey Finn, Jimmy Durante, and Kissing Marathons were invented. Here terrible fires of flame and wrath have wiped out tweed-smelling politicians, racketeers, phonies, dreamlands, diamond-toothed madams, and *fillies de jwah*. Here a famous reformer, conked by a stein in a drunkard factory, screamed: "Never mind, you beer-swilling, whisky-soaked, Saturn-faced man, God will strike!"—and here God did strike. A week later the conker dropped dead.

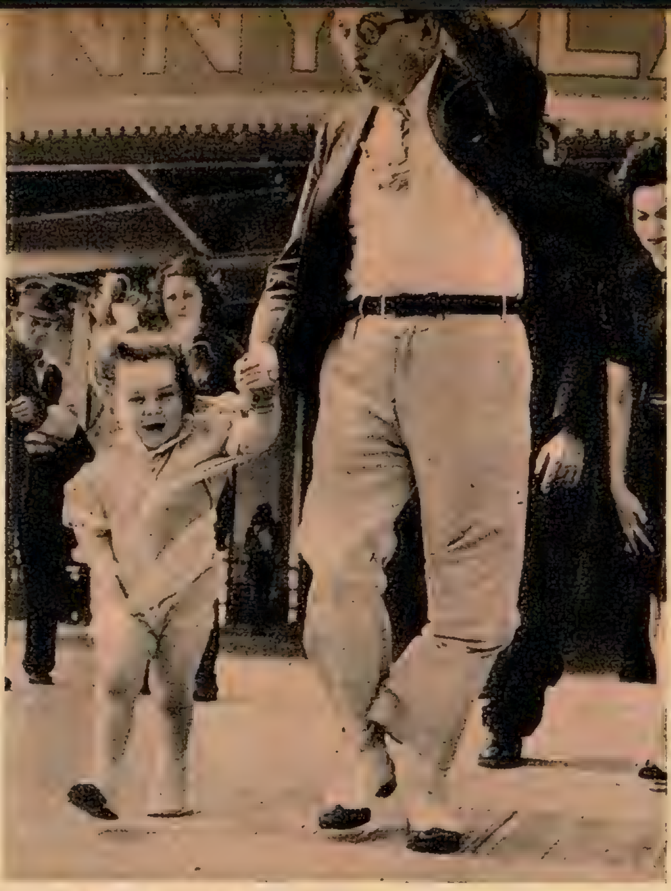
So step right up, folks, and fling yourselves into this riotous, raucous razzle-dazzle of democratic phun, phrolic, and phoolishness. Today Coney may be dim outside—but inside you'll glow!

Photographs from Michael Levelle

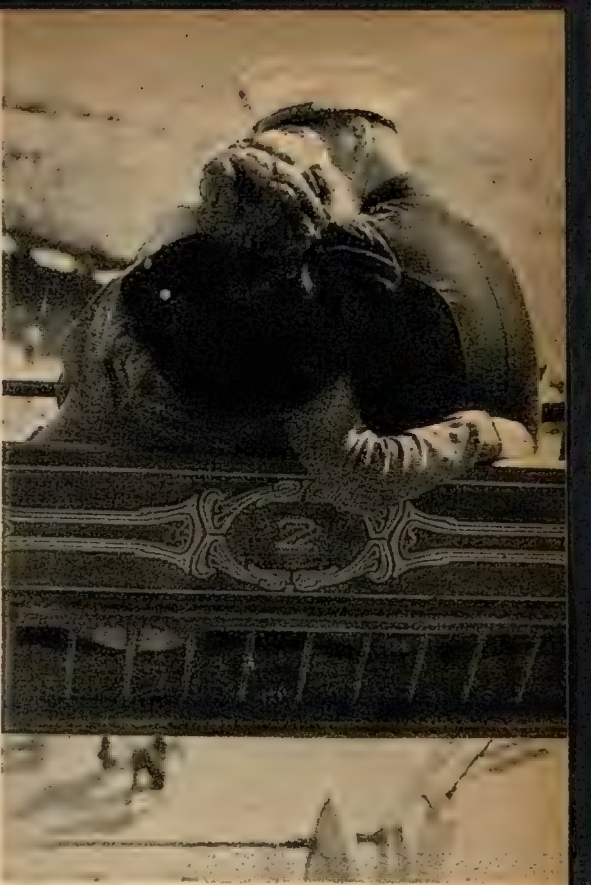
OPEN-AIR TENEMENT. Coney's dunkers lie three deep and bathe eight to the drop of water!

ME 'N' U-BOAT. "Now, wh would a sailor and a girl b doing in the Tunnel of Love?

A PLUG FOR HAROLD (CELLU) LLOYD. Riding andem, the comedian wins by a wooden whisker.

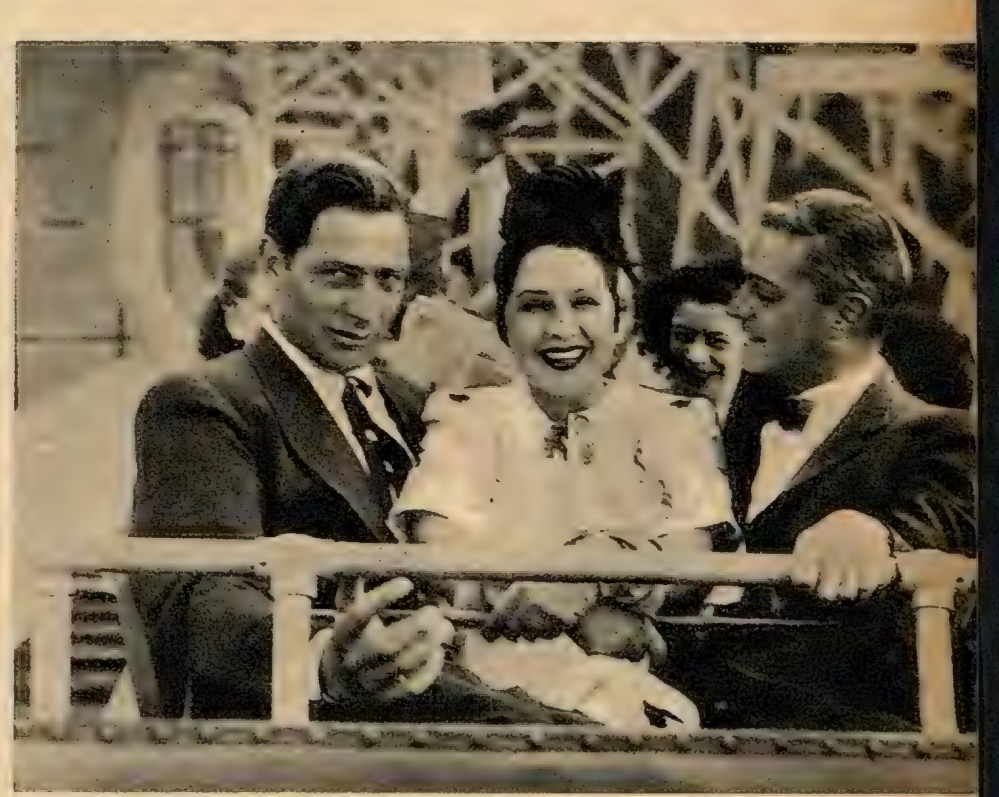


INFLATIONARY RISE. Papa and Sis get in a big wind—piped from Congress, it's said!



THE MARINES HAVE LANDED. He prov naval air is superior to she powe

BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY. After ringing the duck's neck, these lads will either go for a duck, or a row, or a neck—or maybe they'll try all three!



NORMA SHEARER AND FRIENDS. On the scenic railway, Norma take along travel insurance—a pair of shock absorbers, one for each sid

ARREL O' LOVE. Here you an fall for the army or ngle with the navy, girls!

E FUNNY PLA
31 RIDES 50¢

LEFT: THE HARDLY BORED WALK. Without so much headwork, he'd see more of his gal. RIGHT: CARROUSEL CAVALRY. His hat on at a cocky angle, she has that wacky Coney look!

The 14TH TRUMP

Death strikes again—and a gambler-sleuth picks up a trail that may unravel a sinister mystery

BY JUDSON P. PHILIPS

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WHEN Mona Lewis, fiancée of Congressman Terry Reardon, is accused of murdering John Quigley, who proves to be an F. B. I. agent working on an espionage case, Danny Coyle, Broadway gambler, becomes interested in the affair. Danny has money up on Reardon's investigation of the local district attorney, Buckler; he is betting eleven to five that Buckler will be ousted. If possible, he wants to prove Mona innocent so that Reardon will not be smeared by his connection with her.

Mona's story is that she was sent to Quigley by Lowery Kent of the Times Square Club, where she had lost a lot of money, gambling. Kent told her Quigley was the club's real owner and she went to him to plead for more time to pay up. She says she found him dead when she arrived at his hotel room. How her revolver happened to be the gun that killed him, she cannot tell. It was in her bag but she never fired it.

Kent says he never sent her to Quigley. Coyle believes the case against her may be a frame-up—that some one at the club stole her gun, killed Quigley, put the gun back in her bag, and saw that she went to Quigley's room at just the right time to be caught bending over the body when the house detective arrived. The fact that the house player at the Times Square Club, O'Higgins, proves to be a card sharp and expert enough at sleight of hand to have filched the gun, and that Oriole Brown, the girl of Joe Kling, another of Kent's men, seems worried about something she knows, bolsters Coyle's belief that he is on the right track. According to Coyle, the club is probably the hangout of the espionage agents Quigley was after and, when he got hot on the trail, they murdered him.

Danny's right-hand man, "Harvard" Donovan, and Donovan's girl, Jane Rain, help in the investigation. Jane, as Miss Krausmeyer, becomes acquainted with Joe Kling to see what she can find out from him. Donovan tries to pump Oriole, who almost talks—then decides not to. He also goes after the house detective, Gleason, who so opportunely found Mona in Quigley's room with the dead body at eight thirty on the night of the murder. He wants to talk to Gleason, for Horowitz, the lawyer Coyle has engaged for Mona, is convinced that Quigley could not have been dead at eight thirty—and that the house detective is lying about the time. But Gleason cannot be found anywhere.

Donovan becomes frightened at the idea of Jane's being with Joe Kling. He has no notion where they are and cannot reach Jane at her hotel. He goes to his apartment in a walk-up brownstone to see if she has telephoned and left a message with his landlady. It is late and the whole house is asleep. As he approaches he sees a light shining from his windows. Is Jane there—or is it somebody out to kill him because he is getting hot on the trail?

He goes quietly upstairs to find out.

PART SIX—A QUESTION OF TIME

THE door of his apartment stood open a crack, the yellow lamplight knifing out into the hall. Donovan wasn't armed. He moved to one side of the door, hesitated, and then pushed it wide open.

Silence.

If somebody was there waiting for him, he was a gone goose when he stepped into the light. He took a deep breath and quickly reached around the doorjamb and turned off the main switch.

Still nothing happened. He dropped down on his hands and knees.

The couch was to the right of the door and would offer protection from any gunman who might be standing across the room. He crept in, inch by inch, stretching his ears for a betraying sound. There was nothing but the faint rustling of the draperies by the open windows.

He crawled farther into the room, and then stopped suddenly as his hands touched something on the rug—something bulky. Flesh! Human flesh, cold and lifeless.

An insane fear choked him. It was an old gangster trick. Leave the body on the doorstep of his pals. Jane! He forced himself to stay quiet. His hands moved—to the dress, the high-heeled shoes.

"The swine! The murdering swine!" He was on his feet, stumbling toward the light switch.

He leaned against the wall, the strength running out of him until he could hardly stand erect. It wasn't Jane! *It wasn't Jane!*

Then the blood came surging, pounding back. It brought with it a black rage that shook him from head to foot.

It was Oriole Brown who lay stretched out on his rug. Her face was turned sideways, her red hair falling over it and away from the clotted wound where the back of her head had been battered in. Beside her was the wrought-iron poker from Donovan's fireplace set.

A voice broke in on the thunder in Donovan's head:

"I hope I did right, Mr. Donovan. The lady said . . ." The voice, belonging to Mrs. Ludens, Donovan's landlady, broke off. Then it hit the top of the meter in a piercing scream.

THE landlady, a cotton wrapper over her nightgown, her stringy hair in curlers, kept on screeching in short rhythmic blasts like a boat whistle. Donovan stepped toward her. Her eyes rolled up into her head.

"Stay away from me!" she cried. "Stay away! Stay away!"

He slapped her. "Stop it, Mrs. Ludens! You'll have the whole house in a panic."

It worked. Mrs. Ludens' screams died away. "Oh, Mr. Donovan," she moaned. "Mr. Donovan!"

He took her by the arm, gently now, and led her out into the hall, closing the door of the apartment behind him. From the bottom of the stairwell came the voice of Mr. Ludens.

"What in hell are you yellin' for, Emma?"

"Come up here, Tom," Donovan said.

Mrs. Ludens buried her head on Donovan's chest and began sobbing. "W-when I saw you there—with *her* like that—I—I—"

"Take it easy," Donovan said, patting her shoulder. "You thought I'd killed her, Mrs. Ludens?"

"It was such a t-terrible sight—such a terrible, terrible—"

Tom Ludens, the janitor, came padding in his slippers up the stairs. He had pulled on a pair of trousers and tucked his nightshirt into them.

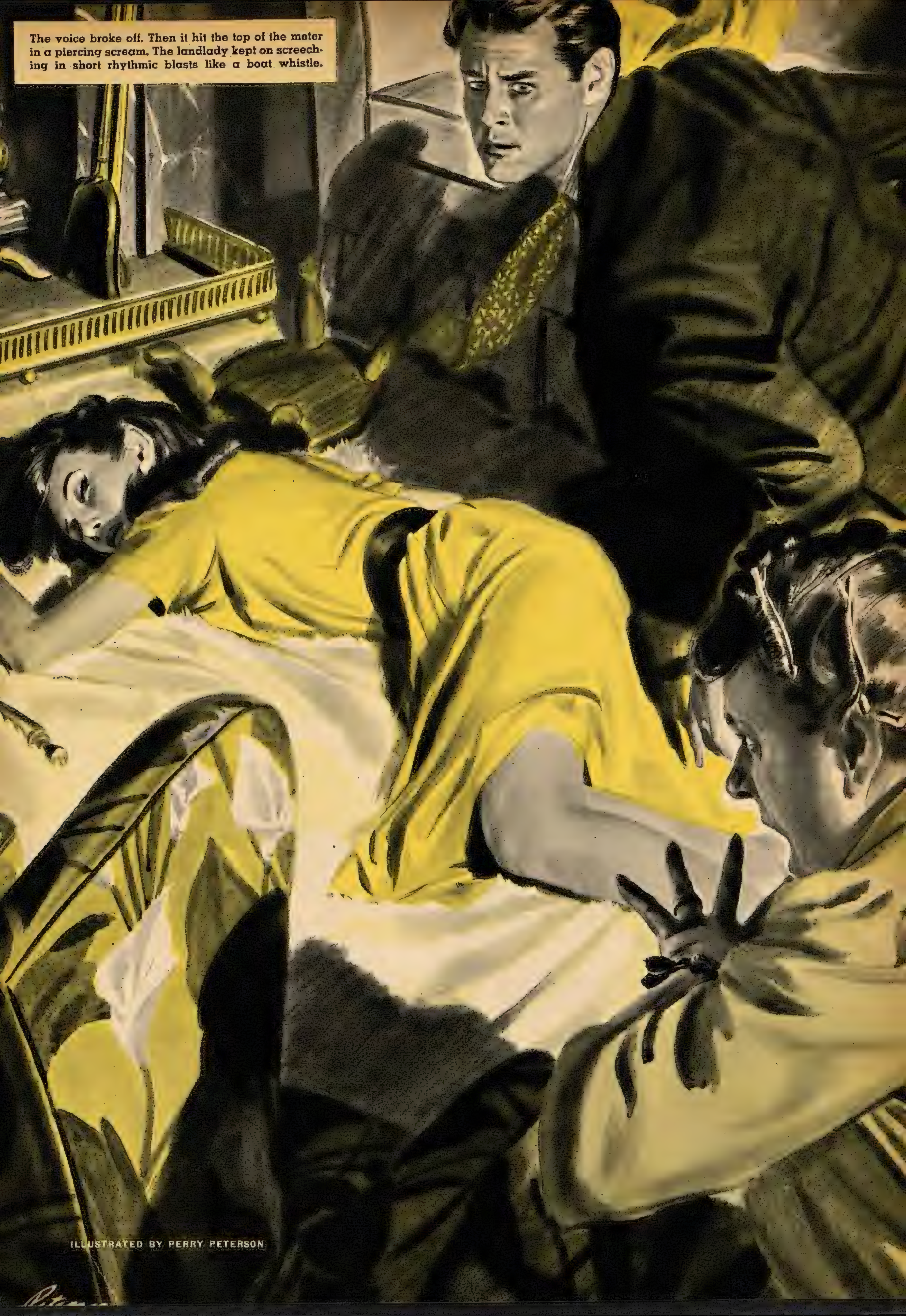
"Goshamighty, Emma, you'll wake up the whole house. I told you Mr. Donovan wouldn't like what you done."

"Easy, Tom," Donovan said. "I want you to go downstairs, call police headquarters, and ask for Inspector Moran. If he's gone for the night, call Lexington 7-1857. That's his home. Tell him there's been a murder in my apartment."

"Murder!"

"The lady, Tom. The lady I let in!" Mrs. Ludens wailed.

Mr. Ludens hurried off on his errand. Mrs. Ludens sat down on the



The voice broke off. Then it hit the top of the meter in a piercing scream. The landlady kept on screeching in short rhythmic blasts like a boat whistle.

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON

top step and began to rock back and forth. "I shouldn't of done it, but she was so—so strange actin', Mr. Donovan. I—I couldn't sleep, knowin' she was there. I heard you come in and I come up to explain. Then I saw you —and her—"

"Better start at the beginning, Mrs. Ludens. Miss Brown came here asking for me?"

"Yes, just before midnight. I guess she must of rung your bell and didn't get any answer, so she rung ours."

"Go ahead."

"We was in bed. I got up and went to the door, leavin' the chain on, of course. There she was. She said was you in and maybe your doorbell didn't work? I said you wasn't home, and maybe you wouldn't be. I said why didn't she go round to Mr. Coyle's? She said she couldn't."

"WHAT did she say, exactly?"

"She said, 'Oh, I can't do that!' She kept lookin' round behind her, scared like. She said, 'Maybe there's some place here I can wait for Mr. Donovan,' she said. 'I've got to see him the minute he comes in. Maybe you could let me into his apartment.' 'No,' I said. 'That's impossible.' She reached out and touched my hand. Mr. Donovan, her fingers was like icicles. I never seen anybody with eyes like hers—so deep an' so frightened. 'He'd want you to,' she said. 'I promise you, he'd want you to. It's a matter of life and death,' she said, 'maybe his and maybe mine.'"

"That's what she said, Mrs. Ludens?"

"The very words, Mr. Donovan. I don't know what got into me. Somethin' about her, I guess. I always figure I can tell an honest person when I see one."

"You did the right thing, Mrs. Ludens. I would have wanted you to let her in."

"Well, that's what I did. I brought her upstairs and I let her in. I turned on the lights and showed her where the cigarettes was in that little box on the coffee table. Then she said, 'I won't go till Mr. Donovan comes—not if it isn't till tomorrow.' So I left her there and went back downstairs. Tom woke up and I told him, and he said you'd raise a rumpus when you found out. So I didn't really sleep again. Mr. Dobbs, here on the second floor, and Miss Ellin'ton on the top floor was still out. I heard 'em both come in finally. Then, after a long time, I heard your key in the front door, and I got up to come an' tell you what I'd done."

"You didn't hear any one besides the tenants come in?"

"No, sir. There was some visitors early in the evenin', but they was all gone."

There were two apartments on each of the brownstone's five floors. Dobbs, an architect, had the apartment back of Donovan's. He was the most likely person to have heard any commotion.

Tom came back upstairs. He reported that he had reached Moran and that the inspector was on his way.

"You just goin' to—to leave her lay there?" Mrs. Ludens asked.

"Till the police have gone over the apartment, Mrs. Ludens."

"Poor thing!" Mrs. Ludens said. "She was pretty, in a kind of a flashy way."

"Funny Dobbs didn't come out to see what Emma was squawlin' about," Tom said.

Donovan rang the architect's doorbell. He could hear it ringing inside, but Mr. Dobbs didn't answer. Donovan kept his finger on the buzzer for a good half minute.

"Must be a sound sleeper," he said. "Got the passkeys with you, Tom?"

"Oh, we wouldn't want to go in," Mrs. Ludens said.

"Maybe the whole house has been murdered in their beds," said Tom hopefully. "I guess we'd better look in, things bein' what they are." He fished the keys from his pocket, selected the right one, and opened the door.

Dobbs' apartment was dark. Dobbs wasn't in it. Moreover, there was no sign that he had been in it during the evening.

"It's just the way I left it when I got through cleanin' this mornin'," Mrs. Ludens said. "But I *heard* him come in."

"I'm afraid," said Donovan, "that the person you heard come to this floor was the murderer."

"Glory be to heaven!" said Mrs. Ludens.

From below they heard a pounding on the front door.

"That'll be cops from a prowl car Moran's sent ahead," Donovan said. "Better let 'em in, Tom. And you'd better be getting some clothes on, Mrs. Ludens. You won't be sleeping again this night."

Left alone, Donovan lifted his hand to cover his eyes for a moment. They were hot and aching. He felt an overwhelming sense of guilt. He should never have let Oriole out of his sight. It had taken her four or five hours to decide to trust him, and then it had been too late. Always too late!

TOM let the two prowl cops in. Donovan knew them both. He got permission to go downstairs with Mrs. Ludens and use her phone to call Coyle.

"Be there in ten minutes," Coyle said without further comment.

Donovan went back upstairs. The two cops were standing in the doorway looking down at Oriole.

"You search the rest of the apartment?" they asked him.

He had found the door open. He'd taken it for granted from that, and from the dried blood on the back of Oriole's head, that the murderer was long since gone. He hadn't wanted to get prints on anything.

Looking at Oriole made him feel weak in the knees. Only a few hours ago they had sat together, and he had kidded her about being stood up, and tried to get her to tell him then what was on her mind.

Moran, red-eyed, grim, and his crew arrived. He got Donovan's story and turned his men loose with flash bulbs and fingerprint powder. An assistant medical examiner examined the body and went into a huddle with Moran.

DROP IN
SOMETIME

Donovan leaned against the wall, his head swimming. Some one took him by the arm.

"You need a drink, pal."

It was Terry Reardon. Coyle was standing beside him, staring sphinxlike at the body. Morrisey, the mousy F. B. I. man, was talking to Moran.

"Got something here?" Reardon asked. "You're weaving."

"In the kitchenette," Donovan said.

He and Reardon went out there. Reardon found a bottle of brandy in the cupboard and poured a stiff drink.

"She was here, like that, when you got back?" Reardon asked.

Donovan nodded. "The door was open. I thought it was an ambush. Got the light off. Then I practically crawled onto her." He poured himself a second drink.

"JAKE HOROWITZ had this figured," Reardon said. "He wanted Moran to put her in protective custody."

"I wish he had." Donovan gulped down the brandy. It was a mistake, in his condition. He could feel the floor begin to undulate in a gentle ground swell under his feet.

From the next room he heard Mrs. Ludens' voice, hysterically high, retelling her story to Moran: "I never seen anybody with eyes like hers—fingers like icicles—" Then Morrisey came to the doorway. He seemed to be about eight feet tall—a flagpole with stooped shoulders. Ichabod Crane, Donovan thought.

He said it out loud:

"Ichabod Crane!"

"You went to the Times Square Club tonight, didn't you, Mr. Donovan?" Morrisey's voice sounded like a short-wave radio, fading out and then coming back strong. Donovan steadied himself by the kitchen table. The deck was at a perilously steep angle.

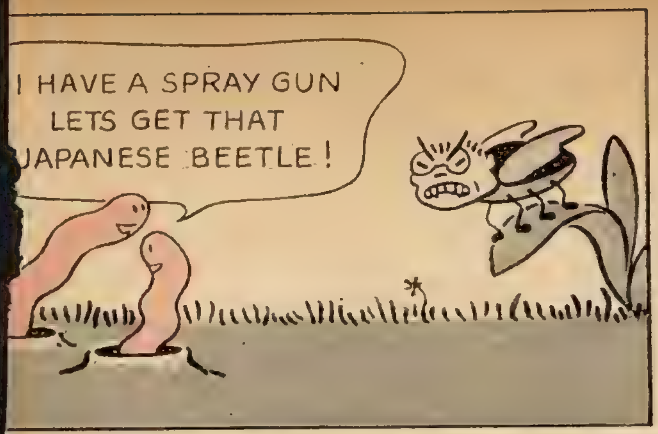
"I guess I did." His own voice was thick, but he didn't care. "Went lots of places. Had a drink with 'at girl. She was a good kid, a darn good kid, Morrisey. Nobody gave her a break."

"Did you go back to the Times Square Club after you and Mr. Coyle left?"

"After — before — what difference does it make? A boy's best friend is his mother. Did you know that, Morrisey?"

Morrisey said he supposed it was true. He and Reardon exchanged glances.

"He's been on the go for nearly forty-eight hours," Reardon said.



BY KATY

"That's important," Donovan said. "Le' me see. *Why* is it important? It is important because— It is important"—and he sounded triumphant—"because Mickey Dowd said it was important."

"What did Mickey Dowd say was important?" It was Coyle's voice, sharp, unsympathetic.

Donovan couldn't locate him. "Come out, come out, wherever you are, Danny."

Coyle loomed up in front of him like a dreadnought in a fog. "What the hell do you mean by getting plastered?"

"It's my fault, Danny," Reardon said. "He was out on his feet. I gave him a couple of hookers of brandy."

Coyle took Donovan by the front of his coat and shook him. "You know what you came here for, Harvard?"

Donovan's eyes blinked. "Hey, Danny! Don't play so rough!"

"You came over here to see if there was a message from Jane. Was there?"

Jane! Donovan felt sweat break out all over his body. Jane! "Danny! Jane—I can't find her. Off with Joe Kling somewhere. Can't locate her. No message. We got to get out of here. Tear that hotel apart." He started for the door on one wheel. He would have fallen if Coyle hadn't held him up.

"Help me get him back to my place and to bed," he said to Reardon. "Moran will be questioning people here all night."

Donovan made a supreme effort. "I'll shake this off, Danny. Really I will. I—I'm just bushed. Maybe some hot coffee—" His eyes drooped, his voice trailed away.

"Nothing more I can do here," Morrisey said. "I'll help." He and Reardon each took one of Donovan's arms.

DONOVAN'S head bobbed up. "You wanted 'em to start sniping, Danny. They did, by heaven! They certainly did."

Coyle said nothing. They got Donovan around the corner and up the two flights of stairs to Coyle's apartment. There Sam took over. Three minutes later Donovan was in bed and out like a light.

In the living room Reardon made highballs for Morrisey and himself. Coyle came out of the bedroom, slipping his automatic into the side pocket of his suit coat.

"What's the next move, Danny?" Reardon asked.

"I took a finesse and it failed," said Coyle. "Now they're working a squeeze play on us. We've got to put a stop to it."

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Morrisey looked puzzled. "I only partly understand," he said. "That talk of Donovan's about Jane?"

"Harvard's girl," Reardon explained.

"She decided to be dealt in without asking anybody," said Coyle. He told Morrisey about it. "I thought she might work it. She hasn't, and in their hands they can use her to stop us cold. It mustn't happen. I'm going to find her."

"Better let me go with you," Morrisey said.

"You're under oath to enforce the laws of these United States, Morrisey. You might get in my way."

"Where does Kling live?" Morrisey asked.

"Dunno. Going to find out," Coyle said.

COYLE walked east to Broadway and then south to the Times Square subway station. He went down into the station, down two levels. His footsteps echoed along a deserted platform. Finally he stopped by one of the steel uprights, his eyes fixed on a little circle of squatting men. He listened, for a moment, to low moans of distress from some of the men, the rattle of dice on stone, the ring of coins as they were dropped. Then he spoke.

"Mickey!" he said loudly.

The crouching figure wearing a gaudy checked cap bounded to his feet, spotted Coyle, and came over.

"Why, Danny Coyle!"

"Hello, Mickey. Want to talk to you a minute."

"Sure—sure. What are you doin' out this time of night?"

"Trouble," said Coyle. They walked out of earshot of the crapshooters. "I'm surprised at you, Mickey."

"Me?"

"Using six-ace flats in your game," Coyle said.

"You're crazy," Mickey said.

Coyle grinned at him. "I haven't been in this racket all my life for nothing, kid. Percentage dice make music to a trained ear."

Mickey rolled his unlighted cigarette from one corner of his mouth to the other. "You didn't come down here to put the finger on me, Danny," he said. "Those couple of suckers won't miss eight or ten bucks. A guy has to live."

Coyle's smile faded.

"Where does Joe Kling live?"

"You want to finger him, Danny?"

"Maybe."

Mickey Dowd's eyes were thoughtful. "Kling'll be at that clip joint on Forty-sixth Street later in the day."

"Too late," Coyle said.

"I don't know all the answers right off, you know, Danny."

"How long will it take you?" asked Coyle.

Mickey shrugged. "Five minutes—five hours—five weeks. I might never find it."

"What do you have to do?"

"Get on the telephone."

Coyle handed him some change.

Mickey went to a public phone. He closed the door on himself. "Even I got to have trade secrets, Danny," he explained. He made a couple of calls. "Bust-out," he said, rejoining Coyle. "But I got a lead. May take half an hour—hour. Where can I get hold of you?"

"Nowhere," Coyle said. "Give me this pay-station number and you stand by. I'll call you in half an hour."

"O. K. Where's Harvard now?"

"Sleeping," said Coyle. "Ever hear of a girl named Oriole Brown?"

"Sure," Mickey said promptly. "Kling's girl."

"She was murdered tonight in Harvard's apartment."

Mickey whistled. "Kling *will* be on the warpath!"

"Not on that account," Coyle said. "I think Kling killed her."

Mickey shook his head emphatically. "Not a chance," he said.

"No?"

"You can lay a million bucks on it," Mickey said. "Kling was nuts about her. She had a 'No Trespassing' sign on her ten feet high."

"But she went to Harvard's apartment in the middle of the night," Coyle explained. "She was getting ready to talk."

Mickey remained positive. "Kling didn't do it. Maybe her number was up, but Kling didn't do it. If he knew about it, you'll find him drunk somewhere. But he'd never have triggered her himself."

"She wasn't shot. Her head was clubbed in."

"That's the clincher," Mickey said. "Did you see Harvard after I talked to him tonight?"

"It went over my head, Mickey. 'A boy's best friend is his mother.' Let's have it straight."

"That's straight as it comes," Mickey said. "You're after Buckler, ain't you? You're also lookin' for a missin' witness, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Mickey, "a boy's best friend is his mother."

Coyle shook his head.

"For a guy whose dough's talkin', you don't know much about Buckler, Danny. He *has* a mother. They live together. Apartment on Park Avenue. A guy's mother will do anythin' for him, won't she?"

Coyle's eyes narrowed.

"If I wanted to hide a cheap chiselin' little crook," said Mickey, "like this Gleason, see, I couldn't think of a better place than a hoity-toity Park Avenue layout."

"Buckler'd be crazy to risk that," Coyle said.

"Would he? He's puttin' all his chips on this Lewis girl's trial, Danny."

Coyle stood motionless for a minute. "Mickey, I'm in your debt."

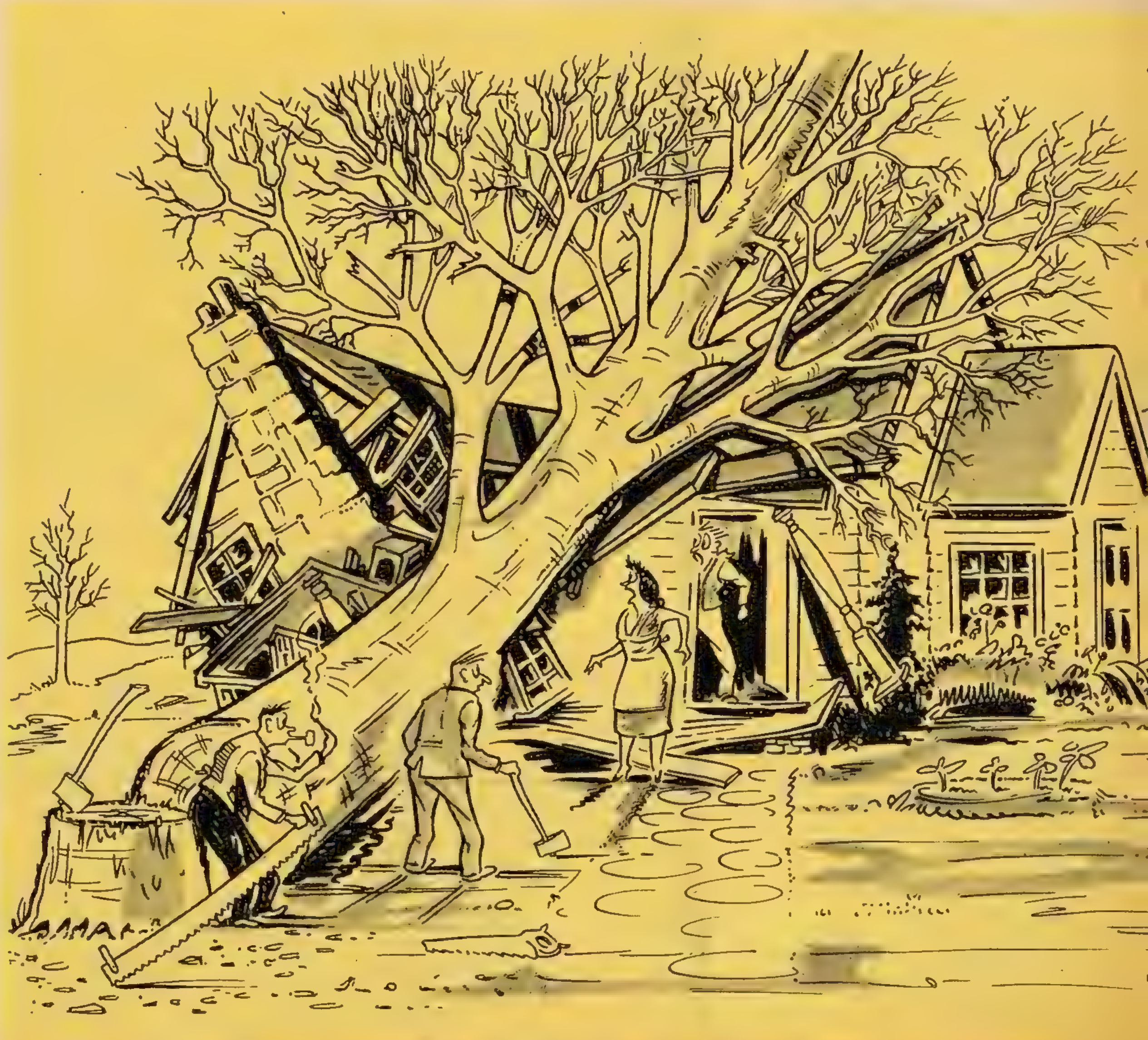
"Forget it."

"No, Mickey, I won't forget it. Now get me that telephone number and stick here. Half an hour." He glanced at his wrist watch and unexpectedly chuckled. "Quarter of five in the morning is a hell of a time to call on a dame, don't you think?"

"Depends on the dame," said Mickey, perfectly serious.

COYLE walked up the two flights of stairs to the street. Times Square was comparatively deserted. A few trucks, a cab or two; but the crowds that would mill along the sidewalk in a few hours were missing. There was gray light in the east.

When he had got his breath, Coyle walked uptown again on the west side of Broadway. He was just in front of the Astor Hotel when he heard running feet behind him and



"It's the law of averages, ma'am. About one out of every twenty goes haywire."

some one called his name. It was Timber Hoolihan, Mickey Dowd's best dice man. Mickey was giving his all, to yank Timber out of that game on the platform and send him on an errand.

"Gosh, I thought I lost you, Mr. Coyle," Timber said.

"Mickey get results so quick?"

"It ain't that, Mr. Coyle. He said to ask you if you knew you was bein' tailed."

Coyle's eyes went frosty. "I must be slipping, Timber."

"Guy in a raincoat with his hat pulled down kind of low. Mickey noticed. He's back of you now."

Coyle's fingers closed on Timber's arm. "Don't look at him," he ordered. "Tell Mickey thanks."

Coyle didn't look back. He walked ahead at the same pace he'd used before. At Forty-sixth Street he turned west, straight to the entrance of the Hotel Donnelly and into the lobby. He crossed the lobby to an elevator. A sleepy bellboy got up from a bench near by and stepped into the car. Just as the car door was closing, Coyle got a glimpse of a man in a raincoat, with a brown felt hat pulled down over his eyes, coming quickly through the revolving door from the street.

"Fifteen, please," said Coyle. The Donnelly was not the kind of place where you had to be announced.

The fifteenth corridor was lit only by one dusty wall fixture and the red glow of a fire exit at the end of the hall. Coyle watched the elevator indicator jerk slowly, counterclockwise, from fifteen to one. He seemed to hold his breath as he waited, eyes fixed on the needle. It started up again.

The carpeted corridor was L-shaped, the fire door to the right of the elevator. Coyle opened the door and went through. He didn't let it close. The elevator stopped. A man got out. He wore a raincoat. He stood for a moment, listening. Then he made for the turn in the L and disappeared.

COYLE came out of his hiding place. He moved swiftly to the turn, looked cautiously around. The man in the raincoat, his back to Coyle, was leaning against the crack of a door, evidently trying to hear what was going on inside the room. He never had a chance as Coyle glided toward him over the rug. At the last second something warned him, but it was too late. Coyle had him by the shoulder, spun him around, and smashed a massive fist squarely into his face.

The man went down like a log. His hat fell off.

From deep down inside, silent laughter shook Coyle. His stomach shook. His heavy jowls shook.

The man sprawled on the corridor carpet was Howard Comstock.

Coyle knocked on the door at which Comstock had been listening. He repeated it more sharply, and a woman's voice, frightened sounding, said, "Who is it?"

"Sorry to disturb you, Miss Wolfe; it's the police." Coyle said.

"Oh, dear!" But the voice was relieved. "Wait just a moment."

Comstock, stretched out on the floor, was breathing and that was all. Presently the door opened an inch, and the toe of Coyle's shoe slipped into the opening to prevent a sudden slamming in his face. A woman with bright platinumed hair, a pathetically aging face revealed in truth by a layer of cold cream, stood there. A pale pink negligee was pulled up around her throat.

"Sorry, Miss Wolfe, but I must talk to you," Coyle said.

"You—you're Daniel Coyle!"

"Yes. Unconventional hour, I'm afraid, but necessary."

Then she saw Comstock and her eyes widened.

"Accident," Coyle said. "You won't mind if I bring him in?" He bent down, knotted his fingers in the back of Comstock's collar, and dragged him over the threshold into Miss Wolfe's room.

IT was a dismal room. The light from a bedside lamp showed no sign that Miss Wolfe had done anything to make it a home.

"If you'd excuse me, Mr. Coyle, I'd make myself a little more presentable."

"I urge it, madam," said Coyle dryly.

Miss Wolfe disappeared into the bathroom. Coyle grunted as he bent over Comstock and fumbled inside the raincoat. Comstock's little pistol was in his jacket pocket. Coyle relieved him of it. As he straightened up he rolled Comstock over on his back with his foot. The reporter's eyelids fluttered. Finally they became stationary and open, squinting at Coyle.

"Hello, Howard," said Coyle cheerfully.

Comstock moaned.

"No charge this time, Howard. You weren't wearing your glasses," Coyle said.

Comstock pushed himself up on his elbows. "Did you hit me, Coyle?"

"It is so rumored," Coyle said. "You're getting to be a nuisance, Howard."

"This can't go on," Comstock said. He struggled to his feet unsteadily.

"It is getting to be rather like a vaudeville turn," said Coyle. "Why were you trailing me, Howard?"

"All hell's busted loose in this town," Comstock said. "You won't tell me anything; Moran won't tell me anything. I have to find out for myself. I'm a reporter, aren't I?"

"Are you, Howard? Are you?" said Coyle.

"You'll damn well find out, if you read tomorrow afternoon's papers," Comstock said. He started for the door.

"Sit down, Howard," Coyle said.

"You can't keep me here," Comstock said. "Just try it. Go ahead and try it!" He reached hurriedly for his coat pocket, and then an expression of comic concern came over his face.

"I've got it, Howard," Coyle said. "So, you see, you will stay. And you

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ought to be grateful. I'm interviewing an important witness. You'll be present. An exclusive, Howard."

"You mean it?"

"Well," said Coyle, "yes and no. You won't be able to print it till I give you the green light, and till then you and I are going to be Damon and Pythias."

The bathroom door opened and Miss Wolfe appeared. She had done something, hopefully, to her hair and her face. Even in the dim light the make-up didn't help very much.

"I—I'm afraid I haven't much in the way of chairs," she said.

"That's all right," Coyle said. "This is Howard Comstock, the well known political columnist."

"Oh, dear," said Miss Wolfe, "I was told not to talk to reporters. Mr. Buckler said I absolutely mustn't."

"Mr. Comstock is not here in his official capacity," Coyle said. His eyes traveled around the room and came back to rest on Miss Wolfe. "You've heard, Miss Wolfe, that I'm interested in Mona Lewis?"

"Yes—yes, I did."

"I want to tell you something. If she's guilty, I have no interest in saving her. I'm not hired to clear her. I simply want the truth."

"I understand," Miss Wolfe said. "Won't you have a cigarette? Or maybe a drink? I have a little gin—"

"I don't use either," said Coyle. "Miss Wolfe, do you know Lowery Kent, who runs the Times Square Club?"

"Yes. Yes, I know him. He's been very kind to me." Miss Wolfe sat down on the edge of her bed. The hoarseness in her voice told the story of too many cigarettes and too much gin.

"Oh?" Coyle said.

"Yes. I—I'm an actress, Mr. Coyle. I knew Lowery Kent in Hollywood. We both played bit parts there. Lowery gave it up and went into business. Men have an advantage that way, Mr. Coyle."

"SO you looked him up when you came back East?"

"No. I'd taken a room here. I just happened to meet him on the sidewalk outside the hotel."

"He lent you money?"

"No, Mr. Coyle. I still find an odd job now and then. I have some pupils to whom I give dramatic lessons. But things *have* been tough. I had a hot stuffy room on the third floor. It was all I could afford. Lowery knew the management here. He arranged for me to have this room, high up, at the same rate. It's been a godsend during the summer. You get a breeze up here." The steadiness of Coyle's gaze seemed to make her nervous.

"Right next to Quigley's room," he said.

"Why, yes."

"Did you get to know Quigley?"

She flicked ashes on the worn plum-colored rug. "No. I saw him several times, in the elevator or coming in and out of his room. We said good morning or good evening. That's all."

Coyle walked over to the window and looked out. After a moment or two he came back and sat down in the one armchair.

"Miss Wolfe," Coyle said, "exactly what happened Tuesday night?"

"I—I was just sitting here, having a drink." Her cigarette brought on a fit of coughing. It took her several moments to recover. "I heard a shot in Mr. Quigley's room. Then I heard a thud, as if somebody had fallen. I telephoned downstairs and told them. That's all."

"You didn't hear anything else?"

"No."

"Then what did you do?"

"I went over to my door and waited to hear the elevator gate. When the house detective came, I opened the door and went out into the hall. There was the Lewis girl, standing over Quigley. The house detective told me to go back into my room and wait for the police. I did."

Coyle was frowning. "You heard the shot, telephoned downstairs, and Gleason came right away. That would still have been three or four minutes, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes, at least that," said Miss Wolfe.

"Why do you suppose Miss Lewis waited that long to be caught?"

Miss Wolfe shrugged and lit a fresh cigarette. "Search me," she said. "Maybe she was hunting for something in the room."

"Maybe," Coyle said. "And it was at eight thirty that you heard the shot?"

"Yes."

Once again Coyle's eyes moved around the room. "That seems to be a straight enough story, Miss Wolfe. By the way, I've an important call to make at five fifteen. Have you the time?"

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Coyle," she said. "I haven't any clock, and my watch is—is—"

"In hock?"

She nodded.

"How long since?"

"So long I'm afraid I'll never get it back," she said ruefully.

"I see," Coyle said. "I notice that Quigley's was the end room. The outlook from there must be different from yours."

"Yes," said Miss Wolfe. "My windows face west, but he had a double exposure—both south and west."

"Uh-huh," Coyle said softly. "He could see the Paramount clock from his south windows, but you can't see it at all."

"I wish I could," said Miss Wolfe.

COMSTOCK'S breath made a slow whistling sound. Coyle glanced at him. Comstock had seen the point. Coyle put it to Miss Wolfe:

"Just tell me, Miss Wolfe, how, since you have no clock, no watch, and you cannot see the Paramount tower, you knew it was eight thirty when you phoned."

She stared at him. "Why, I—I—Why, Mr. Coyle!"

"Take your time," Coyle said, his voice gone harsh, "but you'd better make it good!"

If Miss Wolfe was faking her own surprise, it was a masterful job. "But, Mr. Coyle, I—I telephoned down—then Gleason came. You see, he happened to be subbing for the girl on the switchboard when I phoned."

"Oh, boy!" said Coyle. "So Gleason was right on hand when you gave the alarm?"

"Yes. He came straight up. Then, as I told you, he had me wait here for the police. When the inspector came, he questioned me."

"Moran?"

"Well, first his assistant, a Sergeant Teliski, talked to me along with Gleason. He asked me what time I heard the shots. I wasn't sure, but Gleason said it was exactly eight thirty-one when I called. He'd made a note of it. So it must have been eight thirty when I heard the shot."

"But you never actually checked on the time yourself?"

"Why, no," said Miss Wolfe.

"Then, when Moran talked to you, you said it was eight thirty?"

"Why, yes." Her eyes were wide. "Wasn't it, Mr. Coyle?"

Coyle lifted his bulk up out of the chair. "I haven't the faintest idea, Miss Wolfe, but I'd bet against it." He turned to Comstock. "Say thank you to Miss Wolfe, Howard. We're going places!"

Will the time element break the case against Mona Lewis? If Gleason was deliberately lying, who told him to? Was it Kent of the Times Square Club? And who killed Oriole Brown? Don't miss next week's chapter, in which the tangled clues at last begin to lead somewhere.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 20

1. He's the stuffy British cartoon character, symbolizing those armchair strategists who think they know how to run the war.

2. The legend is that when Adam took a bite of the fateful apple, a piece of it stuck in his throat.

3. He is the hero of The Legend of Sleepy Hollow; Washington Irving.

4. Measuring by the thumb was a common practice in olden days when rulers weren't so handy. A piece of cloth would be "three thumbs wide." From this came the term "rule of thumb" to describe an approximate measure.

5. January 20, 1945.

6. California has this motto. It is said to have become popular after the discovery of gold in that state. The word means, "I have found it."

7. The Philippines.

8. This term was sometimes used to describe Queen Victoria.

9. It would mean the object was rare, like black swans.

10. Pensacola, Florida.

11. Seabiscuit.

12. No faith at all. The ancient Romans used this term to describe the value of the word of the Carthaginians, although the Romans themselves broke faith just as often. The term Punic was applied to Carthage by the ancient Romans.

13. The Golden Gate is the name of the entrance of the harbor at San Francisco; the Golden Calf was worshiped by the Israelites, and symbolizes money; the Golden Mean is "Nothing in excess."

14. Gertrude Ederle, in 1926.

15. They flew across the international date line, and then came back over it when they returned to their base. It was Friday when they left their base. When they dropped their bombs it was Sunday at their target and Saturday at their base. And it was still Saturday when they got back to their base.

16. Antonio.

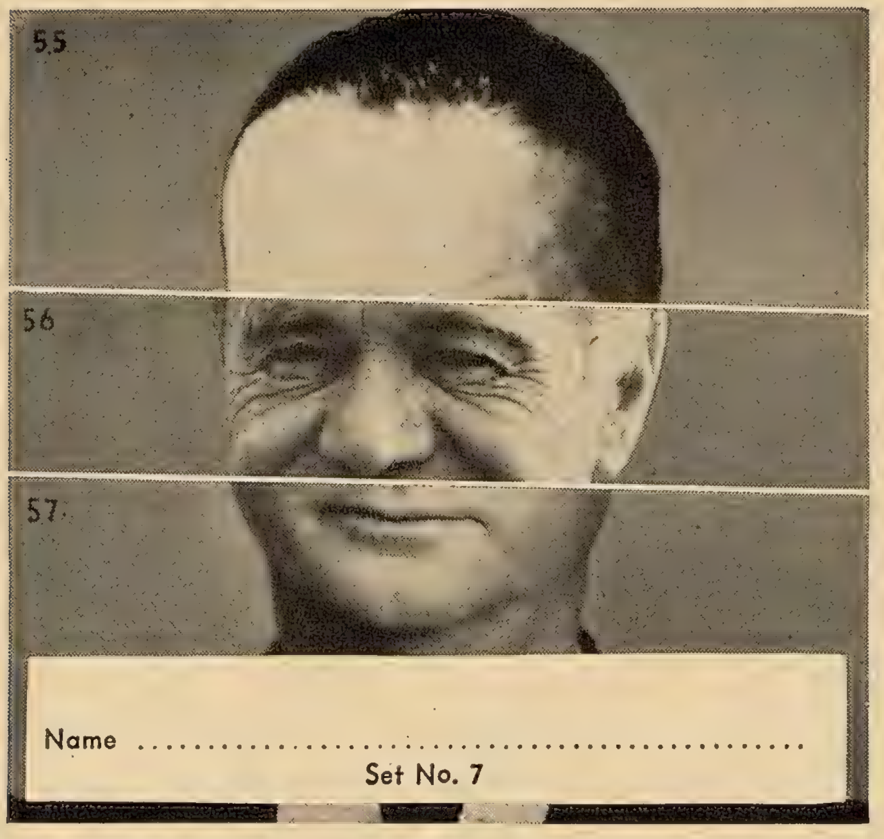
17. No. They can see in the daylight, though not as well as at night.

18. The equator.

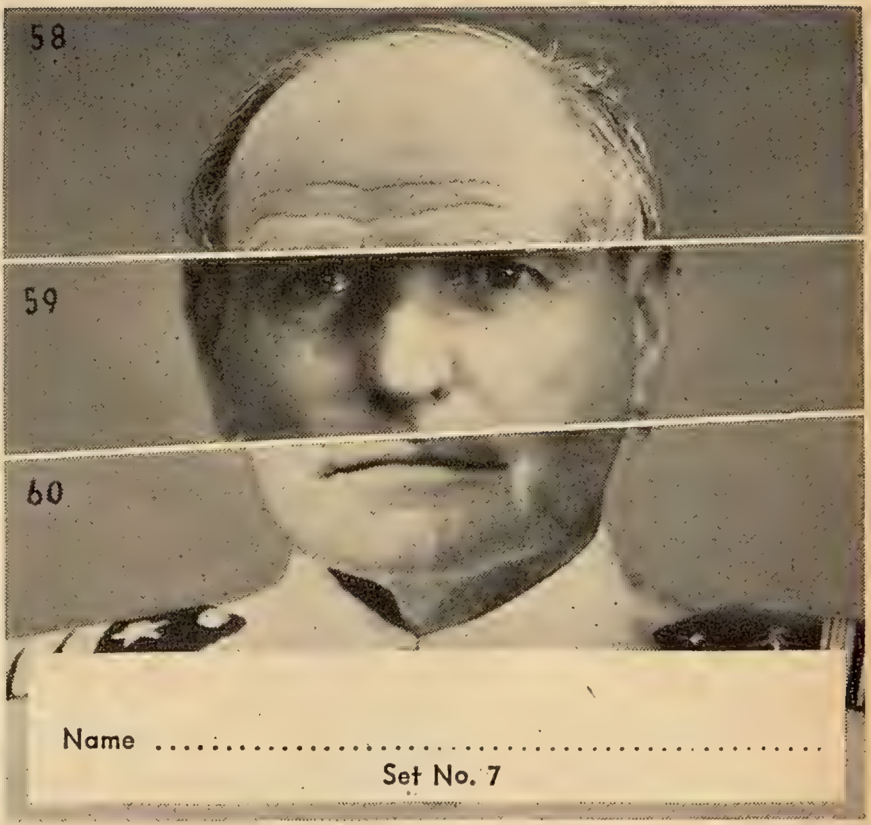
19. He cast a tie-breaking vote. The only time the Vice-President, who is president of the Senate, votes is when the vote of the senators is tied.

20. "And as silently steal away."

LIBERTY'S WAR HEROES CONTEST



The forehead belongs to a great naval aviator; the eyes and nose are of one nicknamed "the Beaver"; the mouth and chin are of a famous horseman.



The forehead belongs to England's Donald Nelson; the eyes and nose belong to "Skinny"; the mouth and chin are of a resident of Washington, D. C.

237 BIG CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
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237 PRIZES	$5,000

ROLL up your sleeves and start working on this seventh set of Liberty War Heroes. There's $5,000 in big cash prizes waiting for the smart winners of this great contest—and you might be well on your way toward being one of those lucky contestants.

NO PARTIAL ENTRIES ACCEPTED

We know you're anxious to let us know that you're working toward one of these swell cash awards. But hold on to your entry a few weeks more. Save all the completed sets of reassembled and identified War Heroes until the *close of the contest.* Then send in your entry of ten sets (thirty pictures) at one time. We cannot consider partial entries! Follow Rule 5 carefully! Good luck to you!

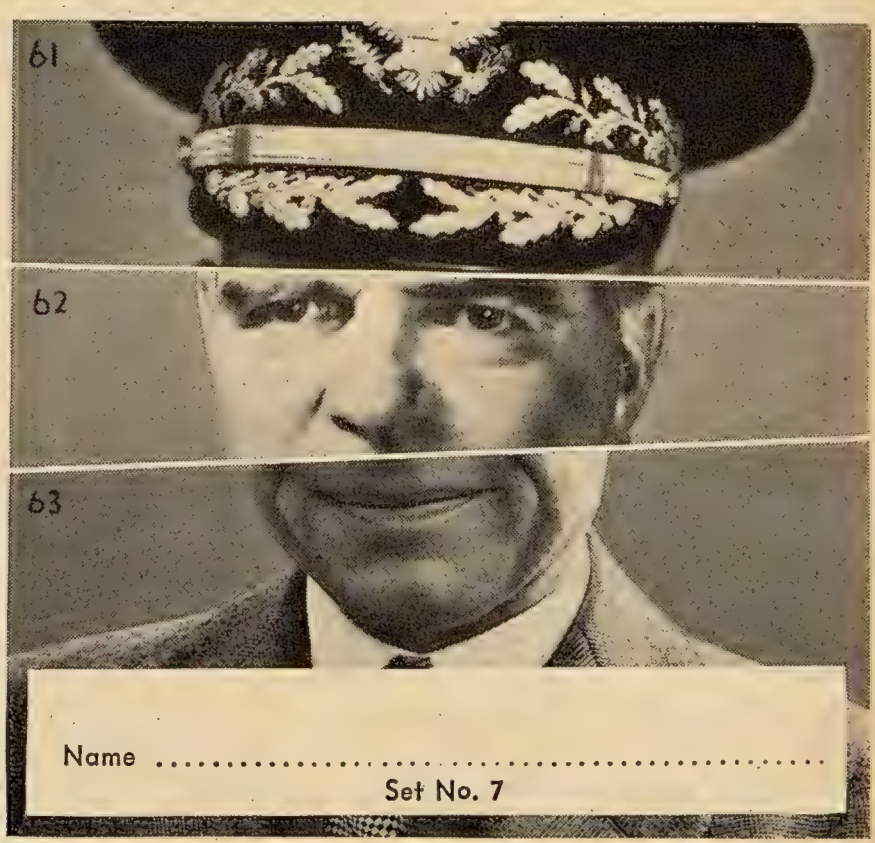
CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of three composite pictures of persons who have gained fame in the prosecution of the war against the Axis Powers along either military, naval, diplomatic, war production, or publicity lines, or in other fields of vital importance in the conduct of the war.

2. Each set of pictures, when cut apart and correctly reassembled, will make a complete portrait of a person who has attained fame in the war effort as above stated. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the 237 nearest correctly named and restored complete sets of portraits Liberty will award the $5,000 in cash prizes according to the accompanying schedule. Neatness will count. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the person it represents.



The forehead is of a scion of a noted military family; the eyes and nose are of one who won the Navy Cross in the last war; the mouth and chin are of a former newspaper publisher.

5. Mail your entry by first-class mail to WAR HEROES CONTEST, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. No partial sets will be considered, and once an entry has been received no changes or additions can be made. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. Accuracy and neatness will count, but elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No extra credit will be given for elaborately or expensively constructed entries. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding any entry.

8. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, September 9, 1942, the closing date of the contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

A donor contributes blood. The whole operation takes about fifteen minutes.

HOW WAR SAVES LIVES

From horror to healing— How a paradox of history is repeating itself today

BY MORRIS MARKEY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

ONE of the very oldest of the copybook maxims is to the effect that it is an ill wind indeed which blows no good. The most evil of all winds, of course, is the wild storm of war.

And yet, throughout all the history of all the wars, the paradox has appeared that fighting produces a marked quickening of man's intellect and ingenuity—that war is the most powerful spur, however cruel a one it may be, to human progress.

Already this war has driven science forward many remarkable steps. And perhaps the most remarkable steps of all have been in the science of medicine.

It was due to research during and immediately after the last war that vitamins were discovered. But the knowledge of their existence lay fallow, hardly more than a medical curiosity, until the present war drove that knowledge into usefulness. It required the alarming fact that four out of every ten of our young men called up in the draft were unfit to be soldiers to make us realize that something was radically wrong with the health of the nation. It became obvious that much of our surprising weakness came from poor diet. And so a group of doctors, expert dietitians, were put to work on the problem.

As a result we have changed the eating habits of the whole country. And we are at last making use of the vital foods which nature provides for us.

On the same grand scale looms the powerful job of rehousing about a fifth of the population—clearing out the slums which bred so much disease, physical and mental.

As important as these changes forced upon us by the war may be, they are too huge and general to be very spectacular. But there are many new things which do lie on the dramatic side.

Let's look at the development of blood plasma, for example.

Blood transfusions have always been a necessity for sick people and injured people and people recovering from surgical operations. Under normal conditions they were not too difficult to manage. A donor could usually be found, and if his blood turned out to be the right type, all was well. But under abnormal conditions it was a different story. Wrecks and disasters, epidemics and hurricanes and earthquakes suddenly produced the need for blood transfusion on a mass scale. Often these things happened in remote regions. And it was simply impossible to get enough typed blood. Blood will not keep. It cannot be shipped. And so hundreds and thousands of people died for lack of it.

London suffered the blitz. Great numbers of people were severely wounded. Some way had to be found to get blood to them—blood that would *keep.*

AMERICAN doctors solved the problem. They found that when blood is whirled in a centrifuge, the red corpuscles separate from the viscid pale fluid called the plasma. And this plasma had remarkable properties. It would do everything for the patient that whole blood would do. It could be preserved for a long period. And it did not have to be typed—it was all one universal type.

As a result we have that invaluable possession, the blood bank.

Two of the very great developments, directly due to the stimulation of the war have been contributed by American doctors.

The first is the technique perfected by Dr. Winnett Orr of Nebraska for dealing with compound fractures of the limbs—fractures in which the skin is broken and a bone protrudes, a typical bombing injury. The great danger here has always lain with infection, either by streptococcus germs or gas gangrene. In the last war, Drs. Carrel and Dakin developed their solution and drainage system for dealing with this sort of wound, and they had considerable success. Dr. Orr's method is entirely different.

After setting the bone, he encases the whole limb in a plaster cast and forgets about it for a month or even more. At first this was thought to be simply murder—as most doctors believed that here would be an ideal situation for the growth of killing germs. But Dr. Orr convinced the doubters by the simple method of calling them in to look. When the cast was removed, the wound was clean and healing rapidly.

The second big American contribution was made by Dr. Robert H. Aldrich of Harvard University. In war, burns are always a major cause of injury. For years the standard therapy for burns has been the application of tannic acid, either in liquid form or as a jelly.

Dr. Aldrich did not believe in tannic acid. It was his conviction that since tannic acid leaves a hard thick crust over the wound, it leaves an ideal surface in which germs may flourish—and also makes it difficult for body cells to restore themselves, because they are stifled.

And he points out the obvious: that in severe burns, the tannic-acid treatment leaves bad scars.

His treatment consists of spraying on layers of three special dies, violet and green and brown in color. English doctors, desperate after Coventry, asked him to demonstrate. He did, and, to the vast astonishment of the Englishmen, pain ceased the moment the dyes touched the nerve ends; recovery and the growth of new skin was rapid. They found the mortality from burns greatly reduced, even when two thirds of the skin surface was scorched away, and there was a minimum of scar tissue.

PLASTIC surgery nowadays is an altogether different thing from the first crude beginnings of the last war. It has been found that bones from the dead can be preserved a considerable time and grafted into living bodies. Skin grafting is now successful with pieces measuring a foot square, and where skin grafts once took about a year to heal, they are now healed in four weeks.

Dr. John Moorhead of New York, a most distinguished surgeon, was invited last winter to deliver a series of lectures upon certain highly advanced theories of surgery to the doctors of Hawaii.

The doctor was in the midst of a lecture before a group of civilian surgeons when the Japs struck their vicious blow. Lecturer and audience rushed to the operating room of the Tripler General Hospital. And as the wounded were wheeled in, Dr. Moorhead demonstrated his methods then and there. It is one of the enduring stories of the war that as he was in the midst of an operation, a high officer of the army thrust his head in through the doorway and called, "I don't want to interrupt you, doctor—just to tell you that you're in the army now!"

He had been commissioned to the Medical Corps even while he operated.

Every one of Dr. Moorhead's surgical theories was made valid by the results obtained at Tripler General Hospital.

Which goes to prove again that war is always the greatest of all medical clinics—the perfect proving ground for the *thinking* doctors, the imaginative and searching doctors of the world.

The Germans themselves have contributed much to medical knowledge. It would serve no honest purpose to deny such a palpable fact. And now they have produced another new thing, a painkiller to take the place of morphine.

The Germans, in 1939, developed demerol, an organic chemical. For the next two years David Climenko of the Alba Pharmaceutical Co. (an American concern) tested its effect upon animals. Dr. Robert C. Batterman of New York University used the drug, then, on 800 human patients. He reported that it quickly relieved pain following operations, that it cut down to a minimum the misery of arthritis and cancer and other disease, and that no patient had developed a craving for the drug.

THERE are several things which concern the health of humanity at large which are still discouraging. Despite incessant research, despite fragments of discovery, cancer is still the great scourge of which we know only rudimental facts. It is the great killer—a greater killer than bombs or mines or shells have ever been. But there is some reason to hope that the general stimulus, the drive, the quickening of mind which war produces may open up some of the secrets of cancer itself.

Mrs. Henry Morgenthau, Jr., acts as "victim" for a Treasury Department class.

The other great killer is heart disease. Our doctors know nearly all there is to know about it—in direct contrast to cancer. But still they have not been able to do much about it.

In a curiously indirect way, however, there now appears the chance that something *can* be done about it.

Let's go back:

To most of us, the disease of leprosy is a fabulous horror of ancient days. We think of it as a dreadful affliction which attacks strange people living in the Far East. As a matter of fact, however, leprosy was frightfully common throughout Europe in the Middle Ages.

Then it disappeared! There were no public health services, doctors were generally barbers, people lived in crowds and in filth. But leprosy just disappeared.

Now, according to the Statistical Bulletin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, tuberculosis is beginning to disappear in the same way. The disease is definitely on the way out.

Why? That is not very certain, but plainly tuberculosis, very much like leprosy, is moving out of the world.

So we come to two facts: First, for the tuberculous we have built huge hospitals which have much empty space in them now. Second, it is becoming more and more clear to the men of medicine that the best treatment for heart disease is rest, relaxation.

If many sufferers from incipient heart trouble can get hospital—sanatorium—care for a limited number of days, the condition from which they are suffering is not only improved, it seems to wane to the point where they are virtually normal.

IN this discussion of what war has done to make us more healthy, there is one aspect which has nothing whatever to do with the higher reaches of medical science. It concerns, instead, the incalculable number of men and women who have been trained in the primary elements of health and well-being.

They have learned the beginnings of the care of the human body. They have learned that in an age of science, of much learning, it does not do to apply grandma's remedies—that it is only simple common sense to call a doctor. They have learned that which is the beginning of all wisdom—what *not* to do.

They have also learned in the nutrition courses something about the value of food—that matter of vitamins which we referred to earlier.

But the most important thing that all these men and women have learned, from Red Cross instructors and the others, is that the human body is a machine which needs looking after. It is wondrously tough and wondrously delicate at the same time. It takes a deal of teaching to find that out. If it had not been for the war, they never would have.

THE END

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

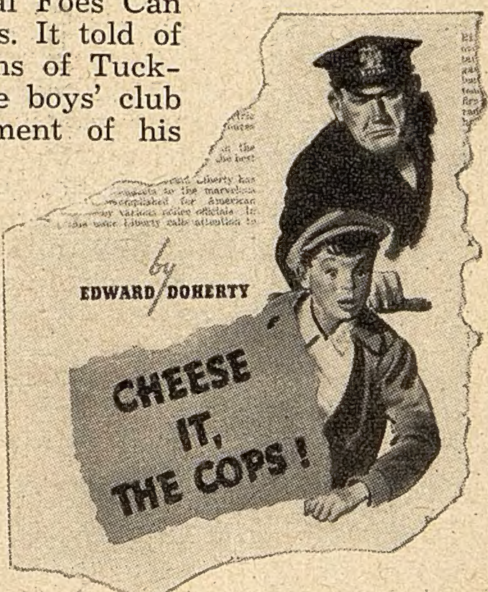
IT IS A SPECIAL AND MAYBE SLIGHTLY inhuman pleasure to introduce Mr. Ted Shane. He achieves unusual distinction this week by having his handiwork twice in the same issue (pages 23 and 45), being reluctant to let us publish his picture, and giving us an outline of his seldom-divulged life story. . . . Mr. Shane is a rambunctious gentleman—perhaps our most obstreperous contributor. There is a legend that, a couple of times when visiting Liberty's editorial rooms, he entertained the office ladies' ensemble by mounting a row of filing cabinets and doing an imitation of Tarzan. This we who sign this page did not see and do not believe. But we do not regard it as impossible. . . . You know him best as the storm center of the liveliest and most long-continued Vox Pop controversy in history—as to whether or not his Cockeyed Crosswords are any good. Reach anywhere, any time, on a Liberty desk, and you will find such letters as: "Please don't let the nitwits dissuade you from continuing the Ted Shane puzzles. I can understand that there are many people for whom they may be too difficult, but why can't they do as the more intelligent do—skip what they don't like and keep their mouths shut? But of course if they could they'd be intelligent and would like Shane's puzzles.—R. N. WALL, Richmond, Va." And: "Ted Shane's puzzles are terrible. Give him the air. —CLARIBEL WILLIAMS, Denver, Colo." They come by the thousands.

HE LIVES IN RIDGEFIELD, CONNECTICUT, and that region is the setting of his poignant piece in this issue about driving without gas. Of himself he says in the autobiography he gave us: "Am a New York City boy, but you can have it. Wore kilts or air-cooled pants in last war—fought with Canadian Black Watch, slangily known as Royal Herring Chokers. Wounded near Amiens, 1918. Got it in the neck; contrary to rumor, not hit in head. B. A. from Columbia, 1923. After graduation sued for money back, claiming college education kept me from being like other people. Took ten years to learn to talk so others could understand me. Would like, if I ever get rich, not to endow a college, but pay it to close. Wrote scenarios in Hollywood. Did a script of Pickwick Papers for M-G-M, which I nicknamed The Murder of Charles Dickens by Ted Shane. It was shelved. So many things of mine were shelved that after a while I opened an office on a shelf and worked up in it.

"BECAME A WRITER BECAUSE it was the only way I could make money without working—having absolutely no ability for anything else. Married for twelve years, but Hedy Lamarr keeps hoping. One daughter, aged 11. One stepdaughter, 20, Vassar senior, who has been led to Vassar and actually thinks. (EDITOR'S NOTE: That one is subtle: think it over.) Small daughter, asked what she thinks of her father's work, answers firmly: 'Never read it.' Wife is writer too, with six novels to her credit, and co-author of Mr. Big, which snapped open and closed last fall on Broadway. We live on magnificent estate of eight acres, six of them swamp land, known either as Little Windle-on-the-Titicus, Headache on the Hearthstone, or No Hope, Conn. My own boss (except for editors, who control me and mine absolutely), I drive in and out of New York. Recently, when the gas shortage was bad, I started for town with a low supply. On my way I got panicky and started to follow a gas truck to its destination. Followed it for miles—finally running out of gas and losing it. I didn't get to town that day."

WE HOPE ALL THIS hasn't bored you. We know that giving authors too much space and too much attention is the best way to spoil them. But by now perhaps you understand. Mr. Shane has been a problem in our lives for a number of years. We have long wanted, in a manner of speaking, to get him off our chests.

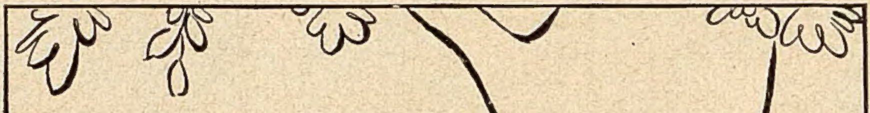
POSTSCRIPT TO A LIBERTY ARTICLE: Back in May of last year we published Cheese It, the Cops! by Edward Doherty—How a "Tough Kid's" Traditional Foes Can Become His Best Friends. It told of Patrolman Milton Gibbons of Tuckahoe, New York, and the boys' club he started in the basement of his house, which he made into a gymnasium. As the club grew and became famous for the good it was doing, it developed a cadet corps, a baseball team, a track squad, a boxing team, and other recreational and educational groups. . . . We have just had a note from Milton Gibbons—he's a sergeant now. "In respect to the article in Liberty about me and my boys," he writes, "I wanted to let you know that my boxing team is 100 per cent in the army, navy, or marine corps, mostly by enlistment." . . . A record worth noting! How many other organizations can match it?



ANOTHER MAP ACROSS THE WAY this week—and many more to come. . . . A suggestion: Preserve this series. It will make a unique and valuable collection.

The Editors

FALA

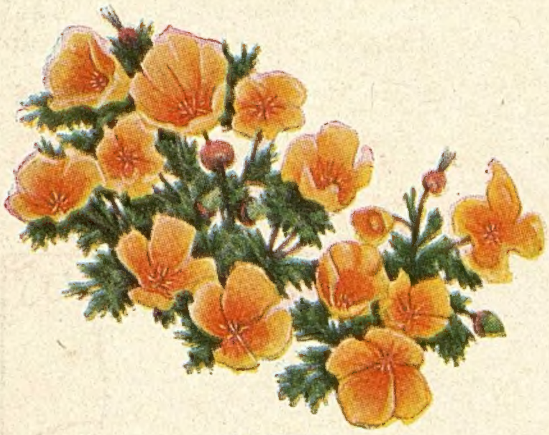


"Me drafted? I thought this was the Machine Age!"

Liberty Salutes CALIFORNIA

Klamath R.
Coast Ranges
Sacramento R.
Sierra Nevada
CALIFORNIA
SACRAMENTO
OAKLAND
SAN FRANCISCO
Yosemite Nat'l Park
Sequoia Nat'l Park
San Joaquin R.
Salinas R.
Mts.
LOS ANGELES
Whitewater R.
Colorado R.

Brilliant field of California poppies.

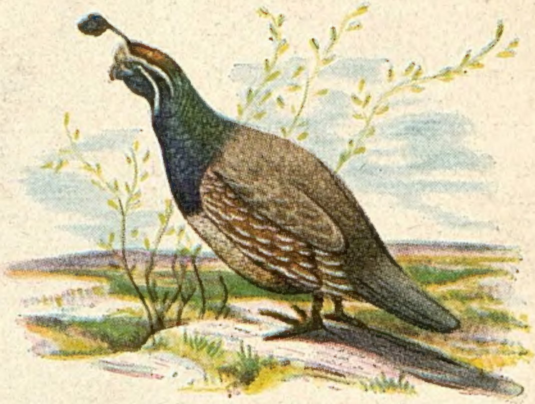


FLOWER:

The California poppy is the state flower. It is a bristly-hairy herb with showy flowers and blooms in various shades of red, yellow, or white.

SECOND largest of our states in area, fifth in population, California has doffed its mantle of "tourists' paradise" and become a key part in our arsenal of democracy.

The Golden State has always been startling in its wealth and productivity, from the gold rush of '49 to its incredible oil industry, to its amazing present-day record for aircraft production. A short eight years ago it boasted a progressive but small aircraft industry. Today the state is proud of its many factories, including Douglas, Lockheed-Vega, and Consolidated Aircraft. Nor is its contribution limited to the active arms of destruction. California is increasing its supply of citrus fruits, necessary food for a newly-aroused-to-health nation.

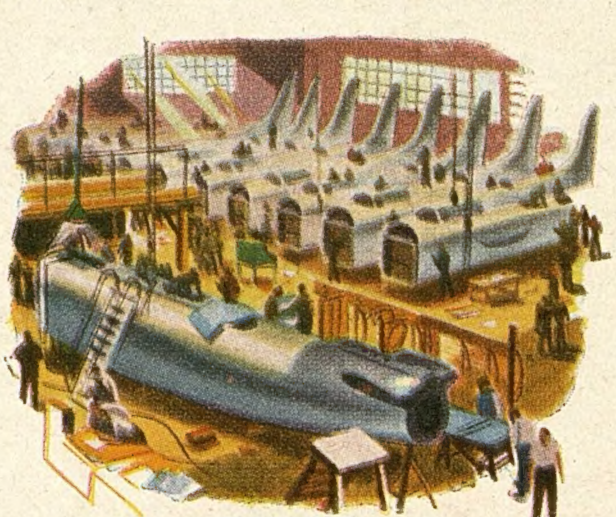


THE VALLEY QUAIL:

The valley quail, chosen by the people as the state bird, has a brilliantly colored chest (male) and is about the size of the robin.

HOLLYWOOD:

The movie center today is sending stars to carry guns and sell bonds, turning over its vast facilities for our country to use to fight a total war.



AIRCRAFT:

Today these giant plants are turning out long-range bombers, fighters, pursuit ships, at ever-increasing figures by modern belt-line production.

CITRUS FRUITS:

Today the oranges, lemons, and other fruits of California are building fighting men and giving vigor to "the man behind the man behind the gun."

When Bombers are your Business—YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE
ON THE FRONT LINE

IMPORTANT TO STEADY SMOKERS:

GUN-RINGS FOR A BOMBER TURRET! That's a job only for steady nerves. Consolidated riveter, Chilton Bass (*right*), smokes Camels. "They have the mildness that counts," she says. Yes, mildness means more than ever these days. And Camel's slow burning means *extra mildness!*

B-24 ASSEMBLY—San Diego—Marjorie Blackmore (*with drill, at left*) speaking: "It's always Camels with me. They're milder and more flavorful." *Wherever* you hear it—that's what they mean when they say: "I'd walk a mile for a Camel!"

The smoke of slow-burning

CAMELS

contains

LESS NICOTINE

than that of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMELS ARE THE FAVORITE HERE, TOO. GRAND-TASTING AND EXTRA MILD

★ **FIRST IN THE SERVICE...** ★

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

...AND AT HOME